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London, Published by R. Ackermann, 1815

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Fine copy, in the original publisher's cloth.

rva – '66.

T. Rowlandson del.t et sculp.t

Letter XII p. 196.

Se tanto a me piace
Si rara beltà;
Io perdero la pace,
Quando si sveglierà.

If, while entranced in balmy rest,
His Charms can give such pain;
When he awakes, my wounded breast
Will never know peace again.

NAPLES.

AND THE

CAMPAGNA FELICE:

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

PUBLISHED AT R. ACKERMANN'S
101. STRAND LONDON.

June 1.1815

NAPLES

AND THE

CAMPAGNA FELICE.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND,

IN 1802.

London:

PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND.

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J. Diggens, Printer, St. Ann's Lane, London.

PREFACE.

THE following Letters having been successively inserted in "ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY OF ARTS", under the title of "Letters from Italy", the proprietor of that Miscellany, influenced, perhaps, by the opinion of partial judges, felt desirous of publishing them in a separate Volume. To this wish alone they owe their appearance in the present form, the Author being too conscious of the imperfections in his performance to have of his own accord presumed to usher it into a more extensive circulation, even with all the advantages of embellishment which it has derived from the exertions of the Publisher.

Some Apology may be due in regard to the fifteenth Letter. Although the fanciful, yet direct, offspring of an idea elicited by its predecessors, it certainly might have been suppressed, agreeably to the original intention of the writer, without injury to the historical or descriptive part of the Work. But as that Letter had formed

a portion of the periodical publication, and as the present notice renders it optional with the matter-of-fact reader to peruse it, or not, it is hoped that its admission among its more legitimate brethren will give no serious offence.

THE AUTHOR.

London,
1st June, 1815.

MAP of the Country, Islands, &c. in the vicinity of NAPLES.

J. Gwin sc. 8 Broad St.t Golden Sq.t

LONDON: Pub. May 1.st 1802 at R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS, 101 Strand

J. Gavin sc. 8 Broad Str.t Golden Sq.t

NAPLES,

AND THE

CAMPAGNA FELICE.

LETTER I.

NAPLES, April —, 1802.

DEAR T.

MY last was dated at Messina, from whence I sailed a week ago in the ———; and in less than three days we cast anchor in the beautiful bay of Naples. This trip has almost removed my strong aversion to maritime conveyances; the weather was delightful, the wind fair, the accommodation on board comfortable, and the attention and hospitality of our worthy captain kind in the extreme.

We passed during the night, through the Faro of Messina, and the *once* formidable Straits of Scylla and Charybdis, with all the unconcern and *sang froid* of true British sailors. My classic fears had prompted me to read to the captain the speech of Helenus to Æneas in the third Book of Virgil, which he treated with sovereign contempt, declaring the venerable seer to be no better than an old woman, and the whole story a d——d h——g. The event, certainly, was by no means calculated to raise the Maronian nautics in my estimation, and in some measure justified the captain's blunt and severe sentence.

But

But my fears were soon afterwards more seriously excited by a strong sulphureous vapour, which pervaded every part of the vessel, and induced me to believe it was on fire. I instantly hurried from my cot; but on enquiry, learned, to my great relief, that the smell which had alarmed me proceeded from Mount Stromboli, a burning volcano, then about six miles distant. I did not regret the interruption of my sleep, and all my fears were suspended in contemplating, from the quarter-deck, the truly sublime spectacle which the flames exhibited; this you will easily credit when I inform you, that even at so great a distance the objects on board were illumined enough to cause a very perceptible shadow. It is more than probable, that the whole space between Mounts Ætna and Vesuvius forms connected receptacles of materials for subteraneous fire, and that those mountains and Stromboli serve as occasional vomitories of the raging element; and I think it very probable, that by these means the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily are in some degree preserved from destruction. That so few vents, however, are not entirely sufficient for this salutary purpose, we have reason to conclude from the calamitous earthquakes to which Messina and Calabria have at various periods been exposed. On the other hand, it is but fair to acknowledge, that these convulsions of nature have sometimes been attended with beneficial consequences; since the Lipari Islands evidently, and probably also the Straits of Messina, owe their existence to volcanic revolutions anterior to the records of history.

On the —th, early in the morning, we sailed through the straits between the island of Capri and the territory of Sorrento. The former, once the theatre of the beastly revels of the crafty tyrant Tiberius, is now inhabited by a few humble monks and poor fishermen: some of its ancient and *in*venerable ruins were distinctly visible from our ship, and their sequestered site induced a recollection of the nefarious

farious and brutish scenes transacted within their walls, so faithfully and *con amore* depicted by Suetonius. With these, however, I took care not to acquaint our good captain, lest I should experience a rebuff similar to the one I received between Scylla and Charybdis..

The disgusting train of ideas elicited by the view of Capri, was soon wiped away by a contrast of scene, infinitely more pleasing. On leaving the strait, we at once entered the bay of Naples, and beheld the city, with its beautiful mole, castles, and churches; Misenum, Bajæ, Pozzuoli, and Mount Posilipo on the left; Vesuvius and Portici on the right; St. Elmo and Capo di Monte in the rear: a prospect celebrated by every traveller for its grandeur and sublimity, yet far exceeding any description I had read of it: in my estimation, it is indeed beyond the power of language to describe it. A panorama of Naples would be a high treat to our London loungers, and the materials for its execution might be procured at a trifling expense, from some of the skilful scene-painters in this place.

Having come from Messina, the quarantine formalities were brief. As soon as I once more felt myself on *terra firma*, my enquiries were for a French inn, in conformity to the advice I received at Messina from a British Merchant, who, having several times travelled over Italy, observed, that to travellers who were not rich, the inns kept by Frenchmen proved a desirable medium between the expensive cleanliness of English hotels abroad, and the cheap filth of native accommodations. The house of Madame Gasse, on Mount Oliveto, being recommended to me, I enquired for a porter to carry my small portmanteau, pistols, &c. In an instant four, more than half-naked, Lazzaroni, grasped the four separate parcels of my baggage, and were ready to start with me to the city. I remonstrated

in vain that the whole was but a moderate load for a lad of fifteen; a simultaneous and unintelligible jargon of the four savages was all the answer I received, and to which I had no alternative but that of submission, fully expecting to see my property travel in as many different directions. In this suspicion, however, I was fortunately mistaken; bag and baggage arrived safe with their owner at Madame Gasse's. The reward of their labour was the next point to be adjusted, and there, as the vulgar phrase is, I was a match for them. To the one who carried the portmanteau, as chief of the expedition, I handed three carlins (about 15d.), with the liberty of recompensing his associates according to their respective merits. This suggestion he obeyed most literally, for he set off in an instant with all the money in his pocket, leaving the other three on my hands, clamorously insisting upon immediate payment. Seeing no other way to rid myself of their importunities, I adroitly shifted the scene of action to the passage, slipt into my room again and bolted the door. Their cries were now converted into a complete war-whoop, which brought up some persons belonging to the house, who, on my explaining to them from within the matter at issue, fairly turned the whole of their Lazzaronishipsout of doors.

A rencontre like this, you may well suppose, dear T. was not calculated to bias my first impressions in favour of a people with whom I intended to make some stay. The succeeding adventure, however, although another—but gentler—species of imposition, most seasonably corrected the irritated state of my feelings. A Franciscan friar, with a charming nosegay and a basket containing three oranges, meekly stepped in:—"The prior and brethren of our congregation have favoured me with the grateful task of offering to you, *illustrious* Sir, our congratulations on your safe arrival in this capital, with our best wishes and prayers for your

London, Pub.d at R. Ackermann's, 101 Strand, 1815.

DON LUIGI'S BAGGAGE SEIZED BY FOUR LAZZARONI.

your speedy recovery. We entreat your acceptance of this produce of our garden, *so much beneath the merits of your exalted person,* as the only token of sincerity which the poverty of St. Francis enables us to present to you." This address, you will allow, contained no indifferent specimen of monastic rhetoric; it was eloquent, kind, and, above all, flattering. But for the "speedy recovery," I should have felt highly pleased. What! do my very looks betray inward disease to one who never saw me before? With civility and, I dare say, with a trembling accent, I requested an explanation on this delicate point. "If I have erred, Sir, it was from having espied that vial before I looked at your countenance." Neither St. Francis nor your humble servant were the losers by this *éclaircissement.*

Substituting a dollar for the half-crown which I had already destined to give to this *adroit,* but good-natured monk, and kindly thanking him for all the pretty things he had said, I observed to him, that he appeared to be perfectly correct, although he had drawn a false conclusion,—that illness had brought me to Naples; but that, whatever my countenance might indicate, the contents of the vial in the window were rather intended to re-establish the looks of my boot-tops than those of my face. The venerable father paid a neat compliment to English ingenuity, bowed affectionately for the small donation, assured me that the mineral waters with which the environs of the city abound, would soon effect my cure, and, requesting to be permitted now and then to enquire after my health, repectfully withdrew.

This was not the only visit I received of the same kind, although the only one that had to boast of any other return than my best thanks.

Having

Having sent for a *laquais de place**, a being with a cocked hat, silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles (which, if flattened, might have served as frames to a moderate-sized cabinet picture),—soon made his appearance. His daily wages being settled at five carlins, I enquired his name, to which he replied with great gravity, "I am called *Don Giuseppe Filiberti*, or briefly *Don Giuseppe*, or, if your excellency pleases, *Giuseppe* without ceremony." I preferred the least ceremonious appellation, and indeed, for his pride, should have abbreviated Don Giuseppe Filiberti into simple Joe, if the Neapolitan idiom would have sanctioned such a degradation. You must know, every body here is a *Don*. This epithet is one of the many remains of the language and manners of the Spaniards, who, for a considerable time, and not very long since, were in possession of the kingdom of Naples. Nor is Don alone sufficient when they mean to be very civil to you; they will address you *Signor Don Tommaso*, give you *eccelenza, illustrissimo*, and other inflated titles, which they are at no loss how to vary, as the case, or rather their ideas of courtesy may suggest.

Although in the month of April, we have had a transient shower of snow since my arrival; you should have seen the poor Neapolitans hurrying through the streets, muffled up to their chins in cloaks and great coats. I verily believe an eruption of their neighbour Vesuvius could not have affected them more sensibly. Indeed, my ideas of an Italian spring have more than once required modification. The sun (when unobstructed) is already, without doubt, much warmer than in England, but since my arrival this has seldom been the case; we have had an almost constant suc-

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* A man-servant hired by the day to direct strangers through the town.

cession

cession of showers and bleak winds. I have often longed for an English fireside, but am under the necessity of contenting myself with a charcoal fire, brought into the apartment in a large brass pan made for the purpose. This mode of warming the rooms, although perfectly conformable to the customs of antiquity, very soon occasions the headach to persons who are not used to it: between this, however, and the alternative of sitting in a cold damp room with a stone or stucco floor, you are obliged to elect. Travellers, nevertheless, have extolled the charms of an Italian spring; to which I can only say, that I perceive very little difference between the vernal appearance of Campagna Felice and the county of Middlesex. Vegetation is at this time very little farther advanced in the former, and with the exception of the orange-trees and the rest of the evergreens, the verdure in both is much the same. Poplars are but just budding, and the fruit-trees beginning to push out their blossoms. Hyacinths, tulips, and violets are the only flowers I have yet seen in the open air. *C'est tout comme chez nous!*

Here, you will say, is a long epistle, and not a word about curiosities, antiquities, operas, and other interesting particulars, of which Naples furnishes such inexhaustible store. *Pazienza!* my dear fellow.—If, according to the poet, I were to have led you at once "*in medias res*," you would not have had even this letter, and for a very substantial reason—that of all those fine things I have as yet not had a glimpse. I am preparing in my fifth-story apartment (an elevation perfectly fashionable here) to view every thing systematically, *con gusto e con amore:* and, what is better, during these prolegomena no time is lost; for the weather is far from encouraging either antiquarian or pleasurable excursions. In my next I shall probably have it in my power to gratify, in some degree, your classic ardour.

I am, dear T. &c.

LETTER II.

Naples, April —, 1802.

DO not envy my lot, dear T. when I tell you, that an hour ago I visited the antique mausoleum of the divine Maro. I had purposely denied myself this exquisite pleasure until the season should be more advanced, and the weather more improved. When we wait on a great man, we are desirous to appear in our best attire; ought not then nature to be clad in her most brilliant garb, for my approach to the tomb of her poet? A heavenly morning had cheered my spirits into the most pleasing harmony, when I resolved, without waiting for breakfast, to enter on this classic pilgrimage.—" Your excellency is early this morning," exclaimed Signor Don Giuseppe on entering the room; and when I acquainted him with the cause, he added, in perfect astonishment, " You will feel the want of your breakfast, Sir, by the time you get there; and what is more, you will never find the place unless I go with you."—Giving him to understand that this was my business, I left him muttering some observations on the singular whims *dei Signori Inglesi*, and hastened down the Infrescata and the street of Toledo, towards the sea-beach. In my way, I called at my physician's, whom I found very busy in the preparation of his breakfast. " You are just in time to take a dish of coffee, such as you will probably not meet with any where else in this city." Notwithstanding the interdict which this guardian of my constitution had, on his first visit, pronounced against that favourite beverage of mine, such was the aromatic odour attending the process, and the craving of my stomach, that I felt little hesitation in transgressing the law, on the temptation of the legislator. This observation, however, I kept to myself till I had made an excellent

cellent breakfast on the *forbidden* fruit; and then even Dr. ——— saved his credit by assuring me, that it was the deleterious ingredients with which coffee was universally adulterated at the houses in this city, that had induced him to prohibit its use to me, but that such coffee as *his* could never hurt my constitution. Bowing to this explanation, I once more set out on my journey, and walked along the beautiful shore of Chiaia towards my destination, till from my map I concluded that I was within fifty yards of the spot. Four or five Ciceroni in vain offered their services; I was determined to see with my own eyes alone. Whether this class of men derive their generic appellation from the eloquent manner with which they explain the antiquarian curiosities, or from the innumerable villas which their fanciful ignorance ascribes to the Roman orator, I am at a loss to decide. That Cicero's philosophy was not of so austere a kind as to induce him to renounce the sweets of this world and the improvement of his fortune, we learn from his own confession in his *Offices;* and his vanity may have prompted him to endeavour to disguise a plebeian descent under external splendour: but so great is the number of ruins which bear the name of Tullian villas, that, were we to trust to tradition, in this respect, we might not only justly accuse him of downright extravagance, but perhaps be inclined to think a quæstorship in Sicily, and a proconsulate in Cilicia, must have been two *very good things.*

What a shocking failing, this unconquerable loquacity! —Sure of your pardon, I return to Virgil.

The Ciceronian gentlemen were highly offended at my declining their aid, but they triumphed at last. All my endeavours to discover the spot were fruitless; I was compelled to call one of them to my assistance. He immediately led me up a pretty steep causeway, turned into a private

garden, and by an easy and delightful path, ushered me into the awful precinct.

" Your Excellency must know," exclaimed the officious guide, after having cleared his vociferating organs for action, " I know every thing."——" Then I am silent."

Indeed the beauty of this solemn retreat, the lovely shade of the over-arching trees, the soothing stillness, scarcely interrupted by the rustling of leaves gently fanned by vernal zephyrs, or disturbed by the plaintive strains of the poet of birds—need no commentator. Methought I heard the shade of the bard whisper his " *Procul, O! procul este, profani!*" and, obeying the warning, I dismissed the guide with his fee.

Here I bow to tradition. This surely was a favourite retreat of the poet, and as such selected by his patron Augustus or his friend Pollio, to contain his mortal remains. To hold those of his genius, the world then known was inadequate: they are read with equal admiration on the banks of the Delaware, Wolga, and Ganges, although their author had not, like Ovid in his *Jam opus exegi,* the vanity of foretelling their eternity.

It is not the situation alone of this elegant little mausoleum which proclaims it to be Virgil's; nature herself has, as it were, by a miraculous effort, asserted its authenticity: the ruinous walls are girt and strengthened with ivy and myrtle, and the top of the fabric is crowned with vigorous branches of laurel, new shoots of which have for centuries replaced the sacrilegious robberies of profane hands. And yet, with such internal evidence before them, the learned, who question every thing but their own knowledge, have dared to utter doubts! One of the Neapolitan literati, I am told, has valiantly

liantly combated the received tradition; probably envying a heathen the laurel, which on the tomb of his saint *(St. Januarius)*, he would have adored with superstitious devotion.

The natural beauties of this delightful spot far exceed the present appearance of the building itself, although, to judge from what remains, its design proclaims the chaste style of architecture prevalent in the Augustan age. It is a square little temple, not much larger than one of our turnpike lodges; the outside has suffered so much from the ravages of time, as barely to indicate its former figure. The interior is rather in a better condition. Round its four walls are sunk various *niches*, evidently destined to contain cinerary urns; and it is said, that in one of the recesses, the ashes of Virgil himself were deposited in a marble vase, with the following inscription written by himself:

> "Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
> "Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces,"

I should be inclined to doubt the authenticity of these lines, were it not, that possibly the poet may have sacrificed the usual harmony of his numbers to the desire of compressing in *one* distich a most laconic notice of the places of his birth, death, and interment, as well as of his principal works. After all it is an odd composition, if it be his own; for what can be more superfluous than to record the place you are buried in, on your very tomb-stone? But I can easily fancy that a man is not in the best of humours when he is composing his own epitaph, notwithstanding the absolute certainty he must be under, that in this instance he is writing for posterity.

Naples was the favourite residence of our poet. Augustus had granted him some respectable post there, exempted

from the toils of official labour—"*otium cum dignitate.*" Who knows but what it might have been some prebend, deanery, or living connected with the temples of Jupiter or Serapis at Pozzuoli, although the writers of his life have not thought proper to descend to such particulars; a sinecure it certainly was, and there we have at once classic authority in favour of sinecure places, for literary characters at least; and to those exclusively they ought to be granted: don't you think so, T.? This is a serious subject, which, on my return to England, shall be brought before the public in an express publication, wherein I shall prove that the productions of the greatest geniuses, such as Horace, Virgil, Aristotle, Newton, Swift, and hundreds of others, ancient as well as modern, owe their existence to sinecure places.

But to return to Naples:—what other country could so well furnish our poet with the subject of his Georgics, as *Campania,* now even called *la Terra di Lavoro* (the land of culture, not labour, as some have mischievously translated it)? I have seen several of the *masserie,* or farms, in the neighbourhood, and been surprised at the high state of cultivation they are in, and at the industry with which every inch of this superlatively fertile soil is brought to account.

Not only the Georgics are indebted for their instructive merit to the industrious example of Campania: the Æneid also owes some of its most beautiful passages to the intimate knowledge which Virgil must have had of the surrounding country. In the sixth book (his master-piece in my judgment) the whole of the horribly sublime scenery, the cavern of the Sibyl, lake Avernus, Acheron, &c. is borrowed from the environs of Cumæ and Pozzuoli, the volcanic regions of which are, with characteristic propriety and infinite skill, marked out by the poet as the gloomy purlieus to the entrance into the realms of Pluto.

But

But I am again, dear T. running on at a wild rate. I am, you may well see, mounted on my hobby, and a wild hobby it is, prancing to the left and right, seldom disposed to follow a straight forward course; too much of the *Shandy* breed, unfit for sober travelling.

An over anxious desire to impress you with a correct idea of this classic jewel, and of the train of feelings which rushed upon my fancy at the time, has made me prolix. I shall atone for the fault by a more steady narrative af antecedent occurrences.

The day after my arrival, I looked out for a good physician: Cyrillo, the Hippocrates of Italy, the pride of his country, was no more. His unhappy fate must ever remain an indelible stain in the revolutionary annals of this country: it will form a set-off, on the credit side of the account of blood, against the Jacobin butchers of Paris. The genius of David (the painter) was a sufficient sanctuary to save him from a well-deserved punishment; but in Cyrillo's sentence, the balance of justice had *one* scale only to weigh his errors, when his transcendent talents ought surely to have been thrown into the other. But let us draw a veil over the transaction; posterity one day will remove it.—The skill of Dr. *** in chronic diseases, was highly recommended to me: he conceived frequent exercise on horseback, and a purer air than that which prevails at Madame Gasse's, to be essential to my recovery; and pronounced the mineral waters, which had been my chief inducement for coming to Naples, unfit to be drank for two or three months. However disappointed at this information, and displeased with the idea of quitting my inn, where I was comfortably accommodated with a good lodging and table for little more than five shillings a day, I obeyed every one of his decrees; hired a horse by the week, and moved to the

the very summit of the *Infrescata*, a hill in the suburbs, which derives its appellation from the salubrity of the atmosphere.

In my rambles after new quarters, tedious any where, but more so here, where no bills in the windows guide your enquiries, I was shewn to the house, or, as they called it, the palace of a private gentleman. To you, as a geometrician, it will not be matter of surprise to find every house with a great gate, styled palace, in a city where, as I have already informed you, our humble *Sir* is translated into *Eccellenza;* for—

As Sir *to* Eccellenza, *so* House *to* Palace.———EUCLID.

Indeed Euclid was perfectly at home in this palace, as you shall see presently. The *private gentleman* received me with Neapolitan politeness *(c'est tout dit)*, regretted infinitely that his apartments were still in the occupancy of a *Signore Moscovita;* but assured me, that such was his partiality to the British nation, and his *knowledge of their generosity* and noble manner of acting, that he should contrive to put me in possession of the apartments in a week or ten days, the time necessary to give warning to the Russian gentleman. This most generous offer being civilly declined on my side, he added that, at all events, in less than three weeks, the gentleman would set off for Rome, when I might without scruple become his innate. During this conversation, a lady, of about 17 or 18, was occupied at another table in executing an academical drawing. On admiring her proficiency, Donna Nicoletta was introduced as the daughter of the owner of the house. She was employed on a copy of the Farnesian Hercules, the original of which I have since seen in the *Regii Studii;* and the young artist had faithfully copied rude antiquity in all its parts, owing probably to her having taken the design previously to the visit

visit which a high personage lately paid to the gallery of antiques now deposited in that museum; on which occasion, I have been told, an immediate and copious supply of brazen foliage, of various dimensions, was ordered to be attached, without regard to rank or distinction, whether *dii majorum* or *minorum gentium*, to all the inhabitants of Olympus, that were found too fashionable in their attire: even poor *Kallipyga* was forced to submit to the dire commands of decorum; although, in her case, the admiration of the beholder would most probably be attracted in an antipodean direction.

"Here," you will exclaim, "is the hobby again capering from Donna Nicoletta to Venus Kallipyga? What a *saltum mortale!*" Do not, dear T. wrong your valetudinarian friend by suspecting too physical an association of ideas.

"The trifles on which you are good enough to lavish your praise," observed Sig. ——, "are the fruits of my daughter's leisure hours: she shall shew you something more worthy of your attention." A Latin translation of the first canto of the *Gierusalemma Liberata*, and an Italian one of two or three books of Euclid, enriched with Nicolettian notes, were now produced as the work of the philosophical damsel. Unfortunatly a rooted prejudice against very learned females not only rendered me totally insensible to the merits of her lucubrations, but even gave in my opinion to the very features of her countenance, which before had appeared attractive, an air of pedantry, that exerted its repellent power with such accumulated force, that I began to look for an opportunity of extricating myself from a society which I had not grace enough to appreciate.

What, in the name of goodness, thought, I when I found myself

myself without the walls of this *palace,* will a man do with such a wife! if ever mortal have courage or simplicity enough to covet the possession of a woman, who will be demonstrating the binomial theorem when she ought to be cooking a comfortable dish of maccaroni for his dinner, or count dactyls instead of plaiting the radii of his shirt frills into prismatic parallels. A simpleton he must be forsooth! and indeed none but such a one will she elect, if we trust the Livian paradox, according to which, the most diametrically opposite qualifications, moral or physical, are soonest united in wedlock.

When you read this letter to Miss ——, you had better skip the above; tell her it contains private matter; or, if you are under an absolute necessity of reading it, I depend on your friendship for such an explanation of my sentiments as will convince her, that I intend by no means to exclude the lovely partners of our fortunes from the benefits of an enlightened education: 'tis a professedly literary career, an initiation into the more abstruse sciences, which I conceive utterly incompatible with the fulfilment of the important duties they owe to society.

The abode of this female sage being at no very great distance from the castle of St. Elmo, and more than half way up the mountain on which it is situated, I desired Don Giuseppe to lead the way. "Indeed the ascent is too steep for *you,* Sir; you will be exhausted, and your curiosity ill repaid. "What will you see there? the sea, some ships, the town, a few pieces of brass cannon, all of which you have seen before: besides, I doubt whether the sentry will admit you." When all these objections were overruled, I learned the true cause of poor Joe's demur: he had eaten nothing since his scanty breakfast: his services, under such circumstances, would have proved very inefficient; I therefore

therefore dispensed with his guidance, and reached the fortress by my own enquiries.

The *auri sacra fames*, which ere now has opened the gates of many an impregnable stronghold; or, in plain English, three carlins delicately introduced into the palm of the corporal, procured me free access to the interior; where, however, I met with nothing which could interest my curiosity: my attention was totally absorbed by the view of one of the most delightful prospects I had ever beheld. All Naples lay extended, like a map, at my feet; the splendid mansion of the Carthusian monks of St. Martin, with the beautiful gardens belonging to it, directly under the walls of the castle; the port crowded with masts; at a distance, in the bay, two British frigates riding at anchor, as if disdaining to seek greater security from a more sheltered recess; the marine skirts of the town lined with the mole and lighthouse, the Castel Nuovo, Castel d'Uovo, Pizzofalcone, and the public gardens of Chiaia; in the rear, old Vesuvius, detached from its parent, the mountain of Somma, or rather rising out of its bosom. But the scene baffles all description; and to save myself a more minute detail, I enclose a hasty sketch, which I have since pencilled from the same point of view *.

I have been told a curious circumstance which occurred when recently a detachment of our troops, in conjunction with the Neapolitans, besieged the French in this castle. The British had no sooner built their huts at a convenient distance from the fortress, than many of the men were suddenly seized with violent vomitings, others with head-ache and langour, which rendered them unfit for duty. At first it was suspected that the French had poisoned the wells;

* The view here alluded to has been introduced in the title page.

 but

but when it was found that other corps, who had used the same water, were in perfect health, it was feared that the plague, or some other epidemic disease, had infected the camp; the more so, as medicine, although administered immediately, produced no abatement in the symptoms, until one of the surgeons discovered the true cause of the evil. The encampment being in the vicinity of a hemp field, many of the men had formed their huts with the stalks and leaves of that plant, the effluvia of which had exerted their intoxicating and stuporific qualities to the alarming degree above described. As soon therefore as the cause was removed, the evil ceased, without any further serious consequence.

I could have feasted my eyes for hours on the sublime scene before me, had not grosser organs reminded me of the humiliating truth, that man is not all mind. My stomach began to be in the same predicament as that of Don Giuseppe an hour ago: hunger hurried me down to the city, where I had nearly repented of the indulgence I had granted him. I totally lost my way, and became bewildered in a maze of small narrow lanes, the poor inhabitants of which answered my repeated enquiries with a good-natured, but to me unintelligible Neapolitan *patois*. Fortunately, I met at last a Neapolitan officer, *who could speak Italian,* and who was kind enough to conduct me to my inn, where, for the first time these four months, I dined with real appetite on the cold relics of the *table d'hôte*.

Before I close this long letter, I must give you a short description of a curious theatrical representation, at which I was present some days ago. The title of *Saul* induced me to expect a sacred oratorio; instead of which, I found the whole of the biblical narrative dramatized into a complete opera, not even omitting the incantations of the witch of Endor. The Neapolitans are more unreasonable than the ancient

ancient Romans; they would have *carnem et circenses* even in Lent-time: the former, I understand, they have been indulged with by a special, but by no means gratuitous, dispensation from the Holy See; and their eagerness for the latter has been gratified by the sacred kind of opera just mentioned, in which Signora P. made her first *debût* as a singer, in the character of David, and, I am told, attracted the *particular* notice of a British officer of rank. She is not yet a great singer, but bids fair to be one; her intonation is full and sweet, and her compass great: science, and an action more *dégagée* and adapted to the stage, is all she wants; and which, at her age, she has time to acquire, for she does not appear to be more than sixteen. Add to this, a lovely face and figure, much resembling our Miss D.'s, and you will not tax me with unreasonable partiality. Mombelli, the first tenor, acted King Saul admirably: although he is *d'un certain age*, his voice penetrated every part of the house; but it is in the recitativos he is most impressive, and, I think, unrivalled: his figure, step, and action, frequently put me in mind of Kemble. The music, Guglielmi's as I am told, has great merit; and a harp air in particular, of David's (not a psalm) in a minor key, was extremely affecting. Upon the whole, justice was not done to the composer by the orchestra, which was sensibly inferior to our's at the King's Theatre.

After one of the longest letters which have yet issued from my pen, I trust I may take leave of you with some degree of credit: the more so, as the pleasure I derive from writing to you has made me transgress the directions of the physician, who has most seriously cautioned me against sedentary occupation. My health, however, improves; at least my spirits are better, as you may have perceived yourself, from the preceding rhapsodies of

Your's, &c.

LETTER III.

Dear T.

Naples, April —, 1802.

THIS delightful city, with its heavenly environs, so strongly gains every day on my favour, that, notwithstanding my ardent wish to return to old England, and to all that is dearest to me, I fear I shall never be able to quit Naples without sincere regret. Miss Parthenope must indeed have been a lady of great judgment and taste, to select so eligible a situation for settling her colony in, after she had eloped from the rigorous treatment of her Thessalian papa; her choice is even superior to that of Madame Dido, another run-away princess, who contented herself with the parched sands of Barbary. How different the elopements of those heroic ages from the amorous flights of our times! The breach of the social compact would then be atoned for, by the establishment of rising colonies; whereas, now-a-days, the aggregate results of all the love-trips upon record, from the origin of the functions of the cyclopean priest to the present time, would scarcely furnish the numerical compliment of *one* colonial settlement.

I have often wondered how so gallant a man as Æneas could pass within sight of this place, without giving even a call to the fair Parthenope; or why, if he did such a thing, our friend Virgil should be silent on the subject; and I shrewdly suspect the latter to be the fact. The pious hero, no doubt, paid his respects *en passant*, to that princess, and perhaps took French leave of her, as he did of the Tyrian lady; not at the instigation of a Cupid *en masque*, but because his prudence suggested him, that if he listened to the pressing invitations of those love-sick maids, and mar-

rie[d]

ried one or the other, he might indeed become the husband of a queen, a kind of appendix kept for posterity's sake, but not king in his own right; a wish that had been the *primum mobile* of all his peregrinations. He therefore declined all connexion, or at least all matrimonial connexion, with these petticoat governments, and steered further northward, in order to ———.

But no! let him steer on, I know you will think I have steered long enough out of course for the sake of this classical digression, or rather rhapsody; for to give it the former appellation, at the very outset of the epistle, would be as bad as beginning a letter with a postscript.

How you will envy me, dear T. when you read the description of my head-quarters. If it is true, that a Frenchman once exclaimed, "Paris is the capital of Europe, and the *Palais Royal* the capital of Paris," I may well say, Naples is the loveliest city in Europe, and the habitation of your humble servant on the top of the Infrescata, the loveliest spot in all Naples. In front an extensive garden, in the gayest vernal attire, with several stately orange trees just ready to blossom; and backwards a panoramic view, far surpassing the magic scenery of Claude's poetic pencil. From my pillow I often behold, in the cool of the morning, the thin aërial fume issuing from the crater of Vesuvius: and the varied and extensive prospect from my window, of the city, the bay, villas, gardens, and a wide tract of a fertile and well cultivated country, bordered by a distant chain of mountains, surpasses the powers of description. Add to these local advantages the kind offices of one of the most good-natured families upon earth, who seem to make it their particular study to anticipate my wants and wishes, and you will agree with me, that I have been fortunate in procuring all these excellencies at the moderate price of

ten

ten ducats (about two guineas) per month, the rent which I have agreed to pay them.

This family may be called truly patriarchal, in as much as it is composed of four successive generations under the same roof: the great-grandfather and great-grandmother, the grandfather and grandmother, the father and mother, and the children of the latter, the eldest of whom is five years old, and both mother and grandmother in a family way. I had almost forgotten the pretty Donna Luisa, though last, not least in our estimation; for she cooks my dinner and prepares her maccaroni as exquisitely as any you can eat at Brunet's.

Don Michele, the grandfather, is the leader of this numerous band; a man of formal address and pompous civility, one of those sententious characters that delight in the harmony of their own talk.

He daily renounces his *siesta*, in order to keep me company at dinner, where it is in vain to beg him to join: "*Saggio il mio dovere, Signor mio, aggio pranzato**," is generally his reply to any invitation of that kind. He is perfectly contented when he sees me enjoy my dinner, and the least want of appetite causes him real uneasiness. On such an occasion, which unfortunately occurs more often than I could wish, he generally launches out into a violent philippic against physicians, the burden of which is, "Believe me, good Sir, you'll never be well till you throw your bottles and pills out of the window. How can a man of your sense and understanding doubt for a moment that it is all a farce and imposition?" To contradict him on this, or indeed any

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* I know my duty, dear Sir; I have dined.

other

other subject, would only elicit an endless train of tedious argumentation; whereas a "*lei dice bene, ma.....,*" and shrugging up my shoulders (a favourite Italian gesticulation) persuades his self-complacency, that the superiority of his reasoning is unanswerable. He then enters upon the news of the day, and there his communications are doubly entertaining in a city where one wretched newspaper only is printed twice or thrice a week, and that containing but a few indifferent extracts from other foreign journals. Through my friend Don Michele, therefore, I obtain the earliest notice of oratorios to be performed in any of the numerous churches, of a nun's taking the veil, of the plays or operas to be represented, of the arrival of any of our ships of war, &c.

In this place, a lover of harmony need be at no expense to hear excellent music very often. Scarcely a day passes but one church or other has to celebrate some festival, saint's aniversary, or other important holy rite, where music is an essential requisite; and fond as I am of sacred music in particular, I have hitherto missed few opportunities of that kind. In almost every instance the performers, both vocal and instrumental, were of the first-rate abilites, and the composition, whether ancient or modern, truly sublime; but frequently also the pleasure I experienced was alloyed, or rather destroyed, by sensations of disgust, felt at the sight of eunuchs employed in the execution of these sacred concerts. Among all the potent engines which the Catholic church has called in aid of the adoration of the Supreme Being, music, from its powerful and direct influence on our hearts and feelings, and the sublimity of its nature, deservedly claims the first rank. But, surely, the shrill and unnatural strains of these unfortunate beings, can add nothing to the solemn harmony of divine song; on the contrary, their employment debases that heavenly science, their presence

sence contaminates the hallowed temples of the Almighty, and their introduction into a place of worship, bespeaks a most blasphemous and preposterous refinement of modern taste. The truth of this observation was fully acknowledged by that worthy pontiff, Clement VIII. when he issued the most positive prohibition of so inhuman and impious a custom: but such is the ingenuity of religious casuistry, that means were soon devised, and are still practised, to elude the injunction of his philanthropic decree, without infringing the letter of the law. To name them would only sully my pen, which has already dwelt too long on a subject displeasing enough to every friend of mankind, without any further addition of colouring.

Let us at once, dear T. turn to the verdant groves, the smiling gardens, and the rocky recesses of the lovely mountain of Posilipo, the beauties of which have so justly been celebrated by many writers of antiquity. It forms in a manner a natural wall of defence to the whole of the north-western and western parts of the city, and terminates in an abrupt promontory, fronting the south. The tranquillity and pleasantness of its situation had rendered it to the wealthy Romans a place of resort, no less fashionable than the barren and sandy shores of Bajæ. Cæsar, Lucullus, Pollio, Virgil, Cicero of course, and many other great public characters, possessed here magnificent villas, of which some scattered fragments still remain. No wonder, then, if Posilipo, from its classic celebrity and the beauty of its situation and prospects, has become a favourite haunt of mine; so much so, that my horse, when left to its free agency, regularly carries me from the Infrescata, through Uomero, over the charming path which winds along the broad spine of the mountain, to the romantic village near the cape. The Uomero, in fact, forms part of Posilipo, and on its summit rises the splendid palace of Prince Belvedere, with its noble gardens.

gardens. The latter are particularly interesting, on account of the many exotic and tropical plants which here thrive in the open air. It is in these gardens I saw a few days ago, for the first time in my life, the bull-rush *papyrus;* not indeed in such abundance as it once grew on the marshy banks of the Syracusan Anapus, or on the borders of lake Menzaléh in Egypt, but sufficient to gratify my curiosity. Some of the stalks being near decay, I begged and obtained one of them; and the inclosed letter for Miss —— conveys to her some anapæstics (as tender as they would flow), written with a reed and *atramentum,* in antique characters, on papyrus-paper of my own manufacture. Make her truly sensible of the value of this classic treasure; tell her it is a *fac simile* of one of Marc Anthony's love-letters to the Egyptian queen; assure her that the Royal Society would gladly have received it, that the British Museum would have hung it up in a frame in the library window. Small as the specimen is, it has occasioned me infinite trouble and vexation to produce thus much. In order to prepare it as nearly as possible according to the directions of Pliny, I was, in the first instance, under the necessity of going down to the city, to consult, in the public library of one of the convents the natural history of that writer. I then set to work, divided with my razor the pith of the rush into small slips, and having placed them close to each other, in two layers, longitudinally and transversely, put the tender fabric between the Æneid and a breviary of my landlord's, and for the sake of stronger compression, consigned the whole to the gravitating power of ..... But here my pen refuses its office! How shall I describe the agony I felt, when, on my return from a long ride, I missed my treasure, and learned its woeful fate. Benedetto, the successor to the infatuated Don Giuseppe, had arrived from town with my medicine just in time to saddle my horse for this unfortunate ride, and I was scarcely out of sight but he

and Donna Luisa set about cleaning the rooms, making the bed, &c. Whether it was owing to that instinct of female regularity which considers books and papers placed anywhere but under lock and key, as mere litter; or whether the pious pair felt indignant at the sight of their manual of daily devotion being subjected by a heretic to the action of a bedpost; or whatever else may have been their motive, they had separated and removed my whole apparatus, and consigned the papyrus literally to the dust.

Benedetto had my hearty maledictions for his stupidity, and I am afraid poor Luisa felt some of the effects of my first irritation: for this I begged her pardon, when my passion had given way to sober reflection, and I considered that the remnant of the stalk, which I had intended to bring with me to England, was sufficient to produce a second specimen. I forthwith made another attempt, and succeeded to the full extent of my wishes. Its colour, as you will perceive, is of a light brown; but this, I apprehend, is rather the fault of the substance itself than of the manufacture: at least an Arabian manuscript on papyrus, which I have seen in the *Regii Studii*, is full as dark in hue; and, except a greater degree of smoothness, probably arising from a more perfect mode of pressure, in no respect superior to my preparation.

But to return to Posilipo: many of its gardens are still inclosed by ancient masonry; and along the road from the Uomero, I have with pleasure and surprise discovered a considerable extent of antique garden walls, which evidently were built for the same purpose they now answer. A *garden-wall of eighteen centuries standing* surely must be deemed a convincing proof of the superiority of the ancient mode of building: nor can there be a mistake as to its age, the reticular junction of the stones being a sure criterion of antiquity.

quity. This manner of placing the stones, not in parallel rows, like the moderns, but in a diagonal direction, with one of the four angles downwards, like the ace of diamonds, has probably assisted the durability of the fabric.

The sight of a large square slab of white marble at a trifling distance from the main road on this mountain, excited my curiosity some days ago. It contained a modern Latin inscription of great length, which for its singularity I would send you, but I wish to save postage. The traveller is desired to pause, in order to behold an ocular demonstration of the cruelty and impiety of the ancient pagans, exhibited in the fish-ponds of A. Pollio, Esq. who, says the marble, was particularly fond of lampreys fed with *human blood;* and who, to gratify this *inhuman* sort of gluttony, had these ponds built at an immense expence, and caused the wretched victims of his corrupt palate to be thrown into them. Accepting the pious invitation, I entered the farm pointed at by the inscription, and actually found the farm-house to consist of some modern masonry, engrafted upon a solid stock of ancient reticulated architecture. At the back of the building a small door opened into the ponds, which even now appeared to be abundantly supplied with water, rising to the height of about eight or ten feet, from the door downwards, and covered by an arched vault nearly as high from the top of the door: the sides were lined with a stucco, as hard, if not harder, than stone. The whole fabric was in perfect preservation, and well worth the attention of an antiquary; but my conductor was unable to add any thing to the information given by the inscription, which, I confess, appeared to me very problematical. The neat and impenetrable covering of stucco would rather induce me to take it for a reservoir, or large cistern for water, than a pond for lampreys: and supposing it to have been the latter, where is the evidence of human bodies having supplied their

food? Supposing the Roman laws to have been lax enough to allow such a diabolical practice, what stomach could relish such a dainty?

On descending from the mountain of Posilipo towards the city, by a steep causeway of many zig-zag windings cut out of the solid rock, the ear is usually struck with a loud and hollow rumbling, resembling the subterraneous thunder of Vesuvius; but the temporary alarm of the stranger is removed as soon as he learns that the noise, however violent, solely proceeds from the rolling of carriages passing through *la Grotta di Posilipo* immediately under his feet. This unquestionably is one of the most stupendous works of antiquity; and the benefit which the city of Naples derives from it to this day, is inappreciable; inasmuch as it affords, in a straight line, a level and easy communication with the country on the other side of Mount Posilipo, to which there was before no access by land but by circuitous and almost impracticably steep roads across the mountain. To have pierced this rock by the chisel at its very base, must have been a work of prodigious labour and time; for although I have not yet been able to ascertain the length of the excavation, owing to the constant passing and repassing of vehicles of every description, yet, upon a rough guess, its extent appears to equal that of the Mall in St. James's Park. Two carriages may go abreast, and its lowest height is certainly not less than twenty feet; but at the extremities, and particularly at that facing Naples, upwards of sixty.

It is by no means certain who was the author of this great undertaking, or from what period of time the first perforation is to be dated. The common opinion is in favour of Augustus, who is said to have entrusted its execution to Coccejus, an architect of great repute in that age: others, not without strong arguments on their side, contend for a much

much more remote origin, ascribing its formation to the early inhabitants of the Greek Parthenope, with whom, they assert, it went under the name of the Eemean cavern: and the lower class of the modern Neapolitans believe it to be the work of the devil; or, rather, of the *sorcerer* Virgil, who, flying from the pursuit of St. Januarius, and being at a nonplus how to escape, by a stroke of his wand created this passage for himself, through the midst of the rock. To this, however, I feel some hesitation of subscribing; for, supposing the wizard possessed of the powers of achieving so rare a deed, he surely would have had sense enough to make the rock close again after him, to prevent the saint's availing himself of the new thoroughfare in his pursuit: but perhaps poor Virgil had lost his wits in the embarrassment in which he may be supposed to have been on an occasion of such imminent danger.

Disclaiming, however, any wish to influence your choice among these various hypotheses, I ought to mention, that the existence of this cavern, at the time of Seneca, rests on indubitable authority. Speaking of a trip of his from Bājæ to Naples, this author himself adds, that after passing through a swampy road, which made him fancy himself once more at sea, he arrived in this cave, where he felt an excessive heat; that he never saw any thing more tedious and dismal than this subterraneous prison, rendered doubly frightful by the total obscurity which prevailed in it, there being no opening of any kind for the admission of air or light; so that he was forced to grope his way through volumes of dust, which alone would have darkened the road, had even the rock been open. Poor Seneca, it seems, was easily frightened; but much of the inconvenience he complains of might as easily have been remedied: for surely, with an immense fortune like his, the third man in the Roman empire might have afforded half a dozen torches to light his way.

way. At the present day, the passage is not quite so uncomfortable: a lamp, constantly burning before a chapel situated just half-way, serves for a beacon: both entrances have at different times been greatly enlarged, and two diagonal apertures were, in Charles the Fifth's time, cut through the rock, which not only illumine the interior considerably, but in some degree perform the office of ventilators.

The above, my dear T., together with Virgil's *mausoleum*, described in my last, are some of the most interesting objects to be met with on this classic mountain; some others of minor note I shall omit for the present, lest I exhaust your patience, which I fear has already been put to the test. If I have sinned against the virtue of brevity, your own injunctions, to be minute in my communications, will plead the apology of

Your's, &c.

LETTER IV.

Dear T.

Naples, May —, 1802.

THE —— frigate arrived here yesterday from Malta; and by her I received your kind letter of the 1st March, with the parcel of newspapers you had the goodness to save for me, as also the . . . . . Accept my warmest thanks for your friendly attention to my little wants, and for the comprehensive and interesting narrative of our domestic affairs. This I may, without flattery, affirm to be a model of historical writing; and I am well aware that, before such a judge, my letters need the greatest indulgence. Transplanted, as it were, into a new world, replete with innumerable

merable objects of curiosity and admiration, and desirous of making the best use of my stay, I do not study my expressions: I have, as Pliny says, no time to write a *short* letter; and your friendship, I am convinced, will make every allowance I can wish for.

We have known here of the peace of Amiens these several weeks past ..... At all events I trust it will last during my journey home; for I have now determined to return northwards through Italy and France by the way of Rome, Florence, Turin, Lyons, Paris, and Calais, as soon as the hot season, which is rapidly approaching, shall render any longer stay in this latitude unadvisable to a valetudinarian like me. In these travels I mean, if left to my own choice, to proceed leisurely, so as not to be fatigued, and to have proper time to make whatever observations countries so interesting as those may suggest. Of all that is worthy of notice, or at least that is noticed by me, I shall keep as detailed an account as time and health may allow; and either communicate it to you in person, or, should we not be able to meet so soon as I hope, prepare from its materials aided by recollection, a more regular journal for your entertainment.

I am now going to give you an account of a late excursion of mine to Pozzuoli, Bajæ, Misenum, and other places in that direction; a trip, which, however disagreeable, or rather ridiculous in its termination, afforded me the highest delight and instruction.

Some days ago Don Michele had, as usual, placed himself beside my dinner-table, and proceeded, for some time, in his eloquent discourse, when I asked if he had any commands for Pozzuoli, as I should take a ride thither the next day, and not return before dark. "If you would grant me,

dear

dear Sir, the liberty of putting in my humble advice, I would, under due correction, presume to propose a little alteration in the plan of your journey, which, if it met the honour of your judicious concurrence, might probably tend to make the trip more agreeable to yourself. Where will you dine there? Pozzuoli has no inns to accommodate a person of your merit; but I have a friend residing at that place, who would be happy to see you in his house, and to shew you every thing worthy of your attention. Your horse, before you hired it, was used to a calesso*. Let him once in a way drive us two to my friend Don Giacomo, to make a pleasant day of it; the calesso I shall procure, and notice shall be sent to-morrow to Pozzuoli to prepare my friend for our reception."

On my reply, that nothing but the possitive order of Doctor ——, to confine my exercise to the saddle, could prevent me from accepting so obliging an offer as his, a deep sigh on the part of Don Michele, announced, like the first whizzings of a tornado, an approaching storm, ready to burst not only on my poor doctor, but on all the successors of Hippocrates and Galen. Fancy it over for brevity's sake, and your humble servant capitulating for the two-wheeled vehicle being before the door at six the day after that immediately following. Four bottles of porter, and my last two bottles of rum, intended as a present to the unknown Don Giacomo, being carefully stowed in the seat, I waited the appearance of my fellow-traveller.

Call to your aid, dear T. all the powers of your fertile imagination, to depict to your mind's eye the figure of my companion arrayed in a striped silk coat, orange and purple, cut-steel buttons of the largest possible diameter, white

* Single-horse chaises, acting as hackney-coaches in Naples.

white satin waistcoat, profusely embroidered with roses and passion-flowers, breeches like the coat, white silk stockings, cordovan shoes with huge silver buckles, lace ruffles and frills, and the hair frizzed into a number of elegant side-curls. But for the ponderous gold-headed cane and the queue, Don Michele might have gone to St. James's on the king's birth-day.

I stared; but my surprise was taken for admiration, and the motive for this effort of self-decoration stated to be: "*per far onore alla di lei persona* *."

Not to expose the contrast between this gay attire, and my veteran black coat and blue pantaloons, to the sarcastic observations of my English friends in town, I proposed to go the more unfrequented road across the *Uomero* down into the *Pianura:* still we met several of my fellow-traveller's acquaintances, who seemed in their salutations to envy either his coat or his place. After descending a very steep road, we travelled through a most fertile plain of about four miles, till we arrived at another rocky ridge, round the extremity of which a road appears to have been cut, immediately overhanging the sea, and winding along the mountain to the gate of Pozzuoli, which, on this side, forms a most picturesque appearance. Before eight o'clock we halted at the gate of Don Giacomo's *palace,* who had already stepped down to receive us, and by way of hearty welcome, imprinted three savoury kisses alternately on my cheeks and lips **. A British ambassador could not have been received with greater honours, and more cordial hospitality, than were here bestowed upon me. We were ushered into the best room, and a breakfast of chocolate, cold meat, &c. was immediately served up. During this repast, it

* To do honour to your person.

it was settled, that the forenoon should be employed in visiting the antiquities along the bay of Bajæ, as far as the promontory of Misenum, whence we were to return to dinner to Pozzuoli; and that, in the afternoon, the curiosities in or about that town should be inspected. "And," continued our kind host, "as I have learned from Don Michele's letter, that our *amico Inglese* believes himself to be in an indifferent state of health (which, by the bye, his looks contradict) I have taken care to provide, besides a good cicerone, a clean and decent jack-ass, lest the long walk in the heat of the day be too fatiguing for him."—Such a mark of the most delicate attention from an utter stranger, I confess, quite overpowered my feelings; I was at a loss how to express my sense of gratitude.—And this, dear T. is the people whom the spleen, or rather the depraved heart of some travellers, has represented as an unprincipled set of rogues, ready to commit every act of moral turpitude for the sake of their own interest!

Fie upon the retailers of such falsehoods, who think themselves competent to decry the character of a nation, whose language they generally do not understand; and who, puffed up with their own prejudices, liberally bestow their curses on whatever does not come within the contracted sphere of their home-spun ideas! Let them stay at home, it they can't eat roast-beef and puddings with the English, maccaroni with the Italians, olla podrida with the Spaniards, ragouts with the French, and sour-crout with the inhabitants of Germany!

But I have waxed wroth, instead of beginning the recital of our peaceable antiquarian pilgrimage.——Mounted on Balaam's charger, with one of my Italian friends on each side, and the cicerone in front, we strolled along the shores of the bay. "The ruins you see on the declivity of yon mountain,"

mountain," exclaimed the latter, "are the remains of the famous villa of Cicero, called by him the Academy, where he wrote his *Academical Questions.*

To *question* this information would have been very *unacademical;* since, from more than one ancient author, it may be proved that this country-seat of the orator's must have been situated at, or at least very near to, the spot pointed out by our guide.

The next object that excited our astonishment, was the *monte nuovo,* a mountain of considerable height, formed in the space of one night (19th September 1538). A terrible earthquake, accompanied with violent volcanic eruptions, gave birth to this mountain; at the same time, that it destroyed or defaced the whole of the surrounding country from Pozzuoli to Misenum: rich vineyards and fertile fields were in an instant converted into deserts, to this day incapable of cultivation. The Roman buildings, which before had stood nearly entire, although not completely annihilated by the sad catastrophe, were yet much ruined and dilapidated.

Close to the *monte nuovo* is the Lucrine lake, reduced, by the same convulsion of nature, from a fine expanse of water, to an insignificant puddle a few yards in diameter. I need not call to your recollection that its former name was Cocytus, of infernal memory; and that the *lucrative* revenue which ancient Rome drew from its fisheries, of shell-fish in particular, caused its change of appellation. Juvenal, Martial, and Horace, speak in the highest terms of the exquisite flavour of the Lucrine oysters. This circumstance alone proves a communication with the sea: and from different authors of antiquity, it is evident that an inland navigation formerly existed between the bay of Poz-

zuoli, and the port of Cumæ on the other side of this peninsula, by means of a canal which connected the bay with the Lucrine lake, the latter with lake Avernus, and lake Avernus with the sea at Cumæ. On this point, the following lines of Virgil are decisive, at least half way:

——— Lucrinoque addita claustra,
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor,
Julia qua ponto longe sonat unda refuso,
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis.

Immediately behind the Lucrine lake, and separated from it by a rocky mountain only, is lake Avernus (ἄορνος Gr. birdless). The name itself is indicative of its former insalubrity. The pestilential vapours, once rising out of its bosom, are reported to have been fatal to such of the feathered race as dared to approach it; and no fish, of course, could tenant its infected element.

Principio, quod Averna vocant, non nomen id abs re
Impositum est, quia sunt avibus contraria cunctis.———Lucretius.

No wonder then, dear T. if the ancient poets, whose powers of imagination are often of Munchhusian compass, have marked this unhallowed spot as the site of the infernal kingdoms. Our cicerone had began to expatiate very prettily on this topic, when Don Giacomo significantly shook his head, observing how ridiculous it was to suppose that a space so confined as this, should be able to contain the accumulating influx of the impious souls of the whole world, when it was evident that it would not hold the one-hundreth part of the wicked of the little kingdom of Naples, even excluding its lawyers. He therefore rather believed it to have been a kind of purgatory, where, upon an average, the number of arrivals would not exceed the proportion of departures, and where, consequently, a moderate extent of ground might well suffice.

Don

Don Michele tacitly waited the end of his friend's learned disquisition before he declared his sentiments on this knotty point. "My opinion is," exclaimed he, with his usual gravity, "that the whole is a parcel of lies, purposely invented by those gentlemen of antiquity, to make posterity believe that the number of pagan rascals was so inconsiderable as to require no more elbow-room than the space in which *we* find ourselves at present, would afford.

But whatever foundation, dear T. there may be in this poetical tradition, it is certain that the present aspect of lake Avernus is such as to give rise to any other than gloomy ideas. Its unruffled waters, now abounding with good fish, are closely surrounded by romantic groups of rocks, studded with stately trees and shrubs, the luxuriant foliage of which casts a sombre, but pleasing, shade over its surface. The mind partakes of the silent repose of nature, and the solemnity of the scene is heightened by the ruins of two venerable temples, close to the edge of the lake, and by the vicinity of the entrance to the cavern of the Sibyl. One of the former, which the omniscience of our guide dedicated to Apollo, is sufficiently entire to allow you to perceive the beauty of the architecture and the fineness of its proportions: the outside is octangular, the interior round; several niches decorate the walls, and various shrubs seem to supply its sunken dome. The other edifice, which, with the same *ciceronian* facility, was consecrated to Mercury, has suffered much more, and altogether appears to have been of inferior workmanship and materials. Both, however, from their contiguity to the lake, may, for ought we know, have been baths.

We now proceed to the celebrated cave of the Sibyl, likewise situated on the borders of lake Avernus, at a few score yards distance from the temple of Apollo. Here my expectations

expectations were greatly disappointed: tradition has been guilty of an egregious misnomer in proclaiming this excavation to have been the residence of the Cumæan gipsy: but you shall judge for yourself. What bears the name of the Sibyl's cave, is nothing but a level subterraneous passage, cut in a straight line through the rocky mountain. Where it ended, cannot at present be ascertained; since, after proceeding for about a hundred yards, the tunnel is choked up by earth and stones: but before you come to this termination, and at about forty paces from it, there is an aperture leading to some excavated apartments, into which our cicerone carried me on his shoulders, the water on the ground being upwards of a foot high. Coming from a hot sun into this damp and cold grotto, a shivering fit in an instant seized my whole frame to such a degree, that I felt no inclination to explore the dreary recesses of this aquatic labyrinth at the peril of my life. I instantly sounded a retreat, and presently joined my friends, who, more prudent, or less curious than me, had stayed at the outside with my donkey. I have ever since been angry with myself at this piece of folly; and at this moment am not free from dread, lest my inconsiderate antiquarian zeal be rewarded by an ague or some feverish illness, which might, in earnest, introduce me to the regions of the departed.

This *soi-disant* cave of the Sibyl is, in my humble opinion, nothing else but the identical canal of communication between lakes Avernus and Lucrinus: it is precisely in the direction of both; and if such a canal existed, of which many corroborative testimonies leave no manner of doubt, it can scarcely have existed in any other place; since lake Avernus lies in a deep hollow, on all sides surrounded by high rocks and mountains, like the crater of a volcano. The circumstance of the main passage of the cave being dry at present, is to be accounted for by the earth and

and rubbish which have raised its level, and by the volcanic concussions which have totally altered the face of every thing in this little peninsula. The aquatic apartments were probably baths: sea-baths, if they communicated with the waters of the canal; or mineral baths, if there was no connexion between both.

Having cast a farewell glance on the beautiful lake Avernus, I returned, mounted as before, and accompanied by my two friends, to the sea-beach; but finding that the chillness which had seized my limbs in the Sibyl's cave, would not yield to the burning rays of the sun, I consigned Dapple to the cicerone, and tried to recover, by pedestrian exercise, the lost balance of temperature. This plan, as to myself, was attended with the wished-for result; at the same time, that it proved the cause of a severe misfortune to one of my fellow-travellers. Don Michele, probably from fatigue, was going to avail himself of the vacant saddle, when, in the act of mounting, a loud report announced the laceration of his orange purple small-clothes. On an occasion like this, I had good reason to expect a storm from a man of his temper, but my fears were unfounded—a Neapolitan is not to be put out of humour by a trifle. Don Michele, after gravely examining the hiatus, which was rendered doubly distressing by its locality and the want of drawers, exclaimed with much composure, "*non c'e gran danno; nemmeno maraviglia, giacche siamo nel paese d'eruzioni**: and wittily observing, that the cause of the evil was best calculated for its concealment, he got on the ass more cheerful, if any thing, than before, Some people are greatest in misfortune!

After

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* The mischief is not so great, nor is it to be wondered at, since we are in the country of eruptions.

After proceeding a little way along the shore, the heat of the soil became sensible, even through the soles of my boots; and to convince me that subterraneous fire was the cause, our cicerone desired I would put my hand into the sea: the water felt cool, but the sand underneath quite hot. We were close to the hot vapour baths of Tritoli, consisting of a variety of excavations cut into a high-rock, on which are scattered a number of ruins, evidently shewing that this place was much frequented by the invalids of antiquity. The air here is strongly impregnated with saline and sulphureous vapours, which, in some of the caverns, are so excessive, as to cause instant perspiration. They are said to afford a sure remedy for almost every chronic complaint, particularly rheumatism and diseases of the skin. We entered one of the apartments, where both the heat and smell were intolerable. A fellow stripped himself to go down a kind of a dry well, and presently ascended in so violent a state of perspiration, that the drops ran down from every part of his body. You may well suppose, dear T. that I lost no time to get out of a place of this kind.

At this mountain begins the territory of Bajæ—Bajæ, the pride and shame of ancient Rome. Who, that has tasted of classic learning, does not recollect this celebrated spot, its beautiful villas, temples, palaces of marble, baths, groves, gardens, fish-ponds, houses of ill fame, the voluptuous and dissolute life of its inhabitants, and even of the grave senators, who, from the toils of the Curia, hastened to enjoy its sybaritic pleasures? All is vanished! and a desert, covered with shapeless ruins, is left to attest the veracity of historians—a melancholy instance of the instability of human affairs. Some centuries hence, perhaps, a foreign wanderer will seek in vain the elegant villas, lawns, and parks of Richmond and Hampton Court. The fate of empires may be compared to the life of man: a good constitution,

stitution, and a wise use of it, may prolong the duration of both; but decrepitude will, sooner or later, make its appearance, or foreign violence bring on sudden destruction. From the latter, our insular situation greatly screens us; we have to boast of every advantage in point of constitution; the manner of using or abusing it, is therefore all we have to look to.

Full of such reflections, and of others even more serious, I looked down on the little harbour of Bajæ; methought I saw that infernal contrivance of naval mechanism falling into pieces, and the unhappy Agrippina swimming towards the shore for her life, which her monster of a son, disappointed at the failure of his scheme, immediately afterwards consigned to the sword of one of his creatures.—What a picture of human depravity! But Nero's guilt must have been shared among a great number of his associates. He that planned the construction of the vessel, even the workmen that executed the design, the crew, the courtiers, the ministers, all must have been privy to the horrid deed: and Seneca, the moralist,—had his philosophy nothing to say on this occasion?—or was he, perhaps, not displeased at getting rid of the influence of an imperious woman?—perhaps, even he was in the secret. But what exceeds all belief, the army and senate, according to Suetonius, congratulated their worthy master on the happy event.

Let us turn from recollections so disgraceful to humanity, to some of the most interesting objects that here offer themselves to the view of the modern traveller. The sea at Bajæ forms a safe port for vessels of small size; a pier of solid construction has been built, to facilitate the landing of goods and mooring of ships, and a citadel of moderate strength protects the coast and harbour. Two ancient edifices, in ruins, stand at a small distance from each other on the

beach: the one at present bears the name of the temple of Venus, the other of Diana. A little further in shore, a third temple presents itself, of which our cicerone made a present to Mercury. But to quote the fictitious names of heaps of ruins, can give you no pleasure, although to an artist on the spot, their fine proportions and elegant structure, as far as time has preserved either, may afford delight and instruction. You can scarcely form an idea of the immense number of fragments of ancient buildings, which here not only cover the ground on all sides, as far as Misenum, but are even visible beneath the sea: indeed, when we consider that the environs were the general resort of the Roman *beau monde*, that this was the fixed station, chief arsenal, and dock-yard of the principal Roman fleet, we may easily account for the numerous architectural remains to be met with on so celebrated a spot.

In our progress towards the Misenian cape, and on the other side of the castle of Bajæ, we arrived at the tomb of Agrippina—not the mother of Nero, who, as I have before said, was murdered nearly on the same spot, by the orders of her son,—but *her* mother, the wife of the virtuous Germanicus, who, like her husband, fell a victim to the hatred of another imperial monster, the crafty tyrant, Tiberius. An inscription, found on the spot, but no longer there, leaves no doubt of the fact of this sepulchral monument having been erected to her memory. I entered it with difficulty, through a hole at the bottom, and by the glimmer of a candle, perceived the remains of some beautiful basso-relievos in stucco, and painted ornaments along one of the walls.

Close to the tomb of Agrippina, we were shewn into a number of subterraneous apartments, some formed of brick, others cut into the rock. At present they bear, appropriately

ately enough, the name of *Cento Camerelle* (hundred chambers): they are a sort of labyrinth of difficult access, and the trouble of creeping into some of the cells, feet foremost, is very indifferently compensated by the little that is worth seeing in them, and the want of authentic information as to the destination of so gloomy an abode. Our cicerone, who never seemed to be at a loss to answer questions, declared the Cento Camerelle to have been the habitations of primitive Christians, during the persecutions in the first centuries; and although I objected that it was very unlikely our pious forefathers would have thought it prudent to seek shelter in the neighbourhood of the palaces of their persecutors, Don Michele, as usual, was of opinion, that the nearer they lived to the place of danger, the less their residence would be suspected, and, of course, the safer they would be from the intrusion of power; adding, by way of simile, that in a high wind, one that was close to the houses had less to fear from the falling of tiles and chimnies, than he that walked in the middle of the street. You need not be told, that so acute an observation was met with respectful silence on my part.

We were next led up hill to the *Piscina Mirabile* (the wonderful fish-pond). This stupendous structure, whether fish-pond or not, is, compared with others, in good preservation, and has pre-eminent claims to admiration. I shall first present you, dear T. with a brief description of its plan, and then add what appears to me the most rational hypothesis concerning its probable destination. The greatest part of the building is, and I believe originally was, under ground, above the surface of which it rises only a few feet, where it is covered with a flat roof of masonry. Its form is an oblong square, about sixty paces in length, and half as much in breadth; two entrances, with staircases of about forty steps, lead to the bottom, and forty-eight massy insulated pilasters, in the shape of crosses, like those under our

Horse-Guards, regularly disposed in rows of twelve by four, support a lofty roof: between these, two men may walk a-breast. The interior walls and the pilasters are covered with a stucco, not only impenetrable to water, but as hard as marble itself; so much so, that from fragments, broken off for that purpose, the lapidaries at Naples manufacture very neat and well-polished snuff-boxes, a specimen of which I shall have the pleasure of presenting you with, in proof of my veracity. Regular square openings at the top served to admit light and air. It is not likely that such a stupendous fabric should have been reared to keep fish in, although the gluttony of some of the Roman emperors was perfectly capable of such a waste of labour and expense. The more probable opinion is, that this was the great reservoir of rain water for the Misenian fleet; and this supposition is considerably strengthend by the discovery of some earthen pipes at the top, which are thought to have served for the water being poured in by the sailors and soldiers during the winter season, when the tempestuous weather did not admit of the fleets putting to sea, and afforded to the crews the leisure required for such an operation; as it was a maxim of the Roman government, to keep its defenders employed at all times. At least the whole peninsula is destitute of springs of good water, a defect which may be ascribed both to the sea and to the abundance of volcanic matter under ground.

From the hill on which the *Piscina Mirabile* stands, we enjoyed a charming prospect of Cape Misenum, which lay immediately before us, and of the verdant island of Procita, separated from the cape by a channel about half a mile in breadth; but our antiquarian peregrination stopped short of either. We were by this time nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue; not that the distance we had travelled was altogether considerable, but the researches among so many

many ruinous edifices, at one time climbing over walls, at another descending below ground, or creeping on all-fours through narrow passages, under repeated and sudden transitions from heat to cold, required more bodily exertion than a journey of perhaps treble the extent. The jack-ass I had, as I already informed you, in the early stage of our progress, consigned to Don Michele, whose misfortune certainly entitled him to this sacrifice of my own convenience, however little, as the case turned out, he benefited by the cession. He was unaccustomed to this sort of travelling, and the rents in his garments appeared to have accelerated the galling action of an obdurate saddle; at least a continual locomotion or shifting, and a silence during the last quarter of an hour, gave room to apprehend the existence of such a grievance. In short, he declared his inability to proceed any farther, and Don Giacomo adding that he had ordered dinner to be ready at half past sixteen, it was, *nem. con.* determined to return forthwith to Pozzuoli.

Owing to this resolve I find myself in an awkward dilemma with you, Dear T. An account of *Cape Misenum* was promised you, and ought to stand in this place. Now, although in many of our modern travels it is no unusual thing to meet with full and particular accounts of places, which the author has never visited; he trusting, in such cases, to his own intuitive genius, and, *perhaps,* to the aid of some dull, but correct writers that have pre-drudged through the subject for him, like the drone which sucks the honey prepared by the industrious bee: although, I repeat, such a thing is perfectly warranted by the laws and ordinances of book-making, yet, as I am not making a book, but am writing a letter, a friendly letter to my dear T. to whom I have solemnly promised to relate nothing but what my eyes have seen . . . . . seen? Stop! I have *seen* Misenum, and very near too, although I may not absolutely have been

at

at it. At any rate, I may therefore tell you what I have seen. The promontory is a moderate hill, or rather rock, now without a town, which was destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century. Adjoining to the cape, and directly under our feet, lay the Dead Sea (Mare Morto), across which the inhabitants of the town used to ferry over their funerals, to a place called the Elysian Fields, now *Mercato de Sabato*, and still containing the remains of many sepulchres. The name of one of their sextons was Charon. A little more to the right we saw another lake, the famous Acheron, the waters of which were pestilential, like those of Avernus, owing to their communicating with the infernal regions. And here, without recurring to Egyptian antiquity, you have the warp into which the Roman poets, and particularly Virgil, have so fancifully interwoven their beautiful mythological fictions of the topography of the empire of Pluto, and of the fate of mankind after death; in perfect imitation of what Homer has left us on the same subject in his Odyssey. Of the superb port which Agrippa, the Colbert of Augustus, built at Misenum, scarcely a trace remains; much less of the monument which Æneas erected here to his companion Misenus, from whom the name of the cape is derived.

> At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
> Imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque,
> Monte sub aërio: qui nunc Misenus ab illo
> Dicitur, æternumque tenet per secula nomen.
>
> ÆNEID, VI. 232.

This prediction of Virgil, as to the duration of the appellation, stands to this day uninvalidated. His *mons aërius* is generally explained as the noun proper of the hill, before it changed its name; but when I inform you that the many curious natural hollows, or perhaps artificial excavations of its rock, give it, in some measure, the resemblance of the *aërial* and transparent nature of a Gothic building, you will, perhaps, concur with me, that *aërius* may have been meant

meant as an epithet rather, than as the name it previously went by.

After this desultory notice of the Misenian promontory, I resume the thread of my narrative. It was not so much the actual waste of our strength, as the prospect of the long journey back to Pozzuoli, and our presumptive inability to accomplish so arduous an undertaking in the heat of the day, that had damped Don Michele's spirits as well as my own. But here the good generalship, or rather the provident good nature, of our worthy host, at once extricated us from every difficulty. Like the knight in the romance, who, after wandering through wild deserts and gloomy forests, reaches the sea-shore, where he espies a gilded bark provided by the spell of a friendly fairy to waft him to some blessed abode; so we found, on our arrival at the beach, a commodious boat ordered hither by the kind Don Giacomo. At this welcome sight the countenance of our friend Michele underwent an instantaneous change from *mesto* to *allegro vivace*. "*Bisogna dir,*" he exclaimed with complacency, "*che il nostro onoratissimo amico Don Giacomo sa ordinare le cose a maraviglia* *." Dapple was rode home by the cicerone, and in less than half an hour we cut the chord of the bay, and arrived at the house of our host in Pozzuoli, where an ecclesiastic, invited to partake of Don Giacomo's hospitality, had been waiting for us some time. I was now introduced to the sister of the latter, a maiden brunette of about twenty-two. I had hitherto laid it down for certain, that the straight forehead and nose, and particularly the broad surface between the eyes on the Grecian busts of women, were ideal beauties, invented by the refined taste of the artists of antiquity. The features of Donna

* It must be confessed our worthy friend D. Giacomo knows how to do things in style.

Donna Giuliana taught me not to make hypotheses too rashly. The character of her lineaments approached nearest to a Minerva, only the chin would have required an imperceptible addition in point of rotundity and length. Her feet, to pass from one extreme to the other, were adorned with white shoes, silver spangled, and white silk stockings. With these she wore a black silk gown, and a Venetian necklace of gold. I fancy I hear Miss ——— repeat my words: "*Black gown and white shoes and stockings!*" Aye, neither more nor less; and you may tell her, that it looks infinitely better than black stockings, which are never worn here by the fair sex. Unable to resist the temptation once in a way to be bold, I approached to salute the classic model; but should have met with little success, had not the sapient Don Michele called out, good humouredly, "*Fate pure, Donna Giuliana, e costume Inglese**." Now, if the Pozzuolians are at all initiated in the logic of travellers, they will set it down as the custom in England, to kiss a lady when you first see her.

You may conceive my disappointment at missing this lady when we proceeded to dinner; indeed, hungry as I was, I peremptorily refused to sit down unless she joined us; and would have persisted in my determination, had I not been assured, that she had dined before us. In the middling classes of Neapolitan society, you must know, the ladies hold but an humble station; so much so, that when I informed our friends that in England the lady of the house always sat at the head of the table, they conceived I was joking: and Don Michele very drily asked, whether they had not a seat in parliament also? This humiliation of the fair sex is however, perfectly classic. The ancients,

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* Never mind, Donna G., it is the English fashion.

ancients, and especially the Greeks, whose manners and customs were, in many respects, derived from the Orientals, kept themselves equally aloof from the female part of their family.

Our dinner was excellent; and since, to my recollection, I have not yet treated you with an Italian bill of fare, it may, perhaps, be entertaining to you, to know some of the national dishes which made their appearance at Don Giacomo's hospitable board. The soup and bouilli were much the same as all over the Continent, except that the former contained small pieces of ham, and, among other herbs, much asparagus and purslain. At the four corners of the table were placed as many *piatti di rinfresco* (restorative dishes), consisting of small pieces of sausage, ham, olives, capers, garlic, &c. all of which swam in a well-peppered sauce of oil and vinegar. Of this a tea-spoonful is taken from time to time to whet the appetite. Another dish consisted of baked love-apples, the inside of which was filled with a high-seasoned meat stuffing. We had also a fry of certain parts of a young ram, which are put to no use in England, and which I forbear mentioning at present. This is considered a great delicacy here, even by the ladies. Maccaroni, as being too common, were not served up, but *raveoli* in their stead. These consist of two small pieces of flat paste, put together like the two shells of an oyster, and containing a rich stuffing of sweet herbs, garlic, and forced meat; the whole boiled in water. You, that have an aversion to garlic, will probably not envy this sumptuous fare: but this bulb, so much decried in England, may be said to be a necessary of life in these latitudes; even the sailors are constantly eating it raw, as ours would chew their pigtail tobacco. The dish which pleased me most, as it was new to me, was Tunny, cut in slices and broiled like a steak; eaten with lemon-juice, it tasted much like a veal-cutlet;

so much so, that without being otherwise informed, I should have thought it butchers' meat, or any thing else than fish. The principal vegetables were asparagus and green peas; the latter of which, I am told, are in season all the year round: and for our desert, we had, besides strawberries, and cherries cooled with ice, a variety of sweetmeats and confectionary, prepared by the nuns of a convent in Naples, the exquisite taste of which would, I apprehend, render even you, my dear T. a defender of these monastic congregations. The wine was of the growth of the place, but old and generous. Its goodness is such, that I am confident, if the red wine of Pozzuoli were prepared for our London markets, that is to say, drammed up with brandy or alcohol, it would equal, if not excel, what is called port wine in England.

Over such a good dinner, you may well suppose, many a good thing was said on one side or another. Don Michele, in particular, was in full glee, and less sarcastic than ever I knew him; and Donna Giuliana, who, at my earnest request, was invited to pour out the coffee at least, diffused the lovely emanations of her beautiful countenance and her urbanity over all the guests. Even the ecclesiastic, who had hitherto confined his conversation to the praise of the dainties which he submitted *seriatim* to the review of his experienced palate, began to attempt other topics, and said as follows, addressing himself to your humble servant: "No doubt, Signor D. Luigi, the temples, baths, sepulchres, and other antiquities, which you have been at such pains to explore this morning, are well worth the attention of a gentleman of your taste and erudition; yet there is *one* curiosity which you have not seen, although it surpasses all the rest as much as the English nation exceeds us poor Neapolitans in industry, learning, and bravery, and which I shall be proud of shewing to you before you leave Pozzuoli."

oli." After such a *captatio benevolentiæ,* I could not refuse complying with the good father's invitation, assuring him, that ever since the presence of Donna Giuliana, I had been convinced that the antiquities on the other side of the bay, were by no means the most interesting objects for a traveller who made any pretensions to taste. "I am doubly beholden to Signor Don Luigi," replied the charming Juliana, "for assigning to me the first rank among the *antiquities* of Pozzuoli" I declaimed most strenuously against such an unwarrantable interpretation of my words, adding, that if even an unlucky turn of expression, in a language so new to me, were subject to that inference, I could only say, that such was my veneration of the beauties of the antique, that a comparison with its excellence was the highest degree of praise in *my* power to bestow. The pious father's impatience did not suffer this polite controversy to branch out into any further repartee, but interrupted us by declaring, that as soon as he had enjoyed his afternoon's repose, he would make good his promise, and shew us the self-same stone on which their holy protector, St. Januarius, had been beheaded for professing Christianity; nay, even the drops of his precious blood, which, by an unparalleled miracle, had indelibly adhered to it to this day; and although of a pale brown colour, would turn into a fresh red on every anniversary of his martyrdom. "It will be labour in vain," observed the arch Don Michele: "these English gentlemen are philosophers; they believe nothing but what they see, and even scarcely that; so we had better save ourselves the trouble of the pilgrimage." "But this he shall see, and therefore will believe it." With this curious syllogism the reverend father rose from table, promising that he would curtail his rest, in order to return in time for the exhibition.

Our worthy host now opened a door, and pointed to the state-bed which was to serve for my siesta: but I informed

him that I was unaccustomed to that kind of repose; and therefore would, if he gave me pen and ink, employ the time of his and my friends' absence, by making a few memorandums of the things we had been to see.

This request being forthwith granted, we separated. In the evening I was awoke from my chair by the laughter of friend Michele, who, with Don Giacomo, entered my room. On seeing the blank paper before me, the former observed, "These kind of memorandums might, in my opinion, just as well have been made on a comfortable bed, as on a hard chair. But be that as it may, we have not a moment to lose; the evening is far advanced, and much remains to be seen in the little daylight left us." Expecting, with perhaps a heavier heart than the holy martyr himself, to be led to the place of his execution, I enquired if Father Anselm, our spiritual cicerone, had arrived. "No," replied my friend; "we mean, if possible, to give him the slip; which I am sure you will not object to, as it will save us a tedious long journey. So the sooner we depart the better." Obeying instantly this welcome call, I accompanied Dons Giacomo and Michele through the town to the temple of Serapis.

This was one of the most interesting and picturesque ruins I had yet seen; and the removal of the ground, by order of government, enables you to form a tolerably correct idea of the plan of the building. The portico of the temple, of which three gigantic marble columns are left standing, was facing one of the sides of a large quadrangular court; round which, rows of small apartments or cells are placed, like the boxes in some of our tea-gardens; a terraced walk, in front of these cells, surrounded a pond of water; and, in the middle of the latter, rises a round insular terrace, on which the victims were probably sacrificed, since

since some massy iron rings are fastened to the floor, to which it may be supposed the sacred animals were attached. Of the temple itself, little remains besides the portico; and of the latter, one pillar is thrown down, and some exquisite fragments of capitals, and pieces of entablature, lie scattered on the ground. It is undoubtedly the depth with which the ornaments of ancient architecture are chiselled out, that contributes in a great measure towards their pre-eminence over our modern works of a similar nature. The deep hollows produce a magical effect of light and shade not often to be met with in the superficial excavations of the lapidaries of the present day, which, at the proper distance, are lost to the eye. The ancient artists studied, above all, effect; they even would, in some instances, commit a deliberate error in design, if such error was conducive to the impression or effect intended. The temple of Serapis has for a length of time been buried under-ground, and even under water; the first was probably owing to earthquakes, the latter evidently to the encroachments of the sea, which is now about forty or fifty yards distant. Hence an extraordinary natural curiosity, which will appear to you incredible. Not only the fragments of marble on the ground, but even the erect pillars, are, up to a great height, perforated with innumerable little holes, about half an inch in diameter, worked with such precision, as if done by the chisel. On a more narrow inspection, the wonderful cause of this phenomenon is apparent: many of these circular passages penetrate deep into the body of the stone, and contain a shell belonging to the species called *dactylus* (finger-muscle, from its shape.) This little shell-fish may, during a former inundation of the sea, have gradually worked its way into the stone, and, outgrowing in bulk the capacity of the road it had formed, was probably thus left in the cavities where it is now discovered. However loth

you

you may be to credit this, I can assure you, dear T. of the fact, and its explanation seems to me perfectly natural.

As we were leaving this place, we perceived Father Anselmo making up to us with hasty steps. Before he had recovered his breath, he would insist on taking us to the chapel; and it was with no uncommon exertion of argument, and only after a solemn promise, that I would on an early day return purposely to Pozzuoli, to visit the decapitation stone of St. Januarius, that I escaped for the present the tedious pilgrimage.

In his company, therefore, we walked to what is called the bridge of Caligula. It consists of about a dozen massy piers, stretching at regular distances, and in rather a curved direction, from Pozzuoli into the sea towards Bajæ. Some of the piers still support the fragments of brick arches; others have been deprived of them by the ravages of time. Caligula, the imperial madman, certainly erected a bridge from Pozzuoli to Bajæ, to confound, or rather to corroborate, the prediction of Thrasyllus, the mathematician, who declared to old Tiberius, that Caligula would no more be his successor in the Roman empire, than he would travel on horseback from Pozzuoli to Bajæ, *by sea*. This was quite enough for an idiot who possessed power and folly sufficient to put such a scheme in execution. His triumphal pageant across this new communication is in every body's recollection. One day, this amiable descendant of the Fabii, the Scipio's, the Metelli, and Julius Cæsar, paraded backwards and forwards on horseback; and the next, he chose to perform the same precious journey in a splendid car: but then, unfortunately, this Caligulian bridge happened to be a bridge of boats anchored along side each other, and sustaining planks, on which a fac-simile of the Appian way was pourtrayed

pourtrayed with earth and stucco. These piers, therefore, must have been something else; and what else, but a mole for the port of Pozzuoli, which was one of the greatest commercial harbours on the peninsula, and is often, by the ancient writers, designated by the name of *emporium*. The open space between the piers does not stand in the way of this hypothesis: the waves, in a situation so sheltered already by nature, would be sufficiently broken by the piers, to allay the violence of the water which entered through the arches; and, on the other hand, the openings served to carry off, by the reflux, the sand and other matter, which otherwise, might have choaked up the port. A mole of such original construction was perfectly well calculated for the placid seas in the bay of Bajæ, but would be of little use on the dangerous coasts of Norfolk or Cornwall.

The sun left us while standing on one of the piers; and although his departure put a premature end to the day's prospectus, yet his setting was so beautiful, so sublime; the rosy tints cast over every object of this delightful bay were so rich, so glowing, that I did not for a moment repine, at being by such a sight, prevented from completing our day's work. Twilight in these latitudes is so short, that we were already sure of arriving by night at Naples; we therefore returned in excellent spirits to the house of our friend, Don Giacomo, where a cold collation was waiting for us. Of this the reverend Father Anselm not only partook as freely as he had done at dinner, but recollecting the bottled porter with which I had presented our host, he suggested the propriety of tasting a liquor hitherto unknown to his well-informed palate: but no sooner had the poor divine sipped the first draught, than he ejected it on the floor, exclaiming, with a woeful coutenance, *Questo e una medicina*!*" Don Giacomo

* This is pure physic.

como relished it as little; but Don Michele, who, in order to adapt his spirit of contradiction to the occasion, had waited their opinion, declared he had never drunk any thing more to his taste, and that the Neapolitans were downright *ciucci**, for not knowing how to prepare so excellent and refreshing a beverage.

We now prepared for our departure. To Father Anselm I was under the necessity of solemnly repeating the promise of returning very soon, in order to visit the tomb of St. Januarius; after which, I had to undergo the operation of kissing, not quite, however, so reluctantly as on my arrival. Six of these salutations were unfortunately of the masculine gender; yet, after all, they were a cheap consideration for the three I gave to (and, I believe, received from) the beautiful lips of Juliet. To the worthy Don Giacomo I said every thing which gratitude for his kind reception could suggest; and, when starting, the lovely Giuliana threw an *à rivederla*† after me, which sounded more harmonious to my ears than any thing I have yet heard in this musical country. Fear not, good Anselmo! the stone of the saint shall not long remain unseen?

It was almost dark; but Don Michele, to beguile the way, and render the journey *entertaining*, related several stories of robberies and murders committed on our road, which he illustrated by pointing out the particular spots at which these misdeeds had been perpetrated. The fact was, his fears had got the better of his courage; for when we arrived at the foot of Mount Posilipo, he resolutely declared that he would on no account go the solitary cross-road over the mountain. Nothing, therefore, remained but to pass through

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* Asses (vulgar Neapol.)

† Let us soon see you again.

through *la Grotta*. I observed, in vain, that it was not improbable we might break our necks in that dark and dreary subterraneous excavation. "He would rather break his neck than be murdered." Knowing his obstinacy from experience, I drove in. We had not penetrated one-third of this dismal cavern, when the rattling of a cart, and a fellow's bawling out, *Alla marina**, frightened the horse to such a degree, that no whipping could make him stir an inch. I called to the cart to stop; and conceiving that, with a rider on him, the animal might be brought to move, I begged Don Michele to mount him, while I held the reins. "*Non saggio cavalcare io, aggio cavalcato bastanza sta mattina sul' asino*†." The execution of the scheme fell therefore to my share, and, fortunately, it succeeded. But in this ludicrous manner had I to drive through part of the city, till we got somebody to take my place; for the obstinacy of the animal was as great as that of my fellow-traveller, he was determined not to go on any other way. However, we reached home at last, as tired as you, my dear T. will probably be of this preposterously long letter, or, rather, pamphlet. I have no excuse for my prolixity, but the desire I felt to impart to you some of the pleasure which this journey has afforded me. The hasty description of it, which I here present you with, will not bear a comparison with the finished and elegant letters I am in the habit of receiving from you. Mine are the uncouth rhapsodies of an invalid, who is desirous not to leave so interesting and beautiful a country, without commemorating for his friend whatever

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* *To the sea-side.* To avoid running against each other in the Grotta di Posilipo, it is customary to call out *Alla marina*, (towards the sea); or, *Alla montagna* (towards the mountain).

† I can't ride on horseback, not I; I have rode enough this morning on the ass.

whatever his fluctuating health permits him to see and to record; and even in this endeavour I am often balked by the dictatorial mandates of an unrelenting physician. I am completely in the situation of Tantalus.

Owing to these impediments, I have hitherto been obliged, with the exception of the Bajan trip, to confine my researches to the immediate vicinity of Naples. Mount Vesuvius is absolutely prohibited to me; and it will be a great favour of Dr. ..... 's, if he allows me to visit Pompeji next week, a journey which I have most anxiously longed for ever since my arrival, and for which I have made every preparation in my power, with regard to such information as may enable me to see, with the greatest possible advantage, a place which surpasses, in my opinion, every thing left us by the ancients. If I go, you may expect to receive some epistles full as tedious as the present: those, however, I shall send, if possible, by private opportunities, to save you the postage, which they are not worth. Captain C. who goes home by the way of France, will deliver this into your hands: he will be able to tell you what sort of a life I lead in this city, and satisfy your friendly enquiries after my health, better perhaps than all that can be said on this subject by

Your's, &c.

LETTER V.

NAPLES, May —, 1802.

My dear T.

NEVER, never, did I miss more the presence of my good friend, the companion of my early rambles through life, than yesterday, when I rested my weary limbs on the neat

neat counter of an oil-shop, kept by ——, *a cotemporary* of *Vespasian;* the olive juice was dried up to a caput mortuum in three large jars fixed in another counter, and a score in red chalk on the wall adjoining, graphically demonstrated the poor man's business not to have been altogether a ready money concern. So then, the ancient Romans went upon tick as well as ourselves! Mark that, *en passant,* as an important antiquarian fact. Whether poor Olearius ever got paid for the fourteen quarts and five pints, or whether, like the black sponge carried in the Gordian fancy of our extinguishers of the national debt, the volumes of Vesuvian ashes at one puff liquidated all accounts, by overwhelming books and goods, and debtor and creditor, in one common ruin, or whether . . . . . Nay, whither am I roaming again in this wild manner? I was going to say, what I am sure you have already guessed at—I have been to *Pompeji!*—Pompeji, the gold mine of antiquity, the greatest classic jewel on earth. All the Museums in Europe, all the ponderous folios of a Montfaucon, a Lipsius, and the host of antiquarian authors, dwindle into insignificance when compared with the sight of an elegant Græco-Roman town resuscitated from an oblivion of upwards of sixteen centuries, in a state of perfection as if inhabited but yesterday; the beautiful mosaic pavements uninjured; the colours of the paintings fresher than in many a picture of modern artists after the lapse of a few years; domestic utensils in their proper places; the horses' corn in their manger; the frying-pan over the fire, where the cook had placed it anno 81, only the meat done to a *cinder.* Such, my dear T. would even at this moment have been the face of Pompeji, had not almost every thing movable, nay, immovable too, been carried away to be entombed in museums. What sensations, what reflections, must have rushed upon the beholder of these wonders! Of my own reveries over the remnants, I will spare you the perusal: the wish, however, to

have had you at my side to see and feel with me, was the common *refrain* of every one of them. As it was, I had no one with whom I could share my pleasure, to whom I could communicate my feelings at so novel a sight. Don Michele, indeed, had accompanied me again on this excursion; but his surly temper, his everlasting doubts and objections, served only as a drawback on the intellectual enjoyment of which Pompeji presents so ample a harvest. Only hear one instance of his oddity, of the perverse turn of his ratiocination. The cold replies which I received to some of my expressions of admiration at the objects around us, convinced me presently that he participated but little in my gratification; but I was far from suspecting the monstrous hypothesis which his brains were breeding all the while, and the birth of which was only retarded by the too close presence of our guide. No sooner had we ascended the elevated steps of the theatre, leaving the guide in the arena, than he assumed a most knowing look, and addressed me to the following purport: "I see, Don L. you are filled with astonishment at all these things, and I assure you mine is as great: although, I own, it proceeds from a very different cause. What I wonder at, is that a man of your sense, who has learned and seen so much, should suffer himself to be imposed upon in such a barefaced way by this artificial rubbish, reared on purpose to deceive those that in their blind antiquarian zeal can swallow the dose so artfully prepared for them. Pompeji indeed! Believe me, dear sir, none of these structures, columns, painted walls, and other antiquarian nonsense, are even of so old a date as our house on the Infrescata, the building of which I perfectly remember. All you here behold has been fabricated (at an immense expense to be sure) by our Neapolitan government, partly out of a foolish pride, but chiefly to attract travellers from all parts of Europe, and to make them spend their money in the kingdom. The practicability of such a scheme

scheme you certainly will not deny. But what I assert, rests on confidential information derived from unquestionable authority. Whenever any of these pretended excavations were carrying on, the greatest care was taken not to admit any one but those that were absolutely necessary to the execution of the work: much was done by night; sculptors, architects, and painters, were sent for from Rome to further the cheat; in short, the greatest secrecy and mystery was used in the whole operation, and is so to this day. Not but that now and then the cloven foot is discernible: the town is paved with lava from Mount Vesuvius, whose *very first* eruption, we know, caused its destruction. Do you see any of those beautiful marble columns with which all the ancient temples and towns were decorated? No! here they are made of brick-work stuccoed over, because, forsooth, such ones may be got up in a little time; and as for the paintings, they may be fresh indeed, but no man will persuade me that they would be so had they been exposed to the most violent eruption of a volcano, and, after that, lain very superficially buried for near 2000 years, exposed to alternate changes of heat and rain. Only look at *Torre del Greco!* do you imagine our descendants 2000 years hence will by digging restore that unfortunate place, or find any thing but ashes and lava? Why even the brass and iron work was melted in an instant. But to return to Pompeji: have these would-be excavators found any treasures of money, jewels, or plate? Oh no! the people they tell you had run off with their valuables and left the empty chests behind . . . . . I see you smile, Don L. Well! if after what I have taken the liberty to point out, you can still stomach the joke, much good may it do to *you*, and the recital of these wonders to your countrymen. One thing, however, I am sure of: if the question had been about some miracle or mystery of our holy religion, you would not have lent your faith at so cheap a rate, you would not have been

at

at a loss to start a thousand scruples and objections; so it be but antiquity, all is gospel. But no matter, every one in his own way. *Mundus vult decipi ergo . . . . . "*

Well, dear T. what do you say to the heterodoxical tenets of this unclassic heretic? At all events they have the merit of originality. To have endeavoured to refute them by argument would have been in vain, nor had I indeed a mind to lose the most precious moments of my life in so unprofitable a discussion. Giving the good man to understand that every one was at liberty to form his own opinion in matters of *doubt,* I continued my researches. Unfortunately for human nature, Don Michele is not the first, nor probably will be the last, to rack his brains for delusive sophisms, by which to kick truth from before his feet.

Thus far, dear T. had I written yesterday, intending to resume the thread of my narrative this morning in the same desultory way, when on going to dinner at Mr. W——'s (an English merchant in the city, in whose house I have been received with true British hospitality), I was agreeably surprised on finding your short letter of the ——, directed to me at Malta. Are you aware, my good friend, what task you are assigning to my feeble powers? These are your own words, which I make free to repeat, lest you have forgotten the Augean labour they impose upon me: "You no doubt will make the discoveries in the ancient cities of Herculaneum, Stabiæ, *and Pompeji in particular,* the principal objects of your classic enquiries at Naples. You know how often those interesting ruins have been the subject of our evening's chat at B.'s, how disappointed we felt at the vague and scattered notices we could glean of them. Believe me, I do not envy you for being in the midst of the originals;

originals; on the contrary, I congratulate myself on having a friend on the spot, from whom I may expect more satisfactory observations on every thing relating to those classic towns, than I could have made had I been there myself. I long for a concise account of their destruction, the time and manner of their discovery, a description of every house, temple, theatre, &c.; of the paintings, statues, utensils, trinkets, &c.; of the manuscripts, the method of unrolling them, the progress already made: in short, of any thing, however trifling, which can attract your attention. For all this and much more, I am sure I shall not long in vain. I know you are able and willing to grant my request."

Willing, certainly; able, by no means; at least not to the extent of your systematic prospectus. It was with much difficulty I obtained my physician's leave to visit Pompeji, and only on the express condition that I was not to venture into the subterraneous excavations of Herculaneum. The latter interdict I regretted the less, as from the memorandums of a friend who descended into that gloomy place (and of which I shall make some occasional use in the following pages), I find the trouble, and danger to my health, would have been ill repaid. You will further observe, that the Neapolitan court, in their flight from hence to Palermo, packed up and took with them the most valuable statues and other antiquities; although what remains in the museum at Portici still affords matter for much curious speculation.

Thus much I think it right to state by way of proviso, trusting that, coupled with the circumstance of my indisposition, it will operate as an excuse; if, which I know must be the case, the following account of Herculaneum, Pompeji, and Stabiæ, fall short of your sanguine expectations and of my own wishes.

When

When it is considered that among the ancients geography had not arrived at that degree of perfection which has raised it to the rank of a science among the moderns, we shall not be surprised at the scanty information afforded us by the authors of antiquity respecting the three provincial towns which form the subject of the present enquiry. The meager notices to be collected from Pliny, Strabo, Dio, Seneca, Suetonius, and perhaps other writers, are scarcely sufficient to indicate their respective sites; and our estimation of their former condition and importance, is rather derived from the discovery of their remains, than from any thing those authors have left us.

Herculaneum

was situated on a point of land stretching into the gulph of Naples, about two miles distant from that city, nearly where the modern towns of Portici and Resina, and the royal palace, which separates both, now stand. The neck of land on which it stood, and which is now no more, formed a small harbour. Hence the appellation of *Herculis Porticum* sometimes given to Herculaneum, and thence, probably, the modern name of Portici. The latter indeed, I am informed, is absolutely above some of the excavations of Herculaneum; and the just fear of endangering the safety of Portici by undermining it, is stated as one of the principal reasons of the little progress hitherto made in the Herculanean discoveries. It would certainly be carrying classic zeal too far to risk the existence of a flourishing modern town for the sake of exploring one already in ruins, at the depth of 60 feet and upwards below the other. This apparent submersion and total change in the face of the country, may naturally be attributed to the repeated accumulation of ashes, sand, and other volcanic matter thrown out from Mount Vesuvius. But not only does Herculaneum lie so much below the present surface of the land, it is even considerably

siderably lower than the level of the sea, which latter, therefore, must have risen greatly since its destruction. The former extent and importance of this town may be judged of by the size of its beautiful theatre and forum; and if you are inclined to give to an inscription found there in red chalk on a wall, the same *serious* interpretation as some Neapolitan antiquarians, and even Winckelmann, have done, you will allow that a place which boasted of nine hundred taverns or public houses, could not but have been of considerable magnitude. But here is the inscription:

In praediis Juliæ Sp. F. Felicis locantur balneum venerium et nongentum tabernæ pergulæ coenacula ex idibus Aug. primis in idus Aug. sextas annos continuos quinque s. q. d. l. e. n. c. A. Suettium verum. Aed.

Now, I confess, were I to see on a dead wall in London an advertisement to the same effect, i. e. *To be let, situated on the estate of Miss Julia Felix, daughter of Sp. Felix, Esq. a* balneum venerium, *as also nine hundred gin-shops or eating-houses, &c. &c.* I should be inclined to take the whole for a joke or pasquil passed by some wag upon poor Miss Juliet. But supposing all were in good earnest, no inference on the size of Herculaneum is warrantable from the inscription: the estate of Julia need not to have been in the town where it is advertised; it might, for ought we know, be situated on the other side of the Po.—However, use your own judgment on this important point; only, if I have missed the mark in my antiquarian illustration, consider, it is my maiden essay in this line!

Pompeji

is about seven miles from Herculaneum in a south-east direction, a very little to the left of the great road from Naples to Salerno. Its trade, according to Strabo, was considera-

 ble;

ble; the inland commodities received from Nola, Nocera, and other places in that district, were there exchanged for transmarine goods brought up the river Sarno. Of the port, however, which it is said to have possessed, no trace remains; its distance from the sea is upwards of a mile at present, owing probably to volcanic additions of territory, not to the retiring of the sea, which, as I have shewn above, has rather advanced, than receded, in these regions. Perhaps, too, the sea may at all times have been as far off as it now is; and what Strabo calls a port, was very likely a basin, or wet dock, formed by the Sarno, similar to the fine basin at Bruges, or to the West India docks now building in England. But whatever may have been the trade of Pompeji, there can be no doubt, from its remains, that, both in size and importance, it greatly surpassed Herculaneum. It had two theatres, one a very large one; its barracks prove it to have been a military station; and the length of the high street, as well as the elegant apartments in many of its houses, together with the variety of fine specimens of the plastic arts, sufficiently attest its former extent and opulence.

STABIÆ

has not yet been visited by me; perhaps I shall not go thither at all. Nothing but some remains of villas, stript of all that is worth seeing, are to be seen there. The town itself had been destroyed in the civil wars of Sylla, long before the calamity which befel the two other places. Its situation was still further to the south-east of the volcano than Pompeji, nearly where the modern Gragnano stands.

Thus much, my dear T. for the situation and former condition of these Vesuvian towns; now to the mode and time of their destruction, then to the manner and period of their discovery,

discovery, and finally, to the buildings, remains of art, and manifold objects of curiosity actually found in their bosom. You see, my plan at least is perfectly made up according to prescription, progressively systematic. As for the execution, God knows how I shall get through it. You know my antipathy to systems; you recollect, I dare say, the friendly altercation which took place, a few days before my departure, at Somerset-house, when I was for examining first the most important pictures in preference to beginning the review at the door of every room in the exhibition, as proposed by you. You then indulged *my* eccentric propensity. I now curb it into the regular track chalked out by *your* mandate. All fair! a few side-way flights, however, I fear you will have to put up with.

The destruction, then, of these towns took place . . . . . (upon my word, if you saw the vibrating motion of my forefinger behind my left ear, and the concomitant ascent of both eyebrows, you would feel for my perplexity on this head). 'Tis no easy matter for me to say precisely when they were subterranized. The big wigs differ: let them speak for themselves.

Seneca.—Pompeji almost totally destroyed by earthquake *in the time of Nero.*

Suetonius.—Among the calamities which befel the Roman empire during the reign of Titus, is the "conflagration" of Vesuvius.—Commissioners were appointed to conduct the "restoration" of Campania, ruined by that dreadful eruption; and the property of those that had lost their lives and left no heirs, was, by a decree of that emperor, appropriated to the relief of the suffering towns.

Dio.—The eruption of Vesuvius, under Titus's reign,

overwhelmed, at the same time, the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeji, just when the inhabitants of the latter place were assembled in the theatre.

Pliny ..... (But you recollect his letter about the death of his uncle: 'tis a long story, not to be repeated here.)

Now, if we believe Seneca and Dio—as to Suetonius, his story we may qualify one way or the other, the man mentions no names;—if we credit the two others, the case must stand as follows:—1st, Pompeji, as it stood in Titus's reign, had been rebuilt in the short space of time intervening between Nero and Titus, about twelve years;—and, 2ndly, thousands of people were buried under the ashes in the Theatre. Both these deductions, however, are contrary to facts: not a soul, or at least not a bone, was found on clearing the theatre; and that, as well as other edifices, bear indubitable marks of a much higher age than twelve, or even twenty years: yet, after all, it is difficult to exclude Seneca's evidence; he was a cotemporary, he was Nero's minister. There certainly is a way to get rid of him, but I am almost afraid to propose it. As a financier, he might have been desirous of raising a new tax, under the pretext of relieving the sufferers by the Campanian earthquake, which, likely enough, was not near so bad as he made it.

But, say you, what *are* we to believe, then? Why, do as I do in awkward predicaments like this, when something must be believed: take that for truth which the generality of people take as such, and store up your doubts for particular occasions when you wish to make a figure with your learning. Let us, therefore, believe that the destruction of Herculaneum, Pompeji, and of what remained of Stabiæ, was occasioned by the *pretended first* eruption of Vesuvius on the first day of November, in the year 81 of our christian æra.

æra. How the *sçavans* of antiquity could set this down as the first eruption, I am at a loss to conceive. The streets of Pompeji are paved with lava; and lava, as well as other volcanic materials, are intermixed in the walls of many houses; nay, the latter are even built on volcanic soil. It can but, therefore, have been the first eruption *they* knew of; and anterior ones must have taken place, but at such a remote distance of time, as not to be within the reach of history or tradition.

With regard to the means which immediately occasioned the ruin of Herculaneum, Pompeji, and Stabiæ, it is evident that they were not the same. Herculaneum, and every thing in it, was, in the first instance, overwhelmed with a deep stratum of hot mud, which was immediately followed by a torrent of lava; so that, in the excavation of it, the upper crust of lava is first to be pierced, before you arrive at the dry, but coagulated mass of mud beneath it. Whether this mud was thrown up from the mountain, or formed by torrents of rain, I leave to naturalists to decide. To the incrustation of the lava it is probably owing that the objects found at Herculaneum are more carbonized, and of course more impaired, than those at Pompeji and Stabiæ; which latter towns appear to have been only covered by an immense shower of ashes, sand, and other light and dry volcanic substances, little, or not at all, affected by humidity, and free from any lava. Hence the greater facility, and progress in the Pompejan discoveries; for Pompeji is so little under ground, that were the volcanic hills of sand, &c. entirely removed, I am of opinion the whole town would nearly be on a level with the surrounding country.

It is also to be inferred, that the catastrophe could not have happened so suddenly as not to give the greatest part of the inhabitants sufficient warning and time to save their lives,

lives, and even their most valuable effects. The number of bodies hitherto found is inconsiderable; and some of those being in prison, and in fetters, had not the power of escaping. Of money, too, jewels, and precious metals, little has yet been met with; all these were naturally first secured by the fugitives: and some empty chests, furniture, and utensils, found irregularly scattered about, and alluded to in friend Michele's dissertation, prove, if not his wild position, at any rate the hurry and confusion prevailing at that unfortunate moment.

In a future letter, my dear T. you will allow me to resume the thread of my subject. Already out of humour with the mediocrity of the above performance, I fear, if I continue it at present, worse would be added to bad, and perhaps the whole be consigned to the flames: there is a merit, therefore, in leaving off in time. God bless you.

Your's, &c.

LETTER VI.

Naples, May —, 1802.

My dear Friend,

THE conclusion of my last epistle will have appeared to you somewhat abrupt: the fact is, I felt tired and unwell. Whether it was owing to the fatigue of my Pompejan trip, to the *mal aria* I inhaled there, or to the shower which overtook us on our return to town, or to a combination of all these causes, I had no sooner closed my letter than I was assailed by febrile symptoms, which seemed to prognosticate some serious disease. Thanks, I verily believe, to the salubrity of the Neapolitan climate, a confinement of two days

days removed the threatened danger, and the very first resumption of my pen shall be devoted to the continuation of my antiquarian narrative, firmly relying on your indulgence, if from the reason above mentioned, it shall turn out more brief and defective than any former communications.

Having, in my preceding letter, consigned these unfortunate volcanic cities to a decent interment, and added a few words by way of funeral sermon, I forthwith proceed to the more pleasing task of their resuscitation.

Chance brought them all to light, for the moderns were even ignorant of their exact situation. Of this you may convince yourself by consulting Cluver, Cellarius, or any early geographer of the last century. Their present discovery, however, was obviously not the first attempt of that kind, since several subterraneous galleries of careful and laborious construction have been met with, which were probably dug by the ancients themselves at no very remote period from the destruction, with the evident intent to recover the most valuable part of the overwhelmed property: and an inscription found at Naples, alluding to statues recovered from under-ground, undoubtedly refers to early researches of that nature*.

DISCOVERY OF HERCULANEUM.

Not far from the royal palace of Portici, and close to the sea-side, Prince Elbeuf inhabited an elegant villa in the beginning of the last century. To obtain a supply of water, a well was dug through the deep crust of lava on which the mansion itself had been reared. The labourers, after having

* This curious circumstance may also enable us to account for the small quantity of jewels, money, or precious metals hitherto found.

ing pierced the lava to a considerable depth, got clear of it, arrived at the very stratum of dry mud which, as I have before stated, had caused the destruction of Herculaneum, and immediately found three female statues. These were, in a manner, the handsel of all future discoveries. The difficulty as to the ownership of the three ladies was readily solved by the Austrian vice-regal government. *Res nullius est res principis!* The *Herculea proles* marched to Vienna, and poor Elbeuf had the digging for his pains. But what is more cruel, particularly to a man of his nation, he received an order not to dig for any more ladies, a sufficiency of that article being to be met with above-ground. Not that the government felt at all inclined to work the mine themselves, only it was not deemed proper for individual industry to reap that benefit which public sloth had not a mind to search for. Near *forty* years elapsed before Herculaneum was thought of again. In the reign of the Spanish prince only, who afterwards ascended the Castilian throne under the name of Charles the Third, and whose memory is still blessed by every Neapolitan, the researches after Herculaneum were seriously and systematically pursued, and rewarded with unlooked-for success. By continuing Elbeuf's well, the excavators at once came into the theatre of that town, and from that spot carried on their further subterraneous investigations. Even now, the theatre derives light from the well above-mentioned. To enumerate the actual discoveries here, would be inconsistent with my plan: they will be noticed in their proper place hereafter. Let us at once proceed to

THE DISCOVERY OF POMPEJI.

If I recollect right, I have already noticed the different and less fatal manner in which this city was at once blotted from the face of the earth. The light volcanic mould abundantly

dantly spread over it, soon became capable of cultivation, and the unconscious husbandman reaped from the fertile soil which covered the roofs of the buildings, rich crops of wine and grain. Not a trace of even a ruin was to be seen for many centuries, except a fragment of an *old wall*, which had constantly been supposed to have been reared on the surface on which it was thought to stand, but which, in fact, proved afterwards the most elevated part of the great theatre of Pompeji. Its superior height over all the other buildings had caused it to project above the volcanic stratum. In this state of things, and subsequent to the discovery of Herculaneum (about forty years ago), the hoe of a labourer was arrested by a hard substance. On removing the surrounding earth, he perceived that he had nearly decapitated a small statue of, as he thought, massive gold. His eager efforts to pull up the fancied treasure were fruitless; the idol was firmly rivetted into a stone pedestal, and the latter still more strongly cemented into some hard substance underneath. The peasant, however, had his wits about him. After possessing himself of a small fragment of the doubtful metal, he restored matters in *statum quo*, and left the field in the evening. The verdict of a silversmith was obtained in course; and being satisfied of the impossibility of turning the brass, even in his possession, to any great account, the poor clown at once became loyal and honest, and imparted his secret to the proper officer of government, who immediately ordered the ground to be excavated on the spot pointed out. The image was soon found again; and, moreover, it was ascertained, that (like the Apollo on Drury-lane theatre) it constituted the ornament of the roof of a small temple, which being likewise laid open, was the signal for all future Pompejan discoveries. The statue proved to be a Minerva, perfect in all parts except the head, which was nearly cleft in two by the sacrilegious hoe. And, surely, nobody that knows what her unfortunate papa suffered when he was forced to

call in aid the obstetric axe of Vulcan, and submit to the literally *cæsarean* operation of having his cranium split in order to bring forth that very daughter of his—no one, I say, will pity the retributory wound accidentally inflicted on the self-same spot of Pallas Athene! It was a judgment upon her! For, surely, to have hit that very square inch of space which constituted the most elevated part of all the subterraneous remains of Pompeji, was something more than the effect of mere chance.

THE DISCOVERY OF STABIÆ,

after that of Pompeji, was a matter of less difficuly; once attentively sought for, its site was soon ascertained, from some ruins that projected above the ground, like those of the Pompejan theatre. The earth was easily cleared away, and the remains of some villas brought to light, which, although in themselves far less interesting than the discoveries above-mentioned, contained some exquisite specimens of ancient painting, of which I shall have to speak more at large hereafter.

I have now, my dear T. waded through the most tedious part of my Herculaneum dissertation—I have burnt, sunk, and destroyed three towns; and might, for this act of heroism, have been numbered among your great men in history, had I not committed the blunder of restoring them again, which is foreign to the character of true heroic greatness. The remaining portion of my task will be more pleasing to me, and I flatter myself, more entertaining to you: it will consist of a *catalogue raisonné* of the discoveries themselves, and probably require the space of at least one voluminous letter. I therefore drop the subject for the present the more willingly, as I find myself in a heavy arrear with other co-temporary matters, which I must endeavour to bring up as well as I can.

on

On the very summit of the highest mountain about Naples (Vesuvius excepted), and about six miles distant from that city, stands the romantic convent of the Camalduli. I had long wished to visit so inviting a spot; and chance, the other day, brought me to its gate. Suffering my horse to proceed *ad libitum*, he followed a mountainous road, continually ascending, but not particularly steep; now through a luxuriant wood of young chesnuts, then again through a deep hollow way, the sides of which plainly recorded primæval volcanic revolutions. You could easily count the strata of different substances, disposed in undulating parallels, and exactly corresponding with those on the other side of the way; rock, light sand, ashes intermixed with pumice stone and vegetable mould, followed each other in alternate and repeated succession. The reiterated layers of mould seemed to prove that the country had been sterile, and again cultivated more than once; and as the rock differed from the sand in nothing but its hardness, an estimate might be formed of the vast periods of time necessary for the petrifaction, or rather induration, of the latter. Springs of limpid water, distilled by nature into the utmost purity of that element, trickled down into the road, and gently seeking a channel through the ruts of the wheels, enlivened this delightful picture of rural scenery. Now and then a glimpse of the city and its bay all at once burst through the masses of rock, or the sombre foliage of stately trees. Such was the way, my good friend, which conducted me to a little plain. At the sight of the convent, and of about thirty paupers before the gate, who appeared to have just received the plentiful remnants of a plentiful table, I guessed my latitude, and one question to them confirmed my conjecture. Leaving my horse to the care of the porter, I entered a neat church, the insignificant *pretiosa* of which were shewn, and fully explained, by two monks, who, on the sound of Signor Inglese (the best passport in Naples), treated me like

an old acquaintance. From the church we proceeded to a gallery, where my conductors consigned me respectfully to Father Onofrio, the superior, a tall, corpulent man, of about forty-five, with a handsome, thoroughly good-natured countenance. Into better hands I could not have fallen.

"Why, my good sir, did you not come an hour sooner? We have just dined, and should have been happy of your company: however, we shall find something for you by the time you have seen our garden, which has been admired by every one of your countrymen who honoured us with a visit."

It was of no avail to observe, that a late dinner was waiting for me in town; a nod of the head to a lay brother, convinced me that Donna Luisa's culinary preparation would on this day go a begging. The garden, to which we next shaped our course, certainly was an object of curiosity. Flowers, fruit, and vegetables, of every description, throve in luxuriant abundance on an artificial level, created on the summit of a high mountain; the mould itself was exotic. The just admiration excited at their view, and a desire to say something obliging, elicited a comparison with the pensile gardens of Semiramis. "Indeed not!" replied the holy father; "we know enough of the beauty of your English gardens to be convinced that what you are pleased to say is but a compliment from your politeness."—Poor Onophrius's ignorance of the Assyrian termagant was certainly carying the vow of chastity to a great length.

The gardens terminate at an abrupt precipice, from which, under the cooling shade of some gigantic trees, I enjoyed the most enchanting prospect; which I shall forbear describing, since no delineation of mine, however minute and romantic, would enable you to see a whit the more for it. But, with almost tears in his eyes, the superior pointed down

down to Agnano, to shew me an extensive tract of land, formerly the property of the convent, but seized by the present government; asking, if the numerous monastic congregations in Malta had suffered such a stretch of arbitrary power, since they had the good fortune to fall under the government of a Protestant prince, the king of England. My reply was in the negative, of course; but by way of comfort, I mentioned the general suppression of convents in England at the time of the Reformation. "Ah! but I speak of times present, when . . . ." Here we were interrupted by a messenger, who announced dinner. The ride and the mountain air had keen'd my appetite; I did honour to the holy banquet, which was so exquisitely prepared as not to occasion regret at the absence of any meat whatever. Indeed the immense arsenal of glittering coppers, kettles, and stewpans, set out to dry in the area below, had already impressed on my mind the most favourable opinion of the culinary establishment of the Camaldulese fathers; and the wine I tasted proved their cellar to be under the direction of equally able hands. The repast being concluded, good Onophrius conducted me to an adjoining *loggia* (a sort of balcony), from which we saw below us the castle of St. Elmo, the city, bay, Vesuvius, &c. "Many officers of your country have spent hours on this spot, when St. Elmo was besieged by them: they came hither purposely to observe the progress of the siege; we seldom were without some of them honouring us with their company to dinner. Ah! dear sir, every fragment which the skilful shots of your artillerymen tore from the ramparts of the castle, caused our hearts to leap for joy. Indeed, you are a nation of heroes! Why, in the name . . . . . But come along to my own cell, let us talk about some serious matters over a dish of coffee and a glass of Marasquin *."

No

* The name of an excellent liqueur or cordial imported from Zara.

No sooner was I seated by the inquisitive father than a huge black tom-cat, the only succedaneum his vow of celibacy allowed him for a partner through life, took a familiar leap on his patron's lap. After a few caresses, which *Toro's* gratitude returned by an appropriate purring of inward contentment, and a few gentle feline attitudes and oblique glidings against the sleeves of the monastic habit, Onofrio said as follows: "Now, tell me candidly, sir, what I am to believe of this peace of your's, is it real or feigned?"

"To the best of my knowledge, peace, I am sorry to say, has been concluded between our government and that of France. You must have seen the treaty in the Naples gazette?"

"Ah! my good sir, I do not want the Naples gazette: I wish to hear from you the secret views which your nation must have had in this mysterious transaction, of which I know you must be well informed. Come, you are with a true friend of the English; say, is it not all a farce of Mr. Pitt's to entrap Bonaparte in his own snares?"

"Mr. Pitt has quitted the ministry; he . . . ."

"He is, nevertheless, at the bottom of all; he is too deep for Bonaparte. But I see you are afraid to speak out, and perhaps may be justified in being cautious for the present. Allow me, therefore, one more question only: Why are Malta and the Cape to be given up by you?"

"Upon my word, good father, your question exceeds my power of reply. An absence from England of two years has made me an absolute novice in the political affairs of my country. As to the peace, however, as far as I can judge by the English papers, and by some letters from my friends, it is, on our side at least, perfectly sincere."

Here

Here the superior shook his head significantly: the allusion, however, to my private information seemed to have its due weight on his political faith. "If," continued he, "this peace of your's is really sincere, then the only way to account for it, is a resolution on the part of both governments to join in a great armament against the infidels; a measure devoutly wished for by every good christian. Your navy and the French armies will soon drive those Mahomedan rascals from Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Constantinople, and Jerusalem."

"But where are they to go to?"

"*Al Diavolo, se volete;* but that's no business of ours, let them find it out themselves."

The zealous Onofrio enlarged considerably on the plan of this novel crusade; but I fear a further *exposé* of his hagiostrategetic speculations would be as tedious to you, as the obligation of listening to them was tiresome to me. Yet, the friendly and hospitable manner with which he treated me, would not allow me to throw cold water over his pious wishes. I returned him my sincere thanks for his kind reception, and under a solemn vow (already discharged) to return soon with the English newspapers and my private letters in my pocket, I mounted my horse, whose rotundity and spirits proved that he had, like his master, amply experienced the effects of monastic hospitality. My earnest endeavours to reward the servants for their trouble were respectfully resisted.

Here then, my dear T. is another specimen of the *enormities* of this *pickpocket* nation, as they have been styled by some of our travelling magpies, who .... but no, let me not close my

my letter with swearing, however just the cause may be. The Neapolitans, from all the experience a six weeks residence among them has afforded me, are an excellent race of people; they would be better still, were .....

Your's, &c.

LETTER VII.

Naples, May —, 1802.

A Thunder storm, dear T. has deprived me of my evening's ride; how then could I fill up the vacant hour better than by continuing, for your perusal, the chronicle of my Neapolitan adventures? and yet how is it possible to write any thing coherent, surrounded and annoyed as I am by myriads of disgusting beings, performing all the evolutions of tactics on the floor, the walls, and across the ceiling right over my head? I really believe the beetles of all your bakers' shops within the bills of mortality would scarcely be sufficient to form the advanced guard of their Neapolitan brethren under this single roof, not to mention the difference of species in favour of the former. A British beetle is a stout, compact, hard, black, and comely insect; whereas these Parthenopian animals are double the size, soft in substance, of a deadly white and brown, bursting at the touch; in short, *monstrum horrendum et ingens cui lumen ademptum.* Their principal haunt is in the painted paper which hides the timber of the ceiling, whence they sally in all directions as soon as night sets in; some groping by circuitous routes, others, by a bold effort, at once precipitating themselves on my table, nay, on my camp-bed (without curtains) while I am asleep, or rather attempting to sleep.

sleep. Of this nuisance I complained bitterly to Don Michele the other day. His answer was as follows: "The antipathy, my dear Signor Don Luigi, which you entertain against these innocent animals, makes me suspect that they are unknown in your country, although, strictly reasoning, such a conclusion does not absolutely follow. But be that as it may, I can assure you, not only that they are perfectly harmless, but that in this country we behold them with satisfaction; in as much as they afford convincing proof of the health of the house they visit. They are never to be met with in any habitation where there is a consumptive person, a contagious fever, or a dead body. You may, therefore, make yourself perfectly easy on their account. However, if you seriously wish to be rid of them, nothing is easier; for a ducat the priest will *exorcise* them for you, and you won't see one of them the day after."

"Are you serious, Don Michele?"

"Serious, ah! I have seen it done, and you may see it yourself, if you chuse; although I doubt whether, if you saw it, *you* would believe it."

Is it possible, I hear you exclaim, that Reason, that sublime gift of our omnipotent Creator, which enabled man to dive into the innermost secrets of nature, to discover the laws and mechanism of the heavens, which was conferred on him for no other end than to secure him from error—is it possible that so heavenly a blessing should be so wantonly perverted, and trodden under foot, by rank superstition? The truth of this, my dear T. is as evident, from the experience of all ages and countries, as it is humiliating and lamentable; but to lay the fault at the door of the Roman Catholic religion, however conformable to the fashionable practice, would betray weakness. The pen of *our* greatest philosopher has drivelled in childish speculations; the Shaman of Tartary, the Chinese Bonze, and

Indian Brahmin, are equally zealous in the cause of superstition.

For the trifling consideration of three and sixpence, I might have enjoyed the exhibition of the Scarabæan farce in my chambers; but to make a source of merriment of any transaction where religion is, however preposterously, intermixed, is too much of a joke at any time; I therefore declined Don Michele's proposal, under the pretext, that I could not think of ridding myself of an evil, by entailing it probably on my next-door neighbour: and thus dropped this very edifying conversation.

Majora canamus!

Some time ago, I espied, while shaving at the window, an ass, loaded with two large demi-jeans*, stopping at my door. The driver delivered me a letter from Don Giacomo, at Pozzuoli; in which, after many extravagant protestations of respect and attachment, he stated, that having observed the great liking I took to the wine of Pozzuoli when I honoured him with the last visit, he herewith sent me a small quantity of the best that could be procured, and begged my acceptance of it; that he was sure, if for every spoonful of mixture I would take a glass of this wine, I should soon be in no want of physicians and apothecaries.—He likewise begged I would recollect, that some of the Pozzuolian antiquities were yet to be visited by me, and expressed a hope on his part, as well as that of his sister, Donna Giuliana, that such an attraction would soon afford them the pleasure of seeing me among them.

Believe me, dear T. it was not easy to find expressions for the sensations excited by this unexpected act of kindness from an

* Glass bottles, holding from six to twelve gallons, in which the Italians keep their wine. A little oil is poured on the top of the wine, and a cotton stopper added, to preserve it for any length of time.

an utter stranger. Yet, the short answer which I sent back at the moment my heart was overflowing, proved perhaps more to the purpose, and, at all events, more sincere than a studied epistle, written with more leisure. I promised, moreover, to thank this good man personally in a few days.

The custom of obliging your friends by trifling presents, which is general in Turkey and the East, and which, even in this part of the world, is more frequently observed than in our northern hemisphere, where our actions are too much guided by cold calculation, is certainly very commendable. A gift, if of ever so little value, serves to commence or cement friendships: even a flower, or an orange, presented with a good grace, and a friendly intent, is more expressive of the donor's esteem and good-will, than all the protestations in the world, conveyed by mere words.

The sight of the lovely Juliana's name, I will be sincere to own, added not a little to the elevation of my spirits. A second jaunt to Pozzuoli, upon a more enlarged scale than the former, was immediately planned in all its details; and not to arrive on my part, with empty hands, my telescope, with my only two good razors, were destined for Don Giacomo, and a gown of sprigged muslin, of British manufacture, was forthwith purchased in the city for my heroine.

Thus equipped, I set out, in a single horse-chaise, at an early hour. A copious dew sparkled on every leaf in the fertile *pianura*, the fresh morning air was perfumed with a compound of fragrant odours, and the nightingales seemed to vie in skill with the minor ditties of the male and female peasantry I met flocking towards the town. Before I was aware of it, I passed through the stately gate of Pozzuoli, halted at the house of my friend, with a few strides hurried up the massy staircase,

staircase, and, on entering the room, surprised the lovely Giuliana—*in a confidential tête-à-tête with father Anselmo !!!*

Fancy to yourself our worthy Solomon standing before a Hanover-square audience, just ready to begin one of his finest concertos ; the significant rap has already sounded against the tin candle-screen, the silent bow is moved across the strings up to its hilt, in order to give energy to the first stroke ; all is ear, you might hear a fly sneeze ; and, at this moment of expectation, the tail-piece of the virtuoso's violin gives way, and all the fifths fly with a tremendous crash into their former chaos !

Thus was the fair-tempered harmony of my soul, at one instant, unstrung into discords ; my checked breath had scarcely power sufficient to utter, with a bitter smile, " I beg pardon for this very unseasonable intrusion," when I felt the priest's dead weight clinging round my neck, and embalming my cheeks and lips with a set of osculations which were absolutely in an inverse ratio with the fragrant exhalations I had just inhaled in the delightful *pianura.* I was all statue, so he had ample scope for his fulsome congratulations on my arrival.

When these emotions of the first moment had given way to sober reflection, I began to feel that I had made a fool of myself ; and I tried, by an assumed look of cheerfulness, to correct the flaw in my past conduct. But now the tables were turned upon me. Donna Giuliana, who before had hailed my arrival, appeared obviously struck and offended at my rudeness. She said little or nothing ; and father Anselm, whether in consequence of a side wink, or from an impulse of policy or good-nature, prepared for his departure, observing, that he had to attend a sick person, after which he would again wait upon me. *(Exit Anselmo ; three quarters of a minute's uncomfortable silence.)*

" You

" You seemed agitated when you first came in, Signor D. Luigi, had you met with any accident on the road?"

Knowing, from experience, that in perplexed situations like mine, and above all, when placed before a judge of such acute penetration, it is nine times out of ten preferable to confess the truth, than to disguise it by inventions, which, under such a state of mind, generally turn out extremely silly, and only serve to entangle and expose you the more. I candidly confessed that my surprize and disappointment had proceeded from seeing her closeted with the holy father; and if I am not mistaken, the fair Juliet, like the rest of her sex, appeared not displeased at the idea of having excited jealousy.

" Perhaps you do not know that father Anselmo is our confessor."

" I know that so fair a form cannot be inhabited by a soul that is capable of willing any thing that requires a confessor."

" If I were the great beauty you would have me vain enough to believe, I should the more stand in need of spiritual guidance, to secure me against worldly temptation. But tell me, are the ladies of your country not permitted to converse with the guardians of their conscience?"

" Their religion denies them that comfort; they never confess at all."

" How do they get rid of their sins then?"

" God in heaven knows! They commit as few as they can help; and as to those they cannot avoid, why they bear them with that fortitude and courage which you admired the other day in the warriors of our nation."

" *Così*

" *Gesù Maria ! che eresia !*"

This turn our conversation had taken operated as a most seasonable relief to my embarrassment; and Donna Giuliana, who seemed to be satisfied with the mild chastisement she had justly inflicted on me, gave full scope to the brilliant sallies of a most lively wit. It was some time before I missed her brother; and, to my shame be it said, I was not displeased to learn that he happened to be on a little excursion, to collect some rents, which would prevent his coming home to dinner, and I most readily accepted the invitation to supply her brother's place at table. The next thing to be done was to deliver my present, and however awkwardly I executed this task, the gown was graciously and gracefully received: her wish, at least, that it might last as long as I should be remembered by her, was not a little flattering to your humble servant; it encouraged me to express a hope that she would not be averse to accompany me to town in the afternoon, to see the opera, pass the night in Don Michele's family, and the next morning return under my protection to Pozzuoli. To this request, however, the lovely Julia only assented conditionally; that is, if her brother returned in time, without whose consent she did not wish to go, nor indeed could leave the house.

Father Anselm now made his appearance, and without mercy hurried me away to see the place of the decapitation of St. Januarius; a pilgrimage to which, as in a former letter I have informed you, I had pledged my word. That spot, however, I succeeded to prevail on him to visit last, *as the most valuable* of the curiosities I was to behold; and so we set out to see the town and its antiquities first.

Pozzuoli is a corruption of Puteoli, the ancient name of this town, which it acquired either from the variety of mineral

ral springs in or about it, or from a number of small wells, which were sunk by Quintus Fabius, who, in the second Punic war, had been sent with a strong corps to Puteoli, lest Hannibal in his march to the south of Italy, might surprise the town. Fabius, fearing to have the water cut off from the place, is said to have had those wells dug by his soldiers. The extent and importance of Pozzuoli are attested by almost every historian of antiquity: it carried on a direct trade with Spain, Africa, and the Levant; it had its own senate, two large theatres, a number of magnificent temples, several superb aqueducts, and was surrounded by innumerable villas belonging to Roman senators, in one of which Sylla died of the pedicularian disease. Its present site, like that of Alexandria, occupies but an insignificant part of the ground on which Puteoli stood; and the theatres, together with several temples, are now at a considerable distance from the town. By a rare and valuable relic of antiquity, we are enabled to judge not only of the former size of Puteoli, but even to form a correct idea of its figure and appearance. Among the ancient Herculanean paintings in the Royal Museum at Portici, one represents obviously the town of Puteoli. Although in point of design and execution this picture is below mediocrity, the perspective wretched, the houses heaped above each other, much in the manner of Chinese drawings; yet, as it affords the means of comparing the present condition of the town with what it was two thousand years ago, it becomes highly interesting in an antiquarian point of view. A similar representation of Rome and Athens would be inestimable to the classic scholar.

The reduced state of the modern Pozzuoli is to be attributed to the frequent earthquakes which it has suffered, as well as to the ravages it sustained from the Carthaginians, Goths, Lombards, and Saracens. The latter, after they ceased

ceased to be masters of the country, were pretty numerous in this town, and were permitted to exercise divine worship according to their religious tenets, until they were finally expelled by Charles of Anjou. Several Saracen epitaphs in Arabic characters have been found in Pozzuoli, and translated by Montfaucon; a specimen of one of which I conceive may be a curiosity to you. It is, in English, nearly as follows:—*In the name of all-merciful God. May the Lord be gracious unto Mohammed, his prophet, and unto his race; may he bless them! Death overtaketh all men, but on the day of resurrection only they shall meet their reward; for God hath prepared their egress out of the fire, that they might enter Paradise. Yet man trembles! as if to go out of this world were ought but to enter the possession of everlasting happiness. This is the tomb of Bazainab, the son of Abdulmaled, who departed this life on the* 21*st day of the month Shaban, in the year* 576*, having confessed, that there is no God, but God the Almighty.*

But to return to our antiquarian ramble. The first object which my spiritual cicerone thought proper to conduct me to, was the temple of Jupiter, now the cathedral church of Pozzuoli, situated in the centre, and on the most elevated part of the town. The whole of this superb edifice, walls as well as columns, is of the most beautiful white marble; and such is the solidity of its structure, that the same marble blocks form the walls of the inside as well as outside; but the latter is as much concealed by the surrounding buildings, as the noble simplicity of the former is disfigured by various ornaments of a modern date. The architect of this sublime edifice was Coccejus, and its founder Calphurnius, who caused it to be built in honour of the emperor Augustus, as may be seen from the following inscription on the frontispiece:

CALPHURNIUS. L. F.
TEMPLUM. AUGUSTO. CUM. ORNAMENTIS. D. D.

The

* Of the Hegira, answering to the 28th December, 1181 after Christ.

The high state of preservation of this temple, is, like that of many others in Italy, to be solely attributed to the fortunate circumstance of its having been converted into a church in the very infancy of Christianity. The ecclesiastical annals of Pozzuoli record an uninterrupted series of bishops from Patrobas, a cotemporary of St. Paul (who mentions him in the sixteenth chapter of his epistle to the Romans), to the present day. That apostle likewise bears testimony of the faith and hospitality of this town in the 28th chapter of Acts, v. 13, where he says, " And from thence (Syracuse) we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium ; and after one day the south wind blew, and we came next day to *Puteoli, where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days,* and so went towards Rome."

From hence we proceeded to view the antiquities which no longer lie within the walls of Pozzuoli, but are situated on the hill behind the town. On crossing the square, I observed a marble pedestal, enriched with a variety of figures in *alto-relievo ;* but so much defaced, as not to admit of even a guess at its former destination, except that, from its shape and size, it appeared to have once supported an equestrian statue. We again passed by the majestic columns of the temple of Serapis, described in a former letter ; and, in our progress up the hill, through several well cultivated farms, abounding with ruins of minor interest, arrived at the temple of Diana. Of this structure, the shell only, which is of brick-work, remains at present. The figure is an oblong, rounded off at one extremity. Some of the arches in the walls are still perfect, and of a bold construction : but the interior space of the temple is now cultivated. Another set of ruins near to these, was shewn, under the name of the temple of Neptune ; a description of which, my dear T. would probably prove as uninteresting to you as the sight of it appeared to me.

The Coliseum, or great theatre of Pozzuoli, stands at an inconsiderable distance from the temple of Diana, in the midst of a farm; formerly it was situated in the center of the town. Its exterior walls are of reticulated masonry, and appear to be greatly sunk in the ground; and the arena, which I should judge to be about eighty paces in length, and somewhat less in breadth, is, like the temple of Diana, converted into a field. The interior is in too ruinous a state to exhibit the usual gradation of seats.—"Here it was," exclaimed father Anselm, "that our holy protector, St. Januarius, together with Proculus, Festus, Desiderius, and many other godly martyrs, were exposed to the fury of savage beasts, by the persecuting mandate of the heathen emperor Diocletian, himself more ferocious than the lions and tigers he employed for that diabolical purpose. But instead of devouring the saint and his companions, those very beasts prostrated themselves at his feet, and with their tongues fawningly licked the hands of the holy bishop; while Timotheus, the præfect and minister of the emperor's cruelty, was punished with the loss of his sight, which he only recovered through the efficacy of St. Januarius's prayers: and notwithstanding this christian act of generosity, still the heads of the holy martyr and his friends at last fell by a pagan axe. Here," pointing to one of the arches of the amphitheatre, "he was confined previous to the execution of the infamous sentence! But the decrees of Heaven were not to be thwarted by the vain efforts of heathen executioners. The superstition of paganism has vanished from the face of Europe, and the mild tenets of our Redeemer have, without any other aid than that of their divine truth, spread themselves over every part of the globe."

The enthusiastic fervency with which the venerable father uttered these words, left no doubt, that he would be as ready to shed his blood in the cause of his faith as his saint, and greatly

greatly raised him in my estimation. I felt no longer the same reluctance to visit the spot of the saint's martyrdom, and cheerfully followed my conductor on the road towards the Solfatara.

We had scarcely entered a small, but neat church, when Anselmo led me into a chapel, and pointing to a piece of sculpture, in white marble, "Here," said he, "you behold the most valuable treasure of antiquity, both in point of art, and on account of its exhibiting the true likeness of St. Januarius. It is the work of a pagan sculptor, who was a cotemporary of the saint, and who, through the holiness of the work he undertook, became a convert to Christianity. The mark, sir, which you perceive around the nose, is a lasting proof of the miraculous preservation of this image. For you must know, that at the time when the Saracens ravaged these regions, and polluted and destroyed every thing which related to our holy worship, so precious a relic was not spared by their sacrilegious hands. And although, after their expulsion, the image was carefully sought for, and discovered at last, yet the nose was found to be wanting. All attempts of the best artists to supply that defect, proved vain; no cement, however strong, was capable of uniting the two heterogeneous marbles. After a variety of useless efforts, the face remained without a nose for many years. Some fishermen, however, in dragging their nets from the sea, had repeatedly observed a piece of marble, among the dirt which the net usually brings up, and, not aware of its value, had as often thrown it back into the water, but the constant re-appearance of the same piece of stone, at every haul of their net, at last attracted their attention: they shewed it to a monk of the Capuchin order, who recollecting the defaced state of this image, thought of trying whether the newly-found fragment might not fit it; and no sooner had he applied the nose to the face of the saint than it adhered of its own accord,

and without any cement whatever, so firmly, that it has ever since remained where you see it, and no force will ever be able again to sever it. And here," pointing to a place behind the ear, "you observe the mark left by a boil, that shewed itself, as a presage of the great plague which desolated the kingdom and city of Naples, in the year 1686."

At the other side of the altar was the celebrated stone on which some of the drops of the blood of St. Januarius had fallen, when he was beheaded; and although day-light in this chapel was as sparingly administered as in any of our linen-drapers' shops in Cranbourn-alley, yet I should be wanting in truth were I not to confess, that some brown spots were certainly visible on the surface of the stone. How far the assertion is correct, that on the day, or rather at the moment, of the liquefaction of the saint's blood at Naples, these spots turn to a bright red, I will not pretend to decide; nor shall I be able to ascertain the fact, since I intend to witness the superior miracle of the two, at the approaching celebration of the solemnity in Naples.

Father Anselm perceiving, with evident marks of inward satisfaction, the attention with which I viewed the wonders he had exhibited to me, asked in a tone of innocent triumph,

"*Dite mi, caro Signor mio, cosa pensate di tutto questo?*"

"*Non mi maraviglio piu della divozione del popolo Napoletano, con tanti miracoli e monumenti sacri attorno di loro.*"

"*Ah, Signor Don Luigi, abbiamo, per disgrazia nostra, pecore rognose assai nella mandra nostra.*"

"*Non e colpa de' pastori certamente**." On

* "Well, my dear sir, what do you think of all this?"

"I am no longer surprised at the devotion of the Neapolitan people, surrounded as they are by so many miracles and holy monuments."

"Alas, dear sir, we have plenty of scabby sheep in our flock."

"Surely this is not the fault of the shepherds."

On leaving this church, I followed the example of my conductor, by dipping my finger into the holy water, and making the sign of the cross. Perhaps, my dear T. you may think this was carrying courtesy too far, and suspect me of apostacy. For my part, I can see no harm in paying to the religion of the country we reside in, every attention compatible with the dictates of our own persuasion and conscience. Father Anselm, I can assure you, was highly pleased at my conforming to this part of the rites of his church, and insensibly led the conversation to the excellency of the Roman Catholic religion, till by degrees he laid actual siege to my conscience, opening all the approaches of his eloquence, to make a convert of me. My means of defence, however, proved superior to his attack. One battery, in particular, which I opened upon him, presently silenced his holy fire. I told the good man, that I was ready to enter the lists with him, provided he would allow my arguments to be founded upon the New Testament itself, in the purity of its original (the Greek) language, and not upon any translation. He honestly replied, that he was not master of that language, nor saw the necessity of learning it, while there existed such an excellent translation as that of the *Vulgate,* which was on all sides admitted to be so perfect, as to be at *least* equal to the original.

Like a beaten enemy, however, who, in retracing his steps, does not all at once cease his discharge of small arms, but slackens his fire by degrees, so did Father Anselmo, although discomfited in his attempt on my faith, make good his retreat, by recounting several most extraordinary miracles, either to stagger my obstinacy, or at least to impress a certain degree of respect on his conqueror. One of those I shall make free to entertain you with in his own words :—

" Have you yet visited the church of ———at Naples ?"
(I paid

(I paid so little attention to the holy father's question, which I answered in the negative, that I have already forgotten the name of this church.)

" You must know then, Signor Don Luigi, that this church boasts of three of the most precious and wonderful relics (next to the holy vial containing the blood of our protector), that are to be met with in Naples. The bodies of three saints are there to be seen, in such preservation, that the lineaments of their faces may be distinguished as correctly as if they had died yesterday, although it is many ages since their souls were received into paradise. Indeed, such is the holiness of their corporeal abode, that those bodies are in every respect perfect, only completely dried up, and of course somewhat reduced in bulk."

" This is no such ....."

" Allow me to proceed, good sir! These bodies had long remained in a state of nature, and were but slightly attended to, till some pious Neapolitan left, by legacy, a yearly new suit of clothes to each of them. Now, sir, stupendous to relate, but no less true, whenever, on the anniversary of the re-clothing ceremony, the new garments are put on to them, these inanimate masses of skin and bone forthwith raise their arms, and of their own accord slip into the sleeves, as you or I would do every morning ! ! !" (Pause.) " *Cosa vi pare di questo, eh ?**"

" Truly, holy father, I believe it as readily as the miracle of the nose."

Indeed, my good T. except the spontaneous lifting of the

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* " What d' ye think of that, sir ?"

the arms, Anselm's story is likely to be true enough; and this is not the only instance of a natural mummefaction that has come to my knowledge. A friend of mine, who has lately made the tour of Sicily, visited a convent (near Palermo, I believe), where none of its members are buried after death, but are preserved in a similar manner. In a long gallery a great number of niches are sunk, and in those the dried bodies of the friars stand erect, with the same habit they wore during life; and a short inscription records the name, birth, and decease of every one; some of the niches are empty, being destined for the monks still living, or to come hereafter. The same friend informed me, that at first sight their grinning faces appeared to him extremely frightful, but after becoming a little more reconciled to an aspect so unusual, the idea of death lost much of that terror, with which he had been in the habit of looking upon it.

I have myself had an opportunity of witnessing and examining a similar curiosity, in my journey through Germany, about two years ago. Under the cathedral at Bremen, there is a vault called the Bley Keller (Lead Cellar), which possesses the singular property of preserving from corruption any animal body deposited in it. The sexton shewed me several corpses in shells, which were dried up to a mummy, and so light that with my little finger I was able to lift them by the hair of their head, not weighing altogether perhaps ten pounds. The hair and nails had grown after death. Among others there was the corpse of a woman, said to have been an English countess. Her ladyship, from a dread of being buried alive, had desired to be placed in that vault, probably not considering that she would be handled by every curious traveller. She must have been excessively corpulent, for the inflated skin of her body had sunk into a labyrinth of innumerable wrinkles. The latest specimen was a bricklayer's labourer, who, while roofing

roofing the church, had fallen down and been killed on the spot. But, although his death happened upwards of 130 years later than that of the countess, his state of preservation was in no respect more perfect than her's. Some fowls, and two or three cats, which had been thrown down by mischievous boys, were equally uncorrupted. On my enquiry respecting the process and cause of this singular phenomenon, I learned from the sexton, that no other process was required than placing the subject in a perforated shell; that after the first fortnight a fermentation ensued, which gradually produced a discharge of the internal juices; that the more solid parts dissolved by degrees likewise, and that when all the moisture had thus left the body, which generally required the space of from four to six months, it was shifted to a dry cell, and there left to itself. Whether the same process would prove equally successful in any other place, I am incompetent to decide; so much is certain, that the Bremen vault is remarkably dry, and even dusty, as I found by my boots; although the city stands in a low, marshy country, generally overflowed on all sides during the winter months.

From the great number of Egyptian mummies, I greatly suspect that that people had a method equally simple, for curing the bodies of at least the common class of their deceased; for even the least expensive method of embalming recorded by Herodotus, must, with any great number of corpses, have been tedious and troublesome.

In some work of travels, I remember to have read, that, in the northern parts of Siberia, the dead bodies, when once buried under ground, never corrupt at all, the soil there being frozen summer and winter; and the power of the sun, even in the former season, being so weak as not to penetrate above a few inches below the surface.

All

All this by the way. Anselmo was now going to take me to another neighbouring convent, to see some other pious curiosity—God knows what; but I had enough of spiritual shows for the present. The rays of the sun, besides, had nearly become perpendicular, and scorched me at least, although no saint, almost to a mummy. I therefore civilly declined his offer, and proposed an immediate return to Pozznoli, whither we forthwith shaped our course by a new and more direct road. On our way home, we passed a stupendous ruin of a great aqueduct, with a triple tier of arches, entirely of bricks; some of which, and especially those which lined the arches, appeared of an unusual magnitude, not less than eighteen inches square, and beautifully manufactured and baked. This must have been the principal aqueduct of ancient Puteoli.

On our return to Pozzuoli, we found our friend, Don Giacomo, who had but just returned from his excursion of business. I lost no time in thanking him for his present of wine; and, some time afterwards, produced my telescope, which he admired exceedingly, but would on no account accept of so valuable an article, until I was absolutely obliged to threaten him with my instant departure in case of non-compliance.

The manners of the Neapolitans in this respect are rather singular. If any thing in your possession, such as a watch, snuff-box, ring, &c. happens to be admired by another, good breeding requires that you should immediately tender it to him—nay, insist, in as strong terms as the Neapolitan idiom affords (which is saying a great deal), on his accepting of the same. Good breeding, on the other hand, equally demands, that the other party should as strongly decline the present, under a variation of courteous excuses; till, after a considerable waste of time and words, the thing remains

as it was at the first outset of this contest, or, rather, h—g of civility. Both parties must necessarily be up to the thing, and on a par in good manners; which was not the case some time ago in a party at Naples. A lieutenant of a Neapolitan regiment of cavalry, brought in a most beautiful white spaniel, which performed a variety of tricks before the company. A captain of an English frigate lying in the bay, enthusiastically praised the beauty and sagacity of the animal. In an instant, the lieutenant begged he would accept of the dog. "I would not think of depriving you of so valuable an animal, which appears so faithfully attached to its master, but thank you all the same." "Nay, Signor Capitano, you will confer a favour on me by taking him on board. I long wanted to part with him, and I am satisfied he cannot be in better hands. *Fate mi questo piacere* *." The son of Neptune, whose honesty had no conception of the insincerity of the offer, without further hesitation accepted the present; consigned the spaniel to one of his sailors that had accompanied him on shore; who, without ceremony, tied him to his brown silk handkerchief, and conveyed him on board the frigate as a legal prize. The lieutenant made a very long face to the latter part of this transaction; but his civility, which had caused the disappointment, nevertheless induced him to put up with his loss as cheerfully as possible. He afterwards made an attempt at reprisals, by admiring the captain's time-keeper; in the praise of which the latter, however, so fully coincided, that he declared he would rather lose his best bower anchor in a gale than his watch, which was indispensible to him in keeping a correct account of the ship's course. This rebuff, however, did not deter the courage of the Neapolitan. The next time he met the captain (which was in a coffee-house on the *Largo del Castello* †), he took him on one side, and told him of the irregularity in issuing the pay to the officers of

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* Do, sir, oblige me.

† The castle square.

of the Neapolitan army ; that four months pay were now due to him—an inconvenience he just at that moment felt the more, as he was prevented from sending to his aged mother, at Lecce, the periodical allowance of twelve ounces*, which he had hitherto been in the habit of remitting to her, and which constituted the principal means of her support. That, indeed, he might command so trifling a sum from several of his Neapolitan friends ; but not wishing to bring them acquainted with his temporary embarrassments, he thought he might presume so much on the friendship of the captain, as to apply to him for the loan of so small a sum ; for which he was ready to give his note at two months, or an assignation on the pay-master of the regiment. The honest captain found little difficulty in understanding the purport of this point-blank aim ; and not only gave instantly the sum demanded, but, with truly British liberality, added another twelve ounces as a present from himself to the old lady, who probably never received a *sixpence* of either—or, more probably, had no existence but in the fertile imagination of her pretended offspring.

Donna Giuliana had prepared a most elegant repast for us, and favoured the company with her presence; and Don Giacomo readily consenting to his sister's accompanying me to Naples, as soon as dinner was over we prepared for our departure. Conceive, dear T. your humble servant placed beside the finest girl of all Italy, driving through a most romantic country, on one of the most lovely summer evenings; fanned by cooling zephyrs on one side, inhaling ambrosian gas on the other. The joy of Zeus, when he bore the innocent Europa on his back through the silvery waves ; the happiness of his brother, when he stole the daughter of Ceres from the Sicilian meadows ; the pleasure of Æneas, when he smuggled the Tyrian queen into the amorous cave, to shelter her

* About six guineas.

her from the shower (umbrellas being either unknown at that time, or not worn by military men); the ecstasy of Paris, when.....; nay, there are similes enough already; to put you *au fait* of my sensations at the time. We passed a cave also, the great Posilipan grotto; but not *à la Didon* —that is to say, in a much more decent and quiet manner than Virgil's silence leads us to suspect was the case with his hero. You may be sure, had the Mantuan author written the *Histoire Secrête,* or *Chronique scandaleuse de la Cour de Carthage,* instead of an epic poem, we should have a less abrupt account of the mysterious adventure of the grotto.

Be that as it may, the Neapolitan couple arrived safe, and pleased with each other, at the head-quarters in the Infrescata; and after a short toilette, went, *solus cum sola,* to the play, having previously refreshed themselves, in the Strada Toledo, with some ices, of which the lovely Giuliana partook, in my opinion, rather too abundantly.—The opera was "*Chi d'altrui si vesti presto si spoglia*;*" remarkable for the probability of the incidents. A young lady of fortune, on her journey to Naples, in order to marry a naval captain, who is to arrive there at an appointed time, is attacked and robbed on the road by a gang of highwaymen: her chamber-maid, escaping by some good luck or other, pursues the journey, and forms the plan of imposing herself as the mistress on the captain. The latter, on his voyage to Naples, is attacked by an Algerine corsair: his servant, escaping by some good luck or other, pursues the voyage, and forms the plan of imposing himself as his master on the lady. Thus the footman and chamber-maid arrive at Naples nearly at the same time, and cheat each other into wedlock. So far only can I give you the fable of this curious dramatic production; my poor Giuliana being, in the middle of the performance, seized with what she called spasms and sickness, of

* Who adorns himself with others' feathers, will soon be plucked.

of which by *her* account, the over perfumed state of my person was the cause. It is true, to make myself agreeable, and also to counteract the customary effluvia in the Neapolitan temples of Thalia, I had dropped an additional dose of otto of roses on my handkerchief; but I shrewdly suspect that the five ices of strawberry, raspberry, chocolate, cream, and lemon, successively and rapidly introduced into the alimentary canal, did the business. Nothing was to be done but hasten home in a caless; where, very contrary to my previous calculation, I administered to my fair patient three tea-spoonfuls of powder of rhubarb, mixed with a *q. s.* of magnesia from my medicine chest; and wished her a good-night.

Sic transit gloria mundi!

On my early enquiry the next morning, I learned, to my great joy, that the remedy had had the best effect, and had restored my patient to perfect health. Yet to my shame be it said, the occurence of the preceding evening had considerably damped the sublimity of my ideas of female beauty. The exhibition of the frailties and necessities of matter, will soon dissolve the charm and enthusiasm with which we are apt to behold the most angelic form, or the most transcendant mental perfection. Hence it was that I conveyed the handsome Juliana back to Pozzuoli, with sensations far more composed and tempered than those I had felt on our journey the evening before.

She is safely lodged again with her brother. Nothing, therefore, prevents the conclusion of this long and motley sort-of an epistle, the extent of which I certainly did not foresee when I took up my pen, which, instead of diminishing in its velocity, seems absolutely to gain progressive acceleration.

"Vires acquirit eundo."

Your's, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

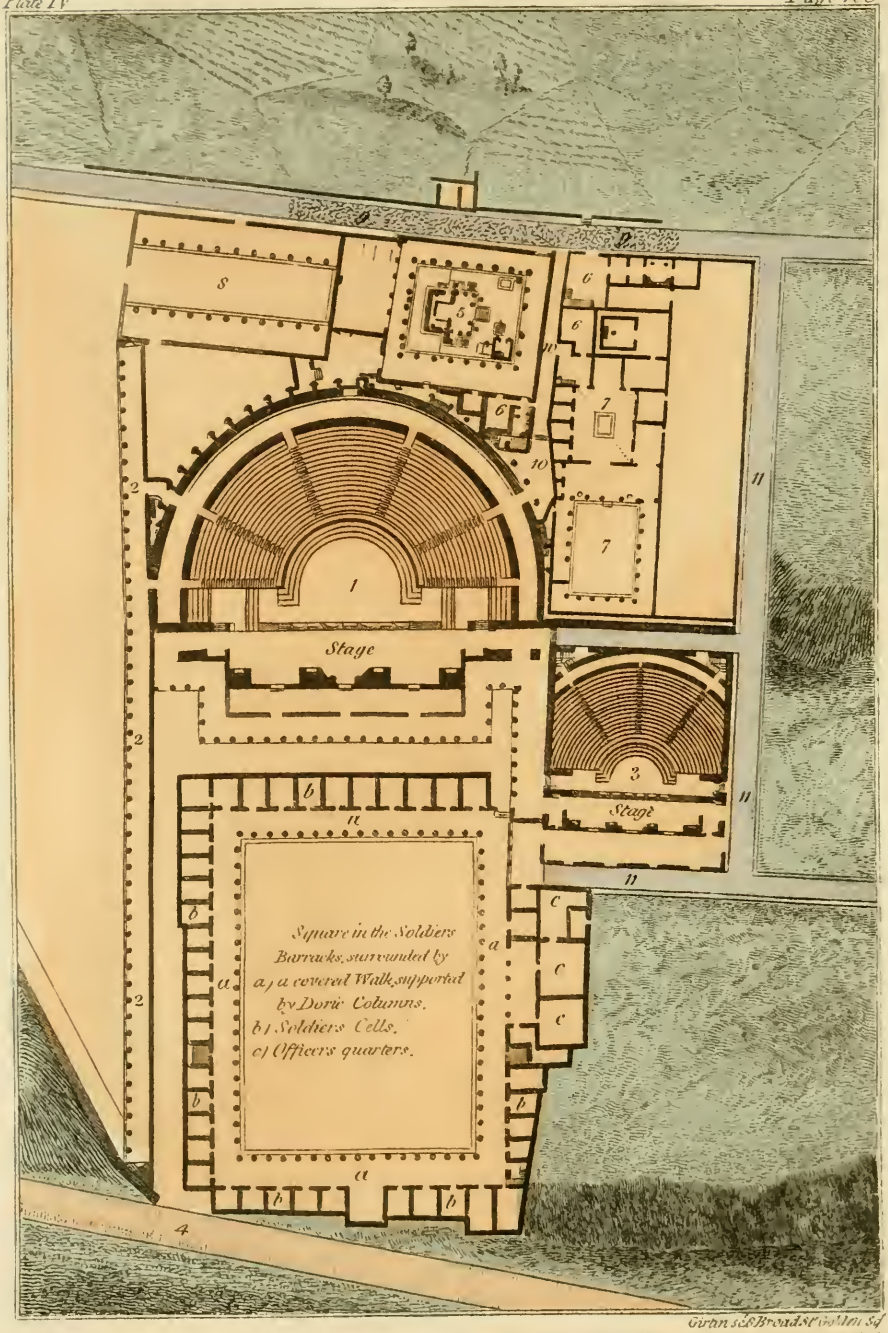
Naples, May —, 1802.

Dear T.

IN several of my preceding letters, I have endeavoured to give you a succinct account of the former site, state, and opulence of the ancient towns which, in the reign of Titus, where overwhelmed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius ; I have described the manner by which their destruction was effected ; and, finally, I have stated to you the means, fortuitous or premeditated, which led to their re-discovery. You are, no doubt, therefore, prepared and eager to be ushered into the ruins themselves. Come along, then, and follow the grave Don Michele and me into the spacious court-yard, on a level with, and at a few yards distance from, the Salernian high-road, from which it is separated by a large lattice-gate, adjoining to the abode of the only inhabitant of the once magnificent and populous town of Pompeji, the invalid guardian and guide to its remains. Oh! the vicissitudes of earthly grandeur!—This very dwelling of the decrepid Neapolitan veteran was once tenanted by a maniple of those legionaries, whose irresistible valour had subdued all our hemisphere, from the Tyne to the swampy banks of the Nile, from the pillars of Hercules to the shores of India! Why, T. every one of these four points, at this moment*, acknowledges British sway ; and not only the seas between them, but every accessible corner of the liquid part of the whole globe, from Nootka Sound to Bass's Streights, bows to the nod of half a dozen valves in Charing-Cross ! !—— Proud.....But a truce to national bragging, which I detest as much as individual self-praise : it may do by way of a clap trap at the end of a dry stage-speech, well and significantly bawled

* Egypt at that time was in possession of the British troops.

Plan of the BARRACKS, THEATRES &c. of Pompeii


Stage
Stage
Square in the Soldiers Barracks, surrounded by a) a covered Walk, supported by Doric Columns.
b) Soldiers Cells.
c) Officers quarters.

Girtin & Broad. 51 Oxford St.

1 The Great Theatre.
2 Covered Gallery leading thereto.
3 The little (covered) Theatre.
4 Present Highroad from whence you enter Pompeii, on the side of the Barracks.
5 Temple of Isis. (vide Pl. 5 page 107)
6 Supposed Dwellings of the Priests & attendants on the Temple, with a receptacle for the Victims.
7 Other Public Buildings, with a space surrounded by a Colonnade.
8 Public place for Gymnastic exercises.
9 Ancient Highroad, paved.
10 Street communicating with the Great Theatre and the Temple of Isis.
11 Road, leading to the Theatres & Barracks.

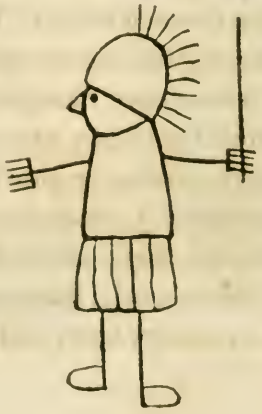
LONDON: Pub. May 1st 1816, at R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ART, 101 Strand.

bawled up to the forum of the galleries. No more of it in this place; let us begin with a sober narrative of facts, or things.

The quadrangular court which we first entered into, may be as large as the railed part of Leicester-square: it is surrounded on all sides by a colonnade, supporting the roof of a gallery; and from the gallery you enter a number of small apartments, not unlike the cells of a prison; or, to use an affirmative comparison, greatly resembling the galleries round some of our old inns, with the rooms adjoining; only, in the present instance, the corridor is on the ground floor, there being no upper story. The columns before mentioned, are of brick, stuccoed over, and painted a deep red; from ten to twelve feet high, at about the like distance from each other, of the Doric order, fluted two-thirds from the top, and otherwise of good proportion. This building was first taken for a gymnasium, afterwards for a prison, and, by some, for a school of gladiators; at present it is declared to have been a barrack for soldiers, because various pieces of armour were found in some of the cells. These little apartments are highly interesting: many have their walls covered with inscriptions, and curious drawings. When I speak of inscriptions or drawings, do not let your classic imagination fancy to itself public records or *chefs d'œuvre* of art. I have it in my power at once to put you *au fait* in this business, only the comparison will be deemed vulgar. You, no doubt, have in your peregrinations, visited certain apartments at country inns, where former visitors have thought proper to perpetuate the memory of their temporary abode, by some neat or clumsy couplets, epigrams, anacreontic or aphrodisiac effusions, traced either with pencil, chalk, or any pigment *nearest* at hand, or even with some sharp-pointed instrument, on the buff walls; and, not unfrequently, may you have found those sentences illustrated by sundry hasty and whimsical sketches

in

in the line manner, betraying all the rudeness of the infant art. Know, then, that such practice is of the highest antiquity; witness the walls of the Pompejan barracks, on which we discovered a vast number of the like inscriptions, generally done in red chalk, but, in some instances, black, or white. Most of them consisted merely of the name of the writer, with the cohort and legion he belonged to; on some, the consuls of the time were mentioned; and a few were of a satirical import, levelled probably at an obnoxious centurion, or even tribune; and, in order to give additional force to the text, a drawing of the subject of the pasquil was annexed, approaching, in point of design, as near as possible to the puerile sketches you may at times have noticed on some of the dead walls in the London streets. The letters were all capitals; and although not absolutely like our present Roman alphabet, might easily be read, particularly by one who, from the Herculanean manuscripts, had become a little familiar with antique penmanship. Some names and sentences were Greek, whence it may fairly be inferred that the Roman troops were not solely composed of Italian subjects. A gentleman, of the name of Nonius Maximus, occured repeatedly on those walls; not, however, with "*mention honorable;*" nor was the whole-length portrait annexed to his name such as to convey a favourable impression either of his figure or the skill of the artist. A copy, drawn from *memory*, by the pen of your humble servant, will perhaps amuse you.



Simple

Simple as this design may appear, some curious and important inferences are to be drawn from it. 1st. That Mr. Nonius was left-handed—2dly. That he wanted one finger on the said hand, which probably was carried away by grape-shot—3dly. That one of his legs was shorter than the other, or that a bullet in his thigh or calf had made him draw up the leg in the manner here described. With respect to the nature of the weapon he wields, our best efforts will be mere conjecture. Don Michele, not without strong reasons, declared it to be a sword; but would not decide what kind of a sword, whether *gladius, ensis,* or *mucro.* But surely if it had been intended for a sword, there would have been some marks of a hilt, handle, &c. which are not to be seen. It appears, therefore, more reasonable to take the instrument for a mere rod or vine switch *virga,* with which Nonius Maximus, whom I strongly suspect to have been the provost-marshal, was in the habit of inflicting punishment on the transgressors of the articles of war; and the frequent use of which had rendered him so odious to his comrades, as to procure him the honour of being posted in effigy on the barrack walls.

As I said before, the preceding whole-length profile is drawn from recollection only: not but that I felt very desirous to take, on the spot itself, a correct copy of this figure, as well as of some of the most interesting inscriptions, and actually pulled out pencil and pocket-book for that purpose; but the invalid Argus checked my classic avidity, by informing me, that he had strict orders from his superiors not to allow the use of pencil, paper, or any writing or drawing materials, within the town of Pompeji. Don Michele, who observed my disappointment at this prohibition, slyly winked to me with his left eye, while a repeated gliding motion of his right thumb, across the finger nearest to it, made a certain telegraphic signal, which, without any key or alphabet,

 I under-

I understood to be an exhortation to bribery. Unfortunately for you, my dear T. and all those who may chance to read this, on this occasion I chose to be honest—that is to say, not to make another a rogue; and left the inscriptions uncopied, not without a sensible degree of offence to my fellow-traveller for not complying with his well-meant advice.

Close to the barracks, which appear to have stood in the most public part of the city, are the theatres, the forum, and one or two temples, all connected by very neat and well-paved courts; or, where the ground is elevated, by commodious public staircases. The *tout-ensemble* appeared totally different from our present mode of building; indeed, from its elegant compactness, the whole looked more like the model of a town, than a town in reality. But to continue my narrative, which shall be guided rather by the contiguity of the places, than the order in which we saw them:

To the right, a high wall separates the lesser theatre from the barracks: this is called the covered theatre, because it was so constructed, that, by canvas awnings, the spectators could be defended from sun or rain. A door through the wall leads into the different galleries, and into the open space in the middle, resembling our pit.—You are too well acquainted with the construction of ancient theatres, to require a minute description of the interior of this, which is one of the smallest I have yet seen; but beautifully neat, and, excepting the spoliation of the marble slabs, with which the whole of the inside, seats and all, had been covered, excellently preserved. To have torn off those is really pitiful, and downright Vandalism. The use to which the fragments of marble might be put, could not have been very great; whereas the original aspect of the theatre, entirely encrustated with marble, must have been charming. On both sides

VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS IN POMPEI.
(v PI IV. N° 5.)

London Pub. at R. Ackermann's 101 Strand 1816.

sides are the usual seats for magistrates; the orchestra, as with us, is along the front of the stage; and the *scena*, with its brick wings, very shallow. This theatre might hold about two thousand spectators. It was on one of the steps here that Don Michele gave vent to his doubts respecting the authenticity of the Pompejan structures, as stated to you in one of my preceding letters.

A staircase leads from the level on which this theatre stands, to an eminence on which various public edifices are situated. The most conspicuous of those is a small temple, or, rather, chapel, said to have been dedicated to Isis. Here the guide called our attention to a secret passage, perforated in two places; observing, that it was in that passage, and through its openings, that the concealed priests of Isis were wont to pronounce the oracles of their goddess to the deluded and credulous multitude. The invalid was going to add to this valuable piece of information, other particulars, perhaps equally interesting, when Don Michele stopped his progress, by telling him he need be at no further trouble, since he was sure the Signor Inglese would not believe one word of the whole story. "The gentleman," he added, "is too great an admirer of antiquity, to be persuaded that his friends, the ancients, would be capable of employing fraud in their worship. I, for my part, am convinced, that all the oracles we read of in history, were either contrived by similar tricks of imposition, or, what is still more probable, by direct inspirations of Satan, the archfiend of mankind, who, before the establishment of our holy faith, was absolute lord and master of the human race."

My friend having disburthened his spleen by the preceding observation, was, as usual, for a little while afterwards, more cheerful. The guide took us round a paved court, in which we found an altar, of a round shape, and a well on

the other side. A little way on, a cistern was placed, with four apertures, to facilitate the procuring of water. In this court, it is to be supposed, sacrifices and other holy rites took place: this opinion was confirmed by the conductor, who told us that various sacrificatory utensils, such as lamps, pateræ, tripods, &c. were here found, when the place was first excavated. One of the tripods dug out in this yard, is of the most admirable workmanship: on each of the three legs, a beautiful sphinx, with an unusual head-dress, is placed, probably in allusion to the hidden meanings of the oracles which were delivered in the temple above-mentioned: the hoop, in which the bason for the coals was sunk, is elegantly decorated with rams' heads, connected by garlands of flowers; and in the bason, which was of baked earth, the very cinders left from the last sacrifice (nearly 2000 years ago), were seen as fresh as if they had been the remains of yesterday's fire!

From the court before-mentioned, you enter another somewhat larger, with a stone pulpit in the middle, and stone seats near the walls. This spot, therefore, might either have been the *auditorium* of some philosopher, or the place where the public orators pleaded their causes before the people, like the *rostra* at Rome. Every thing here is in the highest order and preservation.

The great amphitheatre proudly rears its walls over every other edifice on the same elevated spot. For a country town like Pompeji, this is a stupendous structure: it had twenty-four rows of seats, the circumference of the lowest of which is about 3000 Neapolitan palms, and is supposed to have held 30,000 people. The upper walls are much injured, having from time immemorial, before the discovery of Pompeji, partially projected above-ground; and the whole is, altogether, not near so substantial and well preserved as the theatre at Verona, which I saw two years ago.

You

You have now, my dear T. seen the fashionable, or rather public end, the Whitehall, of the town of Pompeji ; a short trip will bring us into the High-street, the shops, bagnios, and the private dwellings of its inhabitants. Let us see what is going on there.

It is from a corn-field you descend into the excavated upper end of the High-street of this town. An awful sensation of melancholy seized upon my mind when I beheld these sad remains of former opulence and comfort. In viewing the remnants of remote ages, we are generally capable of tracing the period of their duration from exterior marks left upon them by the hand of TIME. But here, I confess, my ideas of time were so strangely assailed and bewildered, that, were I to repeat all the whimsical doubts which on this occasion found their way into my brain, my possession of the latter might, I truly fear, be disputed. What, said I, is this string of events this something, which history intercalates between the catastrophe and the discovery ? A point in the infinite series of eternity ; the passing of which we contrive to ascertain by the apparent rotation of the sun, or of some heavenly body or other within our observation.—Now let us, for once, suppose the sun, moon, stars, &c. stood still (apparently or in reality) —no night, no noon, no alternate changes of seasons—in fact, no exterior data by which to assist (like the pious Catholic, who depends upon the beads in his rosary for the numbers of Paternosters and Avemarias he has discharged,) suppose, I say, a total absence of external means to assist that faculty of our mind, called memory ; a faculty which, under such conditions, would, I suspect, be either intirely wanting, or turn out quite another sort of thing—What then becomes of your *time*, of history, our age, our actions ? The *time* for our meals would solely depend upon our appetite, there being no morning for breakfast, no noon or night for dinner ; no method for computing wages, salaries, or interest ; no possibility

sibility of combination in the movements of armies, or the transactions of common life. What a chaos of confusion! arising solely from a fixed situation of the earth and the heavenly bodies, from a mere want of motion ; without which, it would appear impossible for time to exist.

Heavens! whither am I wandering? What in the world could possess me to make you pay postage for my metaphysical dreams; instead of sending you a sober and cool description of this street, which consists of a narrow road for carts, with foot-pavements on each side. The middle road is paved with large blocks of lava, and the ruts of the wheels proclaim its antiquity, even at the time of its being overwhelmed : the footpaths are more elevated than those in London, generally a foot and a half from the level of the carriage road. The houses on each side, whether shops or private buildings, have no claim to external elegance ; they consist but of a ground-floor, and have no opening towards the street, except the door. No window is to be seen, unless the open counter of the shops towards the street be deemed such. The windows of the private houses look into an inner square court ; and even those are generally so high, that to look out of them, must have required a foot-stool. The apartments themselves, are, with the exception of one in each house which probably served as a drawing-room, extremely diminutive, and many very low. How the great Romans, for whom the world was too little, could bear to be cooped up in those little cells, not much larger than a water-closet, in a climate like this, will be a nut to crack for the antiquarians. Don Michele perhaps saved them the trouble. "If," he observed, "I could persuade myself that these pigsties were actually the work of Roman architecture, I should feel no difficulty in solving the doubts of my credulous English friend. It was these very confined cells which made them so eager to get abroad, and enlarge, by conquests, their elbow-room ; and the same reason induces

us

us modern Italians, who live in comfortable, lofty, and spacious dwellings, to remain where we are ; convinced as we feel, that any change of abode would only be for the worse."

Friend Michele uttered this opinion of his with that unfortunate ambiguity of accent, peculiar to a certain description of people, which left it doubtful whether his meaning was ironical or serious. The name of pigsties, however, they can only deserve from their size. In point of decoration, the Pompejan rooms are neat, and, in many instances, superlatively elegant; the floors generally consist of figured pavements, either in larger stones of various colours, regularly cut and symmetrically disposed, or composed of some beautiful mosaic, with a fanciful border, and some animal or figure in the middle. It is surprising into how many pleasing shapes the fertile imagination of the artists would convert an endless variety of geometrical lines and figures in the design of their borders : their tesselated pavements alone would evince their skill in geometry. The ground is usually white, the ornaments black, but other colours are often employed with increased effect. Thus much for the floors! The walls of the rooms are equally if not more deserving our attention: they are painted, either in compartments, exhibiting some mythological or historical event, or simply coloured over with a light ground, adorned with a border, and perhaps an elegant little vignette, in the middle, or at equal distances. The former (the historical paintings) no longer exist in Pompeji; for wherever a wall was found which contained a tolerable picture of some distinct subject, the Neapolitan government took off the painting, together with the upper surface of the wall, and deposited it in the museum at Portici; so that in those apartments which had previously been the most elegant, the bare walls thus spoliated, now only remain.

You may well suppose, dear T. that the greatest care and ingenuity were required to peel off, by means of sawing, pieces of

of wall, twenty and more square feet in extent, without destroying the picture; and I was astonished to find, from the numerous specimens in the museum, how successful this mode had proved: yet even this method was no modern invention; for, strange to tell, among the excavated remains of Stabiæ, the workmen discovered an apartment with some paintings, which had been separated, by the ancients themselves, from some wall (in Greece perhaps) with the obvious intent of being inserted in another place: but the operation was prevented by the ruin of the city; and the paintings, therefore, were found merely leaning with one side against the wall of the apartment.

However desireable it would have been to have left the rooms in the same state in which they were first discovered, yet as there is no roof to any of the houses, the paintings would soon have been destroyed by the dust and rain; and, in this point of view, it appears judicious to have secured these valuable, and almost only remains of ancient painting, in a manner which insures their preservation for centuries to come.

Be this as it may, it certainly is greatly to be lamented that, on the first discovery of these treasures of antiquity, it was not thought proper to adopt a more effectual method for preserving them entire and uninjured to future ages. Such an object might have been attained with ease, and with, comparatively, little expense, by repairing every house as soon as it was entirely excavated, constructing a roof for each, and otherwise restoring it, as much as possible, to its pristine state. This done, the paintings, mosaics, statues, vases, in short, every thing might safely have been left in the place to which it belonged, the whole town would have formed the most valuable museum in the universe, and its existence, by a careful superintendence, and occasional repairs,

pairs, might thus have been prolonged for many centuries to come; whereas, in its present abandoned state, the walls of the houses will soon fall in—indeed some are decaying very fast—and, in less than a hundred years, the benefit of the singular volcanic preservation for so many ages will have been in vain; the appearance of Pompeji, if then it be at all discernible, will be no wise different from many other masses of Italian ruins, a shapeless heap of stones and rubbish.

This idea, it would not even now be too late to adopt; and I took an opportunity to suggest it to a gentleman connected with the Museum at Portici; but he shrugged up his shoulders, saying, "Your plan, sir, is great and beautiful, like every thing which comes from your nation; but its execution, believe me, would require means far beyond the reach of this government. Little as may appear to you to have been done by us, you would be surprised to hear of the immense sums which have hitherto been expended in these excavations; not only for the wages of labourers and workmen, who necessarily proceed very slowly, but also in the purchase of the lands under which the city is buried, and which of course, by the digging, are rendered useless, without in many instances, remunerating the sacrifice by any discoveries of value or interest.

These arguments certainly carry their weight in the mouth of a Neapolitan, and the necessity of resorting to them will, I fear, long exist. Were Pompeji as near to London as it is to Naples, in a few years time not a privy would remain hid: if the government were disinclined to undertake the excavation, a subscription of private individuals would soon furnish the means of accomplishing so desirable an object.

But these are pious wishes, which shall no longer detain me from the thread of my subject.

I was speaking of the painted decorations of the rooms, and especially of those which still remain in their places, the subjects of which are more of the fanciful and ornamental, than the historical kind. Although the former are certainly inferior to the latter, yet, for the present, I chiefly confine myself to what is to be met with on the spot, as I shall hereafter have an opportunity of describing some of the most valuable of those paintings which were separated from the walls, and lodged in the museum.

To shew the brilliancy of the paintings, our veteran guide threw over one of the walls of an apartment a pailful of water, which spread a temporary lustre over the colours, deadened by the dust and flying sand. They certainly looked as if they had been laid on but a month ago; even the greens had faded little, or perhaps not at all: for who can tell the precise hue of the original tint? As you are something of an artist, it will not be tedious to you to read a few desultory remarks on the mechanical part of ancient painting, which occurred to me on the spot.

Notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, it appears still a matter of doubt to me, whether the medium used for laying on the colours in the Pompejan rooms, was not different from that employed in our fresco paintings, of which description these are generally supposed to be: no rubbing with a wet finger was capable of detaching the least tint from the walls. I am, therefore, inclined to believe, that either the medium itself was some oily or unctuous liquid; or that, if the paintings were really *al fresco*, a coat of some such substance was afterwards laid over the whole like a varnish: indeed, a faint gloss is easily perceptible; but, upon the whole,

whole, I would fain give my opinion in favour of the oily medium, the peculiar character of which the strokes of the pencil carry with them. To this hypothesis it has been objected, that the heat of the volcanic sand with which the rooms must have been overwhelmed, would have affected the oil; but it remains to be proved, that the whole interior of the rooms was completely filled with sand of such a heat as to injure the oil. If such had been the case, the colours themselves must necessarily have suffered, or have been changed, which is no where perceptible. This latter circumstance, indeed, appears altogether astonishing, and to me, I own, perfectly inexplicable.

In regard to the pigments themselves, it would be an enquiry of importance to the arts, if their nature were investigated by a person of chemical knowledge: but as I have no pretensions to such a qualification, and since the mere permission of *eyeing* the pictures would not suffice for such a research, I must regret the necessity of dismissing so interesting a topic in a superficial manner.

The use of various kinds of ochres, from the pale buff to the burnt brown, is obviously and abundantly discernible: a metallic light blue, of a beautiful hue, and a similar green, appears likewise to have had a place on the Pompejan pallet; vermilion, of equal brightness at least with our present one, I have seen no where; but a red, somewhat darker and duller, such as would be produced by a mixture of about two-thirds of our vermilion and one third of burnt umber, has been copiously employed in every apartment; even the columns of the barracks are painted with that colour. It is, however, not impossible but this red may have been pure vermilion, and have suffered some deterioration of lustre from heat and time. The dark blue comes nearest to our indigo. Very bright yellows are not to be met with; per-

haps more on account of the harshness of their effect, than from the want of a pigment of that kind. Some yellow draperies in the pictures of the musuem, indeed, prove that the ancients possessed adequate colours for that tint; but there is nothing which approaches our fine lakes. Of greens there is every imaginable variety in the abundance of foliage and garlands: and the white and black are likewise excellent; although, from the nature of those colours, it is impossible to compare them with our modern pigments of the same hue.

In regard to the merits of the ornamental paintings, it is natural to suppose, that all are not equally praise-worthy; but thus much I may venture to say, that while none deserve the stigma of daubings, very many are exquisitely beautiful. In the borders of foliage, there is an airiness, taste, elegance, and truth, which you have no conception of: indeed, upon a pretty extensive inspection of the works of ancient art, they appear to me to possess one feature of pre-eminence over those of modern artists, which may always serve as a test of their authenticity. This consists in that characteristic truth, calm repose, want of frivolity and meretricious ornaments, that sublime simplicity which, with a few exceptions, and those of very recent date, our modern productions are destitute of. The drawings at Pompeji look as if they had been taken from nature; most of our's, as if they had been copied from a drawing-book. This characteristic fidelity extends to the most trivial subjects. A vine-leaf, to be sure, is a vine-leaf; a butterfly, a butterfly: and both, drawn by the generality of the painters of our times, will, without a superscription, be recognized; but they will want the peculiarity of character which, at first sight, strikes the eye with pleasure, and which, in an ancient painting, is obvious. Thus you observe, on one of the walls, a little vignette, representing a number of fish basking in the water, drawn in a most masterly style of nature: not, by any means, with

Dutch

Dutch minuteness; on the contrary, bold; but so expressive, so fanciful, that you forget the triviality of the subject in the discerning skill of the artist. On another wall, the eager contest of some birds pecking at fruit, is every thing but life itself. A heap of dead game, a parcel of naked boys playing—how natural, how inimitably true!

I am aware, dear T. that the above reproach of want of expression, does not attach to the *early* masters of modern art. The placid innocence of Raphael, the divine serenity of Guido, the manly firmness of Buonaroti, the awful sternness of Rosa, the poetic sublimity of Corregio; in short, the characteristic traits of many other celebrated early painters, gain our instant approbation, because nature alone was their prototype. In beholding the human features as represented by those artists, we seem as if we recollected the physiognomy; we are convinced it is not an unmeaning blank of expression we behold, but nature itself; assisted, perhaps, or embellished by genius. Far otherwise with the works of a ——, ——, ——, and a host of moderns. Their faces are as correct as insignificant; as void of error as they are of thought or expression. Some honourable exceptions, indeed, are to be found among the number of our British artists, but too few to invalidate the observation in a general point of view.

But enough of these speculations, to which I have given vent the more freely, as I was sure, my dear T. you would understand, you would feel the meaning of my remarks: otherwise, indeed, I should have reason to fear, all I said would appear downright nonsense. *Sapienti sat!*

Besides the *naïveté* and truth in the design of the decorative paintings discovered in Pompeji, there is a humourous oddity in their composition, a fanciful extravagance which draws forth a simper of satisfaction. What can

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for instance be more ludicrous than a Grasshopper travelling in a buggy drawn by a grave Parrot*; a number of boys riding a race on dolphins; a woman selling Cupids from a cage; a Faun fighting a he-goat; a set of boys frightened by a little fellow's holding an ugly mask, as large as himself, before him; and a number of the like conceits, the offspring of a humourous, luxuriant, and *(entre nous soit dit)* lascivious fancy. But more of the latter presently.

Some of the rooms were painted in a different manner from any of the former. The walls were covered with designs of fanciful colonnades, lattice-work, and various architectural drawings, in the worst of tastes. The columns slender, of no defined order; the perspective, if any, wretched; in short, the whole without any elegance, symmetry, or plan whatever. Of this kind of decoration, several specimens are preserved in the museum; and the only thing which appeared interesting in them, was, the gradation of the five tints employed in their design, generally in the following order:—very light flesh-colour—a darker hue of the same—light red (middle tint)—deep red—brown. With those, light and shade were regularly produced, as in some of our modern paintings and paper-hangings, in what is, rather improperly, termed the *chiar' oscuro* manner. You know what I allude to. These architectural specimens, some of the landscapes, and other pieces elsewhere seen, prove, I think, one fact which is rather singular:—the ancients, however great their skill in geometry, were ignorant of the *science* of perspective. For although their paintings shew, that they were sometimes aware of the propriety of lessening distant objects in representing the same on a plane surface, yet it is as evident, that this experience had not by them been expanded into a mathematical system, susceptible of calculation. The objects in their paintings do not converge towards

* See plate 9.

wards one horizontal point; they rise behind and above each other; the further ends of the roofs are drawn upwards; all looks as if taken from a bird's-eye view; or, as I have observed in a former letter, like the drawings of the Chinese, or of our very early modern artists.

The above, I think, will enable you to form a pretty accurate idea of the private dwellings in the town of Pompeji. Probably the description falls as short of your expectation, as the sight of them did of mine. Take away the painted walls and the mosaic pavements, and Don Michele's epithet will not be far from truth. Possibly, the circumstance of the houses having but a ground floor, may be attributed to the fear of earthquakes, which the vicinity of Vesuvius must have rendered as frequent in those times, as they are at this moment; probably indeed more so, the volcano not having then burst itself a vent for the combustible and fermenting matter contained in the bowels and subterraneous precints of the mountain. But waving the consideration of earthquakes, we need not feel any degree of surprise at the diminutive size of these habitations. It is in their temples and public buildings only, that the ancient Romans and Greeks displayed the grandeur and costliness we still admire; while in their own dwellings and habits of private life, they were generally as humble and frugal, as they were magnificent and sumptuous in the former. I say, *generally*; for I am well aware, that the luxury of some Patricians in the capital, after the conquests of Corinth and Carthage, would form an exception to my argument. But in the country towns, the extravagance of the metropolis would in all probability find few admirers or imitators.

We now strolled down the High-street, and had proceeded but a few yards, when Don Michele, looking upwards, exclaimed, with a burst of laughter, "*G....o ! che cosa rara abbiamo*

abbiamo qui ! ! *" Indeed, short sighted as I am, it required no optic aid to perceive, on the wall of one of the houses, a piece of sculpture, in basso-relievo, representing a monstrous emblem, of more than Patagonian dimensions. Here, I confess, my powers of divination were completely at a stand. I could not possibly guess at the meaning of so extraordinary a curiosity. Uncertain whether this most curious relic of antiquity was intended to proclaim the trade carried on within (in which case certainly a more unequivocal shop-board could scarcely be devised), or whether the house itself was dedicated to some of the singular religious rites so common among the pagans, I stopped short for a moment. Don Michele, observing with inward triumph my astonishment at so unusual an exhibition, receded two steps, then rested the whole weight of his body on his left leg, with the additional support of his gold-headed cane, which being forforcibly planted against his left hip-bone, acted the part of a buttress ; and concealed, by an application of his right thumb on one side, and his forefinger on the other, the best part of his pleasant chin, which, maugre this temporary framing, still retained the usual proportion to the rest of his face. Having gained this attitude of defiance, his eyes only, not his face, were, with an arch significancy, directed towards me for a second or two, previously to the following address :

" I long to know what you, Signor Don Luigi, the champion of antiquity, think of this classic jewel."

My hopes to ward off the threatened attack, by observing to my friend the little benefit that the knowledge of my sentiments could produce to *him,* who had a short time ago solemnly pronounced the whole of the objects around us a modern forgery, were in vain.—Don Michele replied, " If any

* Zounds ! what rare curiosity have we got here ! !

any thing, sir, could induce me to retract the opinion you allude to, it would be the discovery of this very unique piece of sculpture, which, whatever may be my opinion of the rest, from its *classic elegance, and the beauty of its proportions*, I firmly believe to be a true relic of ancient art."

This concession obliged me to shift my ground. I had not come twelve miles in the heat of the day, to hold a disputation in the main street of Pompeji; I therefore turned the tables on my litigious friend, by telling him, that whatever might be my opinion of the rest, an opinion which he well knew already, the *basso-relievo* in question, certainly had all the appearance of a fraudulent addition: but that, if he chose, we would talk over the subject on our way home, and not lose our time in disputing, since much was yet to be seen, and the day far advanced.

For once, friend Michele consented to this suspension of arms, and left me to proceed in my antiquarian investigation.

To you, however, who are not a party concerned, I may freely impart some reflections which this *basso-relievo*, as well as other plastic curiosities of a similar description, have elicited.

In England, where our ideas of delicacy are perhaps the most refined, the public exposure of a similar sculpture would probably render the street as impassable to the fair sex, as was the avenue of that synagogue, in the entrance of which a wag had suspended a full-grown pig, the clamour and contortions of which finally obliged the Israelitish congregation to get out by the windows. To an Englishman, therefore, uninitiated in the customs of antiquity, it would appear utterly impossible, for a Roman matron, or maiden of chastity, not to go any round, rather than pass this obnoxious house; until he learns, to his unspeakable astonishment, that many

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of the ancient lamps to be seen at Portici, and in almost every museum, were of the like figure ; that similar emblems were not only frequently worn as amulets, or even as fashionable broaches, by those very matrons and virgins, but often adored by them in temples raised to their honour. How many statues and groupes are still extant, which attest the warm and erotic fancy of the ancients! Witness the numerous hermaphrodites, fauns, and nymphs, and a variety of others, which, although received into our museums, are carefully secluded by curtains and presses from the eyes of promiscuous visitors; or, like the group of the goat and satyr in the vault at Portici, absolutely hidden from the face of the earth. What else is to be inferred from all this, but that the notions of decorum were then different from what they are with us? And is this to be wondered at, when we reflect, that those notions are very different among different nations at the present day? In Russia, for instance, men and women bathe together in parties ; in France, ... But I need not adduce any of the numerous facts or instances I have in store from personal experience, to prove that a French, Italian, or Russian lady, of equal correctness in point of conduct with an English-woman, will allow herself expressions and actions which the latter would shrink from with disgust. But not in different countries alone are the ideas of decency so very different; even in the same country they rise and fall, according to a variety of circumstances which possess immediate influence on them. Not to travel abroad for an example, surely an English audience, at the time of Congreve, Mrs. Centlivre, and other dramatic authors of libertine memory, could not have possessed the same degree of delicacy and modesty as we happily boast of at present, who shudder at even an equivocal expression employed by our modern writers for the stage.

Let us, therefore, dear T. behave with candour and toleration to those fair Pompejans, whose callings obliged them to pass

pass by this unfortunate spot; let us be persuaded, they would cast down their looks, or, at best, only steal a side glance through their fan-sticks; or, if they did not mince the matter, that all was allowed by usage, and *selon la coutume du päys.*

My *fidus Achates,* by degrees, now began to be a most troublesome companion (*Angl.* boar). Like the quicksilver which rises in the tube in proportion as the atmospheric fluid is extracted from the receiver of an air pump, so did his ill-humour increase in the same degree as his patience was gradually exhausting by the variety of objects on which he set no value, however interesting they appeared to me. This disorganization of temper was not only most legibly pourtrayed upon his countenance (which with a Neapolitan is an unerring index of the state of his mind), but presently burst forth in the surly question addressed to our guide: *Ce ne sono altre cog.....ie da veder*?* To which the phlegmatic invalid simply and drily replied, *Spetta 'n pò†,* leading the way out of this excavation up the hill, over some rich cornfields and vineyards. Rejoiced at the idea of feasting my *classic* eyes on new objects of admiration, I hastened after him with renovated strength and spirits; but Don Michele, who, in addition to other grievances, now also pleaded the cravings of his *unclassic* stomach, brought up the rear with as good a grace as I have seen a poor deserter descend the gloomy steps of the Savoy. To set his latter plea aside, and to invigorate him for new exertions, it was of no avail to promise him as good a *dinner* as the best inn at Resina could afford; he coldly replied, *Sara una* cena, *se pur troviamo da mangiare‡.*

Amidst such edifying discourse we arrived at another portion

* Is there any other nonsense to be viewed? † Wait a bit.

‡ It will be a *supper,* if we find any thing to eat at all.

tion of Pompeji (laid open like the former), into which we immediately descended. It was likewise part of a street, and as the guide informed me, perfectly in line with the one we had already seen ; a circumstance which, coupled with that of its equality in width and appearance, strongly induces a belief that *this* excavated fragment is only a continuation, or, rather the other end of the *former*. If so, Pompeji must have been a very considerable town, and its main street nearly a mile in length. Among the houses on both sides, there were shops and private dwellings as before ; and some of the latter, which we entered, were distinguished, like those we had previously viewed, by the remains of former internal elegance, such as tesselated pavements, painted walls, &c. ; most of them had likewise an interior court, with apartments around, but again all wonderfully diminutive.

At the end of this street was the town-gate, consisting of three outlets : the middle and larger one (over the street) for carts and horses ; and the smaller ones on each side (over the foot-pavement) for pedestrians, exactly similar to our Temple-bar ; only that the architecture of this gate was rude, and destitute of any ornament whatever, and the footway about a foot and half raised from the level of the street ; a circumstance which strongly bespeaks the sobriety of the former inhabitants *.

To the left of the gate (going out of the town) I perceived a court-yard of a singular appearance ; and no sooner had the guide, on my enquiry, stated it to be a churchyard, or, rather, burying-ground, than Don Michele, with a deep-fetched sigh, exclaimed, *Grazie a Dio ! siamo finalmente al termine di questa crociata d'anticaglie*† ; thinking probably that all ended with death. But here again he found himself disappointed, as

* See plate 6.

† Thank God ! we are come at last to the end of our antiquarian crusade.

VIEW OF THE GATE & HIGH STREET OF POMPEJI.

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as you shall presently hear. This was really a most curious place; and, if minutely investigated, might yield matter enough for a distinct treatise. Don Grumble tried even here to give vent to his spleen. "A burying-place, forsooth!" he called out; "why, 'tis not large enough to bury the Pompejan cats, much less its Christians—Pagans, I was going to say. Besides, did not the Romans uniformly *burn* their dead?"—Certainly, from its limited extent, this could never have been the general burying-place for all Pompeji, or even for the twentieth part of its probable population. In my humble opinion, therefore, this spot might rather have been destined as a place of interment for some particular family; or, what I am still more inclined to believe, for such of the citizens as by their actions or conduct were judged worthy of a public funeral and monument; for the ancients did not carry their religious zeal so far as to make the temples of their gods a receptacle for putrefaction; nor had they an idea, that the inhalation of the pestilential effluvia by the congregation, and the consequent injury to their *bodily* health, could be compensated by the *spiritual* edification dispensed to them at the same time. They, in their simplicity, buried their dead along the highway, as we do the worst of our criminals. I say *buried*; for the custom among the Romans of burning the dead, was, I suspect, confined to the opulent: and as to the Greeks, who constituted the greater part of the population of Pompeji, I know of no instance of their burning their dead.—But let us stop here; for I perceive you are in a fair way of having a dissertation of mine on the funeral ceremonies of the Romans, which, if you have any wish at all to descend into minute particulars, you had much better acquaint yourself with, from the writings of Lipsius or Montfaucon. As to this cemetery, you no doubt, and very justly too, expect a detailed account of its monuments and inscriptions, which, to my shame and misfortune, I am not able to give you, harassed as I was by the clamours of my companion, and overpowered as I felt by the

the heat, *muffeta**, and want of food of any kind for many hours. Under such circumstances, I hope I shall stand excused, if I briefly state, that, among the monuments, one attracted my particular notice, being composed of a truncated column raised on an elevated pedestal, both of common stone. Of the same material was the wall which surrounded this yard. Along its inner surface ran a Latin inscription, in letters of at least a foot in length ; and below this inscription, as well as parallel with it, extended a stone seat from one end of the semicircle to the other, probably for the accommodation of the congregation to hear the funeral sermon.

On this form had friend Michele seated himself, when the invalid, in his Neapolitan *patois*, said, *Mmo' andiam' al'casin di Ceceron*†. This summons was a very thunderbolt to my exhausted friend, who solemnly declared that he would not stir another step, unless it were for an immediate return. All the arts of rhetoric, all the most pressing entreaties were in vain ; he would wait on this funeral bench till we came back. Nor did he relent from this determination, till the guide had told him that our return would not be through this place, that there was a shorter cut, and that this said villa would take us very little out of our road. This information of the veteran's met with more success than all my persuasive arguments. Don Michele rose, grumbling best part of the way, and muttering *pazzie*‡, and other such like courteous epithets in his beard.

The villa was not near so far as we had imagined, for less than five minutes' walk brought us to the spot. As Cicero is known to have had a villa in this neighbourhood, it is not impossible this *may* have been his country-seat ; at all events,

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* A name given to the noxious vapours which, more or less, are felt on this side of Mount Vesuvius.

† Now let us go to Cicero's villa. ‡ Mad nonsence.

a villa it certainly was. Before a small, but neat house, a garden was laid out, in the middle of which a pond was sunk. The empty receptacle of water was in good preservation; the stone borders of the compartments of the garden were likewise plainly discernible. The statues, however, with which, according to the guide's information, the whole was found decorated at the first discovery, had of course been removed to the king's museum; but the remains of a covered walk around the garden were still to be seen. We deferred the nearer investigation of all these matters of curiosity until we should have viewed the wine cellar, which we were told was particularly worthy of notice, and which, for a wonder, my friend seemed anxious to examine. However if his anxiety proceeded from an expectation of tasting some fine samples of choice wines, he must have felt considerable disappointment at the sight of a number of *empty* earthen jars, once perhaps the receptacles of exquisite *Tuscan, Falernian,* or *Chian,* of which, Time, the destroyer of all things, has not left a "wreck behind." Nay, here I am saying too much—a wreck certainly there was; for, at the bottom of some of the jars, a residuary crust was left, resembling the coke of a burnt resinous substance. This was evidently the *caput mortuum* of the former grape juice; and our chemical friend, A. no doubt would have given the world for a specimen of this *carbonate of wine,* which he would not have failed to subject to a most rigorous chemical analysis, in order to be able to tell how many grains and thousandth parts, of *tartrate, nitrate, sulphate, muriate, phosphate, borate, carbonate, fluate, gelatine, saccharine, alumine,* and God knows what other *ates* or *ines,* it contained to a hair. Like St. Crispin, therefore, who stole the leather in order to be able to present the barefooted poor with shoes to their feet, I tried to crib a little morsel of the vinous crust for the laboratory of our curious friend; but you may tell him, all my Spartan efforts were absolutely fruitless; the eyes of our Argus were fixed

fixed on the jars, as if they held as many ingots—bank-notes I was going to say—as the vaults in Threadneedle-street are supposed to contain. Yet, the intended theft might probably have been consummated ; but, on a sudden, a hollow rolling, resembling that of thunder, reverberated through the curved ceiling of this dismal vault. The awful sound seemed to operate on all our nerves: for my part, I own, the unfortunate catastrophe of the poor Pompejans at once presented itself in the most horrid colours before my mind's eye. I expected an instantaneous eruption of the neighbouring volcano, Pompeji overwhelmed a second time, and me with it; to be excavated, perhaps, some thousand years hence; by an excusable anachronism to be taken for a Roman skeleton, and hung up, and handled by every curious miss, in the museum of one of our descendants.

While concatenating this gloomy train of ideas (which was but the work of a moment), Don Michele had already saved himself by a precipitate flight. We followed him, to gain the light of day. As soon as we had cleared the dismal vault and joined him, to our inexpressible joy, we ascertained the cause of our terror. It was real thunder we had heard, not the rumbling of the mountain. A darkened portion of the horizon protended an approaching storm ; no one had any farther thoughts of examining the apartments of the villa, its fishpond, *parterres,* and covered walks. *Sauve qui peut* was the word ; and in less than a quarter of an hour, our guide brought us through the ancient barrack-yard and the lattice gate, to his lodge, where we found our caless ready to receive us, and (accounts settled) drove, amidst flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, *ventre à terre* towards Resina.

The thermometor of my friend's spirits which had sunk to 0, began now to shew a disposition for rising : he grew insensibly a little more affable, and my hopes of seeing him presently

presently restored to good humour, were very sanguine. But the elements were leagued against us! Hitherto the electric conflict above our heads had been confined to a variety of dry experiments of sparks and intonations, but now a few scanty, but broad drops, by their heavy fall, effected a visible change in the pattern of my neighbour's orange-purple silk frock. The shower increased, and Don Michele, who seemed perfectly aware of the danger to which his holiday suit was exposed, begged me to stop the horse.—In an instant his cocked beaver was whipt, with the utmost *sang froid,* into the seat, and replaced by a *bandeau,* skilfully formed with his handkerchief, which unequivocally betrayed his attachment to the narcotic comfort of Virginia dust; with the same celerity his upper garment was turned inside out, and a pleasing contrast formed between the milky hue of the sleeves and the purple bombazeen lining subtending the rest of the habit. He was now, with my active assistance, *à l'abri des injures du temps,* prepared for the worst;

Impavidum nunc ferient imbres. HORACE. (Mutat. Mutand.)

Thus transfigured, he sat down, and begged me, *per l'amor di Dio,* to drive on quickly. But all the speed in the horse's heels would not have saved us from a thorough drenching, had we not soon found a house to get under shelter.

This was a manufacture of maccaroni, and the master and man happened fortunately to be busily employed in preparing that delicious farinaceous food. I observed the whole process attentively; and as you are probably unacquainted with the method of making it, shall give you a short account of my observations.—The dough had already been mixed; but the manufacturer informed me, that it consisted of nothing but the very finest flour and a small quantity of water; no eggs whatever, as he repeatedly assured me. The mode of kneading, which I was a witness to, appeared to me singular. A thick boom, of about eight feet in length, was so fastened by one end, as to turn round horizontally, and also to be

raised and depressed vertically; under this boom the mass of dough was placed, as large in bulk as the largest of our Cheshire cheeses; the two men then leaned with all their weight on the other end of the boom, which they pressed down and suffered to rise alternately; and, while doing this, they carried the boom almost through a whole semicircle forwards, and then again backwards, round its center. By this operation of so powerful a lever, the dough, although extremely stiff and stubborn, became well worked and fit for the next process, that of giving it the form under which it is sold.

This was done by a large press, like one of our cyder-presses, with a cavity of about a foot in the solid, into which a portion of the dough was placed. At the bottom of this cavity a metal plate was fixed with small round holes, of the diameter of the tube of an earthen tobacco-pipe. Another lever being inserted into the screw of the press, the dough was forced through the little apertures in the plate, and came out in a number of long filaments. These, when they had got to the length of about two feet, were quickly cut off by one of the men, and suspended in the air to dry. This operation was successively repeated until the quantum of dough in the press was nearly exhausted; when a fresh supply was added, and the process begun anew.—In this expeditious manner an incredible quantity of maccaroni was manufactured during the short time of about twenty minutes that we staid in the place; enough certainly to afford a meal for upwards of three hundred people.

I have been thus particular in my description, because I think maccaroni a very desirable article of common food, both on account of its cheapness and its wholesome nature; and therefore could wish it to be generally introduced in England. A small quantity of fat meat is sufficient to make a broth or gravy, with which the maccaroni may be dressed; but

but without any meat, simply boiled in water, drained, and some hot butter poured over it, it forms a relishing dish. The common people in Italy prepare it in this simple way. As it keeps good for any length of time, it is well calculated for long sea voyages; and, I should think, would answer well in our navy. I have seen some of our sailors eat maccaroni as heartily as any Neapolitan, and make no doubt they would be glad to have it once a week at least. Having thus let you into the mystery of maccaroni-making, it will but be fair to let your humble servant go shares, should you be able to get a maccaroni-contract from the Victualling Board, or the king's patent for home consumption. We can *(entre nous soit dit)* afford it for four-pence the pound, while your Italian oil-shops sell it for eighteen-pence and two-shillings!!

During the time I gathered all this valuable information, Don Michele was busily employed in wiping and drying his best suit, and making himself decent. In this laudable effort he had succeeded before the rain was over; we therefore once more mounted our vehicle, and quickly arrived at Resina, where I had determined to dine. On mentioning this resolve to Don Michele, he replied with a smiling self-sufficiency, *Lascia far a me**. Indeed in matters of catering he appeared much more at home than among the ruins of Pompeji. His local knowledge brought us to an inn, the rustic appearance of whose exterior, interior, and master, promised no sumptuous entertainment. The *padrone della casa* forthwith made his appearance *en négligé*, i. e. in a nightcap and calico jacket; and having understood our present wants, disappeared with the confidential assurance of *Avra un bon pranzo in un* MEZZO MOMENTO†. Leaving to better mathematicians the computation of the precise portion of time meant by half a moment (which in this instance amounted to

* Leave me alone for that. † You'll have a good dinner in *half a moment*.

to rather more than nineteen minutes and a half), I can only say, that our patience was put to no great trial. The *bon pranzo* (upon which many an Englishman might have starved) consisted of a tolerable vermicelli soup, a pork fry, a dish of delicate little fish, unluckily fried in oil, and a good salad. To us, however, all was manna in the desert. Don Michele, in particular, fell to with such energy and rapidity, that, before I had dispatched four or five of the tender *pisciculi*, my friend had emptied the dish altogether. The little animals glided down his *fauces*, unmasticated, much more quickly than I remember having seen them shoot through the transparent windings of their native rivulet. Fortunately the padrone was prepared for a second edition which was published immediately. To dine at the very foot of Vesuvius, and not drink *Lachrime Christi*, would have been worse than being at Rome and not seeing St. Peter's. On calling for that wine, our host asked, *Bulite roba buona* ?* which of course was answered in the affirmative. The Neapolitans, you must know, like a certain religious sect in England, rarely give you a direct answer to a question put to them: their reply generally consists in a new question, which *you* are to answer, thereby gaining an advantage over you. This, *en passant*, is not a bad device, and may with great profit be adopted in all cases, at least, where you are puzzled for an answer. But to return to the *Lachrime Christi*. That of our host's was so delicious, that, in spite of my physician's injunctions, the second bottle soon became a *desideratum*, and my friend now grew more jovial than ever I saw him, and perhaps than ever he had been in his life. He would give a specimen of his voice, and favoured the host and your humble servant with the pretty air, "*Sul margine d'un rio.*" To do him justice in this vocal attempt, he would probably have succeeded to admiration, had he not taken some unwarrantable liberties with the sharps and flats; one of which he would

* Would you have capital stuff?

would substitute for the other so frequently, that at the end of his cantata, he was not only a full fifth lower than when he began, but it was also impossible to guess whether the melody was in a minor or major key: as to time, the whole was given, *ad libitum,* without any servile adherence to bars or stops. On being pressed, in my turn, to sing an English air, I first begged my friend to stand up, and mine host to pull off his night-cap, and then began "God save the King," with the utmost glee of loyalty and patriotism; feelings excited the more powerfully, in proportion to the distance which separates us from a beloved country and sovereign.

Believe me, dear T. that no effort was spared on this occasion, to give my companion, as well as the landlord, a favourable idea of British harmonics; nay, I am sure, I never sung better in my life; yet this abominable Zoilus of modern times, this vile Don Snarl, had the impudence to observe, that however praiseworthy my execution, the English language appeared to him so harsh, as to be totally unfit for music. It was to no purpose to meet his criticism with the names of a Mrs. B. and Mr. B. He coolly said he had heard of both, but he very well knew the former to be of German extraction; and the latter to belong to a nation, whose kings were *virtuosos* before England was even discovered.

With such a subject, it would require angelic patience to pursue an argument; the less you say, therefore, the better. To cut the matter short, I demanded my bill, or, rather, the sum total of our entertainment; for bills of particulars are generally deemed here an unnecessary waste of time and paper. To my great surprise, our whole reckoning, including the two bottles of excellent wine, amounted to thirteen carlins and five grani (about 4s. 10d.): and this, Don Michele, who I believe would find fault (and not without cause)

cause) with his mother for bringing him into the world, thought exorbitant. It was dusk before we got into our gig again. A heavenly evening had succeeded the storm and shower; the latter had, as our friend A. would say, precipitated every azotic impurity in the atmosphere, and imparted to it a fresh supply of oxygen; a luxuriant vernal vegetation exhaled its perfumes more freely—it was a treat to breathe! A brilliant moon assisted to conduct us safely and pleasantly, through Portici, to the Castel del Carmine: skirting along the old walls of the city, we entered it by the Capuan gate, drove through Strada di Carbonara, passed the Largo delle pigne and the Regii Studii, up the hill to our head-quarters on the Infrescata.

Jam opus exegi! I have fulfilled, at last, your wish and my promise to give you a "full and particular account" of the remains of the interesting Pompeji. As full at least as the impaired, but, thank God, improving health of your friend would permit him to do. If it is beyond the reach of healthy mortals to furnish any thing perfect, how much greater is my claim on your indulgence, when you learn, that, amidst the very ruins of Pompeji, I had to swallow two different recipes:

R. Ferrug: martis ʒss. and

R. Infusi gentian: ʒj.
Tinct. Peruv: ʒij.

Fiat haustus in amphitheatro
Pompeji sumendus.

Ever your's.

LETTER IX.

NAPLES, May —, 1802.

My dear T.

ALTHOUGH it is but a few days since I had the pleasure of writing you a most ponderous treatise, yet I cannot resist the opportunity afforded me by Major N. who returns to England by the way of France, to send you a few lines. The short notice I had of his departure, which takes place to-morrow, leaves me no time to pen one of my tedious, digested, and systematic epistles; a circumstance which I regret the less, as I want, and really conceive myself entitled to, a little desultory chat with you, by way of relaxation from the fatigue my Pompejan narrative has caused me. You are, however, by no means to consider the latter subject as dismissed and exhausted. At some other time, and ere long probably, I shall endeavour to give you a description of some of the statues, paintings, other works of art, domestic utensils, manuscript papyri, &c. discovered in the subterraneous towns, and preserved in the museum at Portici. Of Herculaneum, likewise, it is my intention to say something hereafter. All in proper time! Now a few words on the public amusements of this city.

In Naples, as in every capital, dramatic performances take the lead in this chapter. At this season of the year, only two great theatres are generally open, the *Teatro Nuovo* and the *Teatro dei Fiorentini;* and to those my visits have not been frequent, their distance from my quarters counterbalancing, in a great measure, the pleasure to be derived from the representations; although I have generally my horse brought to the door to ride home. But even this is in many respects

respects inconvenient. In these theatres different companies perform operas, and sometimes plays in prose. The latter I have, for the sake of the language, attended more frequently than the operas; but I certainly have had no reason to alter the opinion on the prosaic dramas of Italy, which even better pieces and performers at Florence and Leghorn had impressed me with. Most of the plays I have seen, were translations or adaptations from German and French works; and the few pieces of original Italian growth were full of improbabilities in the plot, and of commonplace sentimental declamation. A generous prince, deluded by some crafty and wicked minister, and finally undeceived, seems to be a very favourite topic among their authors. Sentimental cant, also, appears to be the rage of the writers of the day in this part of the world: but here it is least at home; for a sentimental Italian, and above all a sentimental Neapolitan, is an absolute nondescript; and you that know my sentiments on sentimentality, will not think this observation of mine intended as a stigma on the Italian character, which, in spite of what has been said and echoed on the subject, I shall at all times be ready to defend against the commonplace aspersions of biassed, superficial, or malicious observers. As to performers, especially of the serious cast, I have not yet seen or heard of any whose talents had raised him above the level of a common player. Some of course are better than others; but none to my knowledge, have arrived at such distinguished eminence and fame in their profession, as Kemble, Talma, Iffland, &c. This unfavourable criticism of mine particularly applies to the serious aud tragic actors. In comedy the Italian is more at home; some comic actors I have seen, are at least equal to our best. By comic actors I do not absolutely mean buffoons: it is rather the chaste and judicious representative of a truly comic character I allude to; whose judgement tells him where to draw the line, so as not to descend into low farce, or overcharged buffoonery,

ery, who possesses taste and independence enough not to adapt his performance to the applause of the vulgar. In this walk of the drama, Italy can produce first-rate performers, and if the talents of those have not been crowned with universal fame and estimation, it is perhaps as much owing to the disrepute attached in this country to the profession in general, as to a misconceived inferiority in which the comic actor is universally held, in comparison with the serious performer. However, in the latter line even, an exception might be made in favour of the Italian females. The women generally acquitted themselves better of a tragic part than the men, with infinitely more truth and feeling; and this I would fain ascribe to the superior degree of sensibility with which the fair sex of all countries appear to be endowed. But really it must be a pleasure to act before an Italian audience: the greatest silence and decorum reigns through the whole house, no brutal pushing or crowding, no savage vociferations from the lower orders. But for an occasional "bravo," or now and then a slight whistle at some obnoxious piece of acting or expression, the audience might be compared to a congregation in a church. My station, when alone, is usually in the pit, where it is the spectator's own fault, if he is not at all times accommodated with a comfortable place; for every seat in the pit is a separate pew, which may be engaged in the morning, and which, once so secured, remains locked until the owner's arrival, let him come soon or late. The pew-opener then unlocks the seat, and moreover supplies you with a well-stuffed leather cushion, for which favour a donation of a mere trifle is thankfully received. This commendable arrangement contributes not a little to the order and decorum observed in the pit.

The music between the acts is so indifferent, that it would be doing it a service to say nothing about it, were it not for a most economical practice which I had frequent opportu-

nities of witnessing. The professors find their own light, should the internal light of memory not enable them to play their parts in the dark. Those therefore who labour under that mental disadvantage, bring a slender wax taper in their pockets, to light their path through the labyrinth of minims, crotchets, and quavers. But no sooner does the curtain rise again that—phtt!! out goes the taper by an adroit blow, a few additional whiffs congeal the liquid wax round the wick, to enable the owner to deposit his property, without injury to his pocket; for to leave the candle on the desk, might be a temptation to his professional neighbour. The Dutch themselves, I wager, have not carried economy so far.

Thus much of the prosaic drama of Naples. As to the opera, it is needless to go into any detail; it is exactly similar to all Italian operas, and to our establishment at the King's Theatre in London; except the orchestra, which is not near so good and numerous as ours*. But the scenery, of the new pieces in particular, is beautiful. This excellency, in my opinion, arises from a perfect observance of the rules of perspective, as well as from a skilful disposition of light and shade. The latter merit is peculiar to Italian artists, and may perhaps be attributed to a natural cause; the brilliancy of the sun's rays through the serene medium of an Italian atmosphere, by which every projecting object may naturally be supposed to receive a greater degree of light, and to cast a stronger and more marked shadow than is the case among our cloudy skies and insular fogs. The perspective of the back scenes here seldom fronts the pit, so as to be in the direction of a perpendicular with the proscenium; it generally merges into an acute angle towards the right or left: and it is surprising, how much the optic deception

* The theatre of St. Carlo, which had not opened yet at the date of this letter, forms an exception to this observation.

ception is assisted by this contrivance. Of the performers, Casaciello is deservedly ranked among the first buffos in Italy; a mere grimace of his is sufficient to call into action the risible nerves of the whole house. Signora ——— also, as prima donna buffa, possesses great comic talents, which are much enhanced by an ever-smiling flow of spirits and a beautiful face. These rare gifts of nature have acquired her, besides the protection of a wealthy German merchant, a number of additional successful admirers.

The famous theatre of St. Carlo, the Colosseum of modern times, is still shut, but will shortly open with a great serious opera, composed by Guglielmi. I hope it will happen before my departure, in which case you may depend upon receiving my observations on this immense structure, as well as on the performance.

On the Largo del Castello, there is a small theatre for broad farces in the Neapolitan dialect, which, to a Tuscan, is nearly as unintelligible as the Welch to an Englishman. From my first visit, therefore, I derived little entertainment: since that, however, I have made myself more familiar with that idiom, and twice devoted an hour to the whims and drolleries of Pulcinello, at which I laughed very heartily. The audience, it is true, is none of the genteelest, but as long as priests go, I need not be ashamed of the company.

The Thuilleries, as a place of public resort, claim a place in the chapter of public amusements. The Neapolitans do not appear to be very partial to pedestrian exercise; on the contrary, to go on *foot* for pleasure is considered degrading. Hence the immense procession of motley vehicles to be seen every Sunday afternoon on the shore of Chiaja. This suburb of Naples, extending along the bay towards the Grotta di Posilipo, is justly deemed the most elegant and fashionable

part of the town. On one side of a broad and open tract of beach, a magnificent row of houses overlooks the whole gulph. Here the air in summer is refreshed by cooling sea-breezes, and in winter tempered by the reflection of the sun from the over-topping mountains, which at the same time afford a complete shelter from the north and north-east winds. The most delightful gardens, abounding with orange and lemon trees, cover the hills; on every side numerous and elegant pleasure-houses rear their front between an ever-verdant foliage. Here and there the classic pine, with its tufted top, or the majestic cedar with its upright stem and sombre leaves, add to the beauty and variety of the scene. On this charming spot, the present king has laid out the public walks, which go under the name of Thuilleries. They consist of several parallel avenues of trees, like our mall in St. James's Park, but not so rich in shade and foliage; running fountains are disposed in different parts, and small pavilions invite the weary to rest. But what, next to its contiguity to the sea, and the delightful prospect over the bay as well as the adjoining hills, renders this walk unique in its kind, is the embellishment it has of late received from several exquisite antique statues of the finest white marble, taken out of the rich Farnesian collection, which the king, not long ago, inherited at the extinction of the family of Farnese, and which, being conveyed to Naples, is now deposited in the museum called *Regii Studii*. But to return to the Thuilleries, and its statues: You will be surprised to hear that in the center of the walk stands the celebrated group of the *Toro Farnese*, the design of which is in your collection. This, in my opinion, is the very finest group of ancient art, and superior even to the Laocoon. Placed on an elegant and lofty pedestal, it is seen to the greatest advantage, and the soft hue of its cream-coloured marble is finely relieved by the contrast of verdure which surrounds it. However praiseworthy the liberality of the monarch in devoting such

treasures

treasures to the public amusement, yet it is greatly to be feared, that their exposure to the injuries of the weather, and, above all, to the saline and corroding effects of the sea air, will in time destroy much of their inimitable beauty. As yet they are uninjured! This certainly is the only danger they are exposed to in this country, where no brutal Vandalism takes delight in defacing or mutilating public monuments, as is the case in some other parts of Europe. On the contrary, the half-naked Lazzarone even points with national pride at objects which add lustre to his country.

The Thuilleries have brought walking a *little* more in vogue. On Sundays in particular, you meet there with pedestrians of all ranks. Even the *beau monde* will, let them live ever so near, condescend to come in their carriages to the gates, and take a turn on foot. The Paphian corps consider this as their *place d'armes*, but their demonstrations and evolutions are so strictly confined within the bounds of decorum, that nothing but dress, and often not even that, can distinguish them from the rest of the company. Upon the whole, you do not here meet with the same quantum of beauty, in the aggregate, as in Kensington Gardens; nor altogether with the same elegant neatness of dress, the various manufactures of white muslin, &c. by which the British fair know so well how to set off their charms; on the other hand, I am bound to say, that among the more limited number of Neapolitan beauties, I have seen some, whose fine Grecian features, pearly teeth, and sparkling Junonian eyes, would probably secure them the award in a contest with their rivals of any part of the globe. But as I am little qualified to act the Paridian umpire *(non nostrum tantas componere lites)*, I must beg leave to pass to other matters, lest on my return to the country of beauty, I be arraigned before a jury of matrons of the *crimen læsæ majestatis*, and by their verdict outlawed *a mensâ ac thoro;* or like poor

poor Orpheus, persecuted by their unrelenting anger to the furthermost limits of the Caledonian deserts.

The ice-cellars may be numbered among the places of public gratification in Naples. In a climate like this, ice is almost considered as a necessary of life, and the skill of the Neapolitans in the preparation of this luxurious refreshment, is above all comparison. The treat begins at sunset, when rich as well as poor crowd to allay their excess of caloric by one or more doses of *frigoric*.—I beg pardon for this new term. Should our chemical friend A. disapprove of this piece of nomenclature, he is perfectly at liberty to substitute another, *secundum artem*.—The wealthy have the ice handed to their carriages: but they are not contented with the specimen of *one* manufacture; they will frequently make the round of every principal shop, thus giving encouragement to the whole of the trade at the same time. You may have every species of fruit; pine-apples, apricots, peaches, &c. in their natural shape, colour, and flavour, entirely made of ice; a circumstance which was unknown to an honest tar, who had been at Naples in those golden times when the hospitable board of Sir W. H. was open to every Englishman, and when the pleasures of the table were enhanced by the wit and beauty of the English Aspasia. At the desert, the servant presented some of those artificial peaches to the son of Neptune, who hoisted the whole "contents unknown" into his eager mouth. The sudden shock which this mass of ice imparted to his teeth, gums, fauces, and to his whole frame, may easily be conceived; but not so the rage which this supposed trick caused in his breast. Indignantly he flung the half-dissolved peach back into the varlet's face, d.....g him and his "snowballs," and swearing, that if ever he came on board his ship, he would give him such a hiding as would *cool* his courage, and make him remember the time he made a fool of him. The subsequent *éclaircissement* and final reconciliation, need not be detailed.

The

The beach of Santa Lucia presents another source of enjoyment to the Neapolian *bons-vivants*. Oysters, dattoli *, and various other shellfish are brought thither for sale, and usually eaten on the spot. Small tables and benches are ready every evening to accommodate the epicurean visitor of the less opulent class; but the more wealthy have the delicious morsel brought to their carriage. While some amateurs were regaling themselves around one of these tables, a wag contrived secretly to connect, by a stout string, the leg of the table to a carriage that happened to stand by, Of course, as soon as the latter started, the table, not less obsequiously than rapidly, followed the vehicle which had taken it in tow, to the no small amazement of the disappointed guests. This from hearsay: *se non e vero, e ben trovato.*

My chapter of amusements ought to include likewise a brief notice of the Neapolitan *conversazioni*. The obligation, however, I am under to keep good hours, and the distance at which I live from the center of the town, have hitherto been in the way of my attending more than two of these assemblies, although I have had invitations to many. To me they afforded no entertainment. They are similar to our London routs, less ceremonious but also less elegant and hospitable. Refreshment, it is true, is amply dispensed, but it consists of —mere water. Gaming, or rather gambling, is an essential part in these fashionable meetings, and vast sums are lost and won at games of hazard, in which the ladies appear to me at least as great adepts as the gentlemen. Sometimes there is a dance for the young folks. After a bow to the masters of the house, you are under no restraint; you look for your own friends, chat, play, or do as you please. And once

* A shellfish resembling dates in shape, of exquisite flavour.

once introduced, you are, without further invitation, welcome to frequent the *conversazioni* of the house as often as you find it convenient. The hours, however, are intolerably late.

Private musical parties are very frequent, and at them you often meet with amateurs, particularly vocal, of the first-rate abilities. But public concerts, where you pay for admission, are very scarce. The Neapolitans have so much good music in their theatres and churches, that they would be loth to be at any expence to procure more. Of public balls and masquerades, likewise, I have hitherto seen or heard nothing. How it may be in winter, I do not know.

Thus much, my dear T. for the entertainments of this great city. My stay has as yet been too short to enable me to exhaust this chapter. Should, in the sequel, any addenda present themselves, opportunities will occur to fill up omissions. Adieu!

* * * *

LETTER X.

NAPLES, ——, 1802.

My dear T.

MY hobby, the antiquarian Pegasus, once more saddled and bridled, I soar——into the subterraneous and gloomy cells and windings of HERCULANEUM. None of your compassionate smiles, pray! There is no Erinism in the expression at all, at all. To soar downwards, according to Martinus Scriblerus, is one of the most essential requisites of the true bathos, indeed perhaps the most difficult; for, without great care, and holding a very tight bridle, you plunge over head and heels, with accelerated centripetality, into a bottomless gulph, never to rise again. You see what an

an unpleasant task I am venturing upon for your sake. Ah! and what a difficult one, when you consider that I am going to give you an exact and particular account of a place which ——I have not seen. For surely no extraordinary share of skill is necessary to detail what one has examined one's self; but to describe objects which one has not seen, to descant upon their beauties or defects; in short, to convey to others correct ideas of things of which we ourselves have but confused notions, or no notion at all—is, you will own, the most difficult branch of the science of *travelling*. No doubt a man may, in such a praiseworthy undertaking, avail himself of the information and labour of others as of his own, *quod quis per alium facit, id ipse fecisse putatur*. But this, although perfectly lawful, is the most unimportant part of your task: the dry matter of fact, gleaned from the records of others, is to be embellished by fanciful emanations of the traveller's own manufacture. And here is the rub. It requires, I may say, the genius of a poet, to form, by the help of mere imagination, a *pleasing* and *instructive* narrative of, as it were, your own creation. The more of your own the better, *viatical* licence is as unfettered as poetical; for although tricks *upon* travellers are proverbially odious, tricks *from* travellers have by usage become legal.

Now, sensible as I am, that in the casual conglomeration of the innumerable millions of atoms which most lovingly flocked together to form my SELF, it was my misfortune, that not one poetical atom should have chanced or chosen to cling to the numerous mathematical, musical, and other particles of the mass which constitutes the pulp of my brain; some cotemporary great poet being probably, at that very instant of time, forming in my vicinity, in whose construction every poetical atom, within reasonable reach, was engrossed and absorbed,—it so happens that I am left miserably destitute of the most essential qualification of a writer of travels. I,

 there-

therefore, am at this moment under the dire necessity of depending entirely on the dry relation of others, if I wish to give you any account of the present aspect of Herculaneum. And to give you none, would be equally, if not more, inconvenient. Not only would you be displeased at the omission, but should, which nobody knows, typographical honours stand decreed in the book of fate to these letters of mine, the gentle reader, as well as the ungentle reviewer that is to be, would not easily pardon so important an hiatus.

But I hear you exclaim, why not go thither yourself? Is this *Herculanean* trip such an *Herculean* labour?—Not that, my dear T.; although the journey is by no means inviting. The interdict of my physician, under pain of being excommunicated from the fostering care of the faculty, was the sole cause of my staying above ground. "If," exclaimed the stern Dr. ..... "you *go down* to Herculaneum, or *up* to Mount Vesuvius, I have done with you; not a phial, nay, not a pill, of my writing, shall *go down* your throat."—So you plainly perceive I am forcibly stuck between heaven and earth—*medium teneo beatus*. With the medical injunction on one side therefore, and the knowledge of the trifling value of the objects to be seen, on the other, you will easily account for my ready obedience. Perhaps, I own, had the fair Donna Giuliana, of icy memory, been the price of the pilgrimage, I should have felt as much eagerness as Orpheus or Hercules, who scrupled not to descend to regions even more gloomy, to rescue their Eurydice's or Alceste's. But *ad rem:*

It was fortunate for me, in a dilemma like this, to have met at Mr. W.'s an officer of our engineers, who, in company with some of his military friends from Malta, had that very morning performed, with great trouble and little satisfaction, that subterraneous journey, and who was obliging enough to put to paper the following observations. "As

"As soon as we arrived at Portici, we procured a cicerone, whose language was scarcely intelligible to any of us. He provided himself and each of us with a torch, and conducted us down a vast number of steps to a sort of cavern, which he called the theatre of Herculaneum, but which might just as well have passed for the lions' den of Daniel. He pointed to the top of what he called the wall of the theatre, observing that there had stood a beautiful group of bronze horses, one of which he assured us was still preserved in the museum of Portici. The next object which he pretended to see very plainly, and of which we had not the grace to see a tittle, was the forum, or public square of the town. There he called our attention to a painted inscription on the wall, which he could decypher with the greatest ease, although every one but myself was unable to perceive even a trace of it. I was more fortunate, for I think I could distinguish half a P. Here we heard a violent hollow rumbling, like thunder, over our heads, which all of us took for the noise of the volcano, not a little terrified lest we should be buried alive in such a place of horror; but the good man declared, it was nothing but the rolling of carriages in the town of Portici right over us. The cicerone now conducted us through some dismal narrow passages, for all the world like the mines of a fortress, or the galleries cut into the rock of Gibraltar, calling every thing by a variety of names, which I do not now remember. His temples and country seats were to us *chateaux en Espagne*, for nothing could we see of them. Perceiving that all the beauties of the place were situated in the good man's imagination, we made bold to ask him, whether all that was still to be seen was of the same stamp; and on his reply in the affirmative, it was determined, after a short council of war, to commence a retreat towards daylight. We remunerated his trouble with two Spanish dollars, for which he called us *Galant uomini Inglesi*, and requested our excellencies would recommend his ciceronian abilities to such of our countrymen as had a mind

to make as great fools of themselves as we had been in going antiquity-hunting among caverns and passages of Egyptian darkness."

Whatever may be said of this very succinct, superficial, and no doubt to you unsatisfactory *procès verbal* of my officer, it certainly is not liable to the reproach of exaggeration. On the contrary, I suspect he saw much less than he might and ought to have seen ; but, as is too often the case, his expectations had been overstretched, and the consequent disappointment made him slight every thing. Had I been down, I should have seen enough I promise you ; perhaps even more than really is there, although it is a lamentable fact, that thirty years ago the subterraneous condition of Herculaneum was much more interesting and worthy the traveller's notice, than it is at present. The object of its excavation having unfortunately been confined to the discovery of statues, paintings, and other curiosities, and not carried on with a view to lay open the town, ascertain the features of its buildings and streets,—most of the latter were again filled up with rubbish as soon as they were gutted of every thing moveable, nay, unmoveable even ; for the marble was torn from the very walls of the temples. Herculaneum therefore may be said to have been overwhelmed a second time by its modern discoverers, and the appearance it presented previously, can now only be ascertained from the accounts of those who saw it in a more perfect state. According to those, it must at that time have afforded a truly interesting sight.

The theatre was one of the most perfect specimens of ancient architecture. It had, from the floor upwards, eighteen rows of seats, and above those, three more rows, which, being covered by a portico, were probably intended for the ladies, to screen them from the rays of the sun ; a precaution by no means unnecessary, for if the Herculanean fair sex were not fairer

fairer than their descendants in Portici, it required but a trifling exposure to the action of the sun, to make mulattoes of them all. Indeed, my dear T. I have good reason to believe, that the Roman ladies had very little to boast of in point of complexion. Friend Virgil has let the cat out of the bag. When he speaks of the queen of Love, he enumerates among her beauties—*a red neck!*

"Rosea cervice refulxit."

You and I like it lily white, but *de gustibus non est disputandum.* It is not unlikely, too, that the Matrons of Rome were conscious of their opacity of *teint,* and for that reason preferred having their likeness executed by the sculptor rather than the painter. A marble or bronze bust could tell no tales about complexion.

This portico in the Herculanean theatre, therefore, was no doubt intended to preserve what complexion the ladies might have to boast of; since in a public theatre they could not be allowed the use of their parasols; and poke-bonnets, by all accounts, were not then in fashion, as in our days; where with that portable portico over her head, a lady may defy, not only the sun or rain, but even the prying *lorgnette* of a lounging beau.

To return to my subject (and high time it is!) I shall only add, that this theatre was capable of holding between three and four thousand people: nearly the whole of its surface, even the arched walks which led to the seats, were cased with marble; the pit, if I may improperly call it so, was floored with thick squares of giallo antico*; and on the top of the building stood, as was before observed, the group of four bronze horses, drawing a car, with a charioteer, all of exquisite

* A beautiful and scarce kind of marble, of a yellowish hue.

exquisite workmanship. Their pedestal of white marble is still to be seen in its place, but the group itself had been crushed and broken to pieces by the immense weight of lava which fell upon it. As, however, all the fragments were collected, they might easily have been put together again; instead of which the whole was carelessly thrown into a corner, some of it stolen, and another portion converted into busts of the king and queen; until, rather late in the day, it was resolved to endeavour to make the best and only proper use of what remained, that is to say, to make one horse out of the four, by taking a fore leg of one, a hind leg of another, the head of a third, &c. and where there was an irremediable breach, to cast a new piece. To this contrivance the bronze horse in the yard of the museum at Portici, owes its existence; and, considering its patch-work origin, it still conveys a high idea of the skill of the ancient artist.

In the forum, which was contiguous to the theatre, besides a number of inscriptions, columns, &c. there were found the two beautiful equestrian statues, in white marble, of the two Balbi, which are preserved in the hall of the left wing of the palace at Portici.

Adjoining to the forum stood the temple of Hercules, an elegant rotunda, the interior of which was decorated with a variety of paintings, such as Theseus returning from his Cretan adventure with the Minotaur, the birth of Telephus, Chiron the centaur instructing Achilles, &c. These were carefully separated from the walls, and are now deposited in the museum.

But the most important discovery was that of a villa, at a small distance from the forum; not only on account of the peculiarity of its plan, but because the greater number of works of art were dug out of its precinct; and above all, because

because it contained a library consisting of more than 1500 volumes, which are likewise safely deposited in the museum, and which, were they *legible,* would form the greatest classic treasure in the universe. Of these I shall have to treat at length in the sequel; I therefore confine the present observations to a brief description of the plan of this country seat. You no doubt are eager to learn to whom it originally belonged; and I should be as eager to satisfy your curiosity, but for one unfortunate circumstance, which is, that I know nothing at all about it mysself. Like the honest Neapolitans therefore, who often, when asked a question, reply in their broken Italian, *Bulite che vi digo una bugia* ?* I prefer a candid avowal of my ignorance, to the ungracious, but not uncommon, practice of passing off for truth the speculations of a fertile imagination. Not but that I have formed a presumptive opinion on this matter, which, however probable, I would by no means insist upon your adopting. I think it extremely likely that this pretty little villa belonged to one of the Balbi, who, according to some inscriptions, had considerable property in this part of the country, and whose statues as I have before said, were found in the forum. The building itself, although elegant, was small, and consisted of a ground floor only, like those of Pompeji. Besides a number of small closets round an interior hall, it contained a bathing-room, curiously fitted up with marble and water-pipes, and a chapel of diminutive size, without any window or aperture for daylight, the walls of which were painted with serpents, and within which a bronze tripod was found standing on the floor. From the darkness of this apartment, and its serpentine decorations, it is probable that the possessor of the villa was a Dissenter (for the ancients had their Dissenters as well as we, with this difference, that they were not near so numerous, nor were they allowed the exercise of their

* Would you have me tell you a lie?

their worship). This dissenting country squire most likely had been performing his secret devotions in the chapel above-mentioned at the very time, or a few moments prior to the general destruction of his property; for coals and cinders were found in the tripod. To what persuasion he belonged, whether an adorer of Isis, Osiris, Orus, or Serapis, or an Eleusinian sectary, it is no business of our's to pry into.

Our Herculanean Dissenter, you will be surprised to learn, was a man of taste and literature: witness his garden and library. The apartment which contained the latter, was fitted up with wooden presses around the walls, about six feet in height, and another double row of presses stood isolated in the middle of the room, so as to admit a free passage on all sides. The wood of which the presses had been made was burnt of course to a cinder, and gave way at the first touch; but the volumes, composed of a much more perishable substance, the Egyptian or Syracusan papyrus, were, although completely carbonized through the effects of the heat, yet so far preserved as to admit of their individual removal to a similar set of modern presses, with glass doors in the museum. About 1500 were thus conveyed from antiquity into the modern world; and 1500 volumes, permit me to observe, is by no means to be considered as a despicable number for the collection of a private Roman. In point of expence it may fairly be estimated equal to a modern library of 8,000 volumes; and on the score of matter and information which the former may be presumed to have contained, the same ratio of proportion will probably hold good; perhaps, even, it would be paying a compliment to the authors of the present day to assert, that upon an average 80 volumes of their works are intrinsically equivalent to 15 of the ancients. The latter wrote for *fame*, the former but too often scribble against *famine*.

Thus much for the library. As to the garden, if the account

count of it be true (and there is no reason to doubt its correctness), it must be owned, that the taste of Squire Balbus made the most of the small piece of ground, which extended from his snug little box to the sea. In the middle a pond was situated, nearly of the size and form of the basin in our Green Park; the edges were faced with stone, and the two narrow ends rounded off in a semicircular form. This piece of water was surrounded with beds or *parterres* of various shapes, and a covered walk, supported by columns, inclosed the garden on all sides. The columns were sixty-four in number, twice ten for the short, and twice twenty-two for the longer sides of the quadrangle; they were composed of bricks, neatly stuccoed over, exactly similar to those in the Pompejan barracks. Each pillar supported one end of a wooden beam, the other extremity of which rested on the garden wall, thus forming the skeleton of an arbour of vines probably round the whole garden; and under this covered walk several semicircular recesses were built, which served as bathing-places. The space between the pillars was decorated with marble busts and bronze statues, alternately arranged. This garden was surrounded by a narrow ditch; and another covered walk, of considerable length, led to a circular balcony, or platform, to which you ascended by four steps, but which overhung the sea about 15 feet. The floor of this balcony consisted of the very beautiful tesselated pavement, which now serves the same purpose in one of the rooms of the Portici museum. From this charming spot the prospect over the whole bay of Naples, including the mountains of Sorrento, the Island of Capri, and Mount Posilipo, must have been delightful; and here, we may suppose, did Squire Balbus, after the business of the day, enjoy the cool evening breeze over a dish of tea, prepared by his amiable consort, or occasionally indulge himself with a pipe and the newspaper in Mrs. Balbus's absence.

The above, my dear T. comprises the most interesting particulars that have come to my knowledge respecting the actual and former condition of the town of Herculaneum. If, a circumstance which I much fear, the description fall short of your expectations, if it be less satisfactory and minute than my account of Pompeji, you will always bear in mind, that in this instance I have been the organ of others; while at Pompeji I saw and examined every thing myself, with a view of fulfilling my promise to you as far as lay in my power. The impression which the first view of the latter city made upon my mind, will never be effaced. Nothing I have yet seen has so powerfully engrossed my attention: a thousand different ideas and sensations rushed upon me in rapid succession; curiosity, admiration, a melancholy sensibility, reflections on the vanity of all sublunary things, pity for the sufferers, alternately and simultaneously obtruded themselves. The sight of the streets, buildings, and decorations, like the index of a volume, called to my recollection the best part of what little antiquarian information I was master of, and even many a passage of the writers of the people, whose habitations of comfort I beheld in ruins. It is really surprising that to this day we have, as far at least as I know, no drawings and plans worth notice of Pompeji and its buildings. The prohibition of the government cannot be the cause, for not only might the overseer be easily prevailed upon to permit an infraction of the order, but since the town is accessible on many sides, without passing the invalid's lodge at the gate, the drawings might even be taken without being noticed by him. But what would surpass in value and interest any drawing, would be, in my opinion, a complete model of the whole town in cork, like those of Mr. Dubourg's in London, representing every temple, theatre, street, and house (both externally and internally), on a small scale. As all the buildings are without roofs, the interior would be equally visible. An undertaking of this kind, I admit, would require

require much labour and patience; perhaps two years might be insufficient to accomplish the task: but a man would unquestionably realize a fortune in less time by its exhibition. In London, for instance, who would not give his half-crown to see so complete a fac-simile of this ancient town? Indeed I believe there are thousands who would readily purchase such a treat at the expence of half-a-guinea and more.

Had such a model existed before now, my dear T. you need not have been at the trouble of wading through my long and tedious descriptions of objects which must be seen, in reality or in miniature, to be duly appreciated. On the other hand, I should have been deprived of a great portion of matter, which thus afforded me an additional opportunity and incitement to converse with you on subjects which I know to have always caused you the greatest interest and delight.

I remain, dear T.

* * * * *

LETTER XI.

Naples, May —, 1802.

My dear T.

BEFORE I proceed to give you the promised account of the royal museum at Portici, I must acquaint you with the news of the day.

We have been favoured with a visit of the great warrior, General Murat, the first consul's favorite. His entry into this city was "imposing." A host of hussars, aides-de-camp, and staff-officers, in the richest uniforms, proclaimed the rank and importance of this Envoy extraordinary. Curiosity led me to the opera to behold the man's features, but I had the walk for my pains; a huge beard and whiskers hid his face

from the eyes of every one : he may therefore be said to have been here *incognito*.

The purport of this republican embassy is kept a profound secret. By all accounts it is likely to be profitable to at least one party : since, as I am credibly informed, the general is *en passant*, to receive, in person, a present of thirty thousand ounces* of tyrannical coinage, and of a service of plate of equal value, prepared for him by royal munificence.

It is also whispered ..... But let us leave all whispers to diplomatical quidnuncs, and at once proceed from the general's well earned service of plate to the earthen mugs and brazen spoons of the former inhabitants of this country, *still* to be seen in the museum. The time my dear T. is precious ; in a year or two, for aught you and I know, all these fine things may be swallowed up in the Louverian vortex ; such is the surprising force of attraction of the *Astre Napoleon !*

Plusque cupit quo plura suam demittit in arcem. CLAUDIAN. "*Hm.*"

As it is, my good friend, the museum at Portici happens to be far short of its complement of curiosities ; not that any of the latter have had as yet the good fortune to be *napoleonized* (I detest the term *pilfered*) ; only, to avoid napoleonization, the best statues, busts, vases, and other articles of value, went with the court to Palermo, where they still remain, and whence they will probably not return until the arrival of the royal family in this city, an event which is said to be very near at hand. The absence of these statues, I confess to you, causes me but a trifling disappointment. I have already seen ten times more than I can remember ; and on my journey through Rome and Paris, shall see more than enough to satisfy my curiosity. What I conceive to be the most valuable of the collection, and what I have longed to behold almost

* An ounce is about 11s. sterling.

most from the age of childhood, is still here ; I mean the Herculanean papyri and the collection of ancient paintings. These the court left behind, not, I dare say, from an opinion of their being less deserving to be withdrawn from the grasp of Gallic fraternity, but through a motive which reflects lasting honour on the royal government. The manuscripts, in their burnt state, are of so precarious a texture, so brittle, that the touch of a finger, much more a removal from their place, would endanger their existence. The paintings, almost all on stucco, have with the greatest trouble and ingenuity been sawed off the walls of the ancient apartments, affixed to a new back, and put into separate frames ; a locomotion, consequently, would prove as detrimental to them as to the papyri. The court, therefore, generously determined rather to leave both to their fate, than, by an attempt to bring them away, deprive perhaps science and the arts of such inestimable treasures.—— My heartfelt thanks to them for their disinterested resolution, but for which I should have lost a gratification which I number among the greatest of my life!!

To begin then with the papyri ; I must confess to you dear T. now that I have seen what they are, I entertain great doubts of their being ever turned to any practical advantage in literature. The discovery of so considerable a number of ancient manuscripts was hailed at the time by every lover of antiquity throughout Europe, as an event which bid fair to add to our catalogue of Greek and Roman classics, many authors the existence of whose works might hitherto have been utterly unknown; or others, whose writings were lamented as lost. At all events it was hoped that the exploration of this hidden treasure would be the means not only of supplying many of the chasms, with which a barbarous age had handed to us some of the most invaluable remains of ancient learning, but also of correcting a number of spurious readings, by which ignorance and pedantry had defaced them.

Unfortu-

Unfortunately, my dear T. all these fond expectations have to this day remained disappointed. The progress made in the restoration of these Manuscripts, although perhaps commensurate with the difficulty of the task, has hitherto been insignificant. The process devised for unfolding the burnt rolls, however ingenious, is of the most tedious nature, and, as yet no other has been successfully attempted. Indeed, when it is considered, that any new method can only be tried on an original and perhaps inestimable manuscript, and that such a trial may possibly cause the destruction of the very treasure in search, it is natural to suppose that those who were charged with a task of such delicacy would use the utmost deliberation and circumspection before they ventured on innovations attended with such manifest danger.

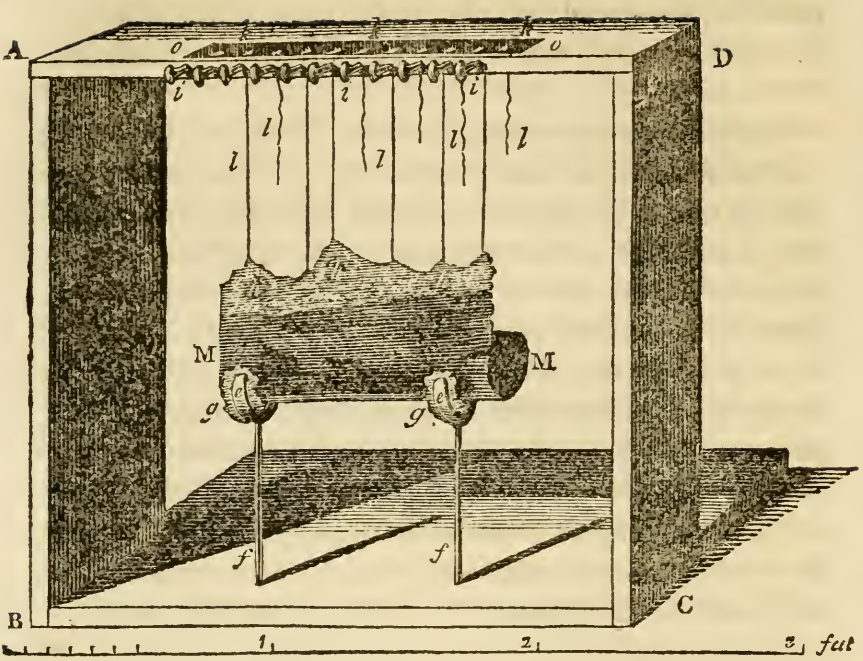
Tedious as the method is, it would have led to far more ostensible results, had its application been constant, and had a sufficient number of hands been at all times employed to put it in practice. But frequently the undertaking was discontinued for a length of time, and often when it was resumed, want of funds and of energy prevented any decisive progress. Until very late the establishment had been almost a dead letter, when through British aid it was called into action, and put on a footing of effectiveness from which more productive results may reasonably be expected.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from a zeal for the advancement of learning, which reflects honour on the British character, and calls for the gratitude of the Literati of all Europe, has sent hither Mr. Hayter, a gentleman of classic attainments, who, under the sanction of the Neapolitan government, superintends the whole establishment, and directs its operations with indefatigable diligence. Through Mr. Hayter's kindness I have had frequent access to the museum, and more particularly to that branch of it which contains

tains the papyri, and I am thus enabled to give you a description of the process, which I am sure will give you pleasure.

Previously to my entering upon the detail of the machinery used for unrolling the manuscripts, it may be necessary to premise, that from the effects of volcanic heat, they are reduced to a perfect coal, liable to be crumbled into a black dust by a very feeble pressure of the fingers, such as might be the state of a tight roll of paper after being exposed to the action of an heated oven, without being absolutely ignited : with this favourable difference, however, that, instead of paper, these works were written on papyrus, a substance much stronger and more glutinous than our present writing paper. —They had, like all books of that age, been rolled up with the writing inwards, which was divided into rectangular spaces, much in the manner of the pages of modern books.

As the different lamina of which the roll is composed, would break off with the slightest touch, a fresh back is successively formed by the application of gold-beater's skin affixed with gum water. Such, however, is the damaged state of the material, that without using very minute patches of gold-beaters' skin (generally not exceeding the size of a common pea), an upper stratum would often be glued to one or more under ones, through the little holes or breaks which sometimes penetrate several of the lamina. But in order to render myself as intelligible as possible, I better refer you to the annexed drawing, with its accompanying scale : This drawing represents one of the six or seven frames which are now daily at work in the museum of Portici, under the direction of Mr. Hayter. As the apparatus is perfectly simple, a few references, I am sure, will be sufficient to explain all its component parts.



A B C D is a wooden frame which may be placed on a common table.

f f Two brass rods, supporting

e e Two brass rests in the shape of half-moons. On these rests

M M The manuscript is placed, with

g g some raw cotton to guard it from being injured by the contact of the metal.

h h h is so much of the manuscript roll as has already been furnished with a fresh back of patches of gold-beaters' skin.

As soon as a sufficient extent of back is thus secured, *l l l,* silk strings, are fastened to the ends by means of dissolved gum Arabic. These strings are suspended from *ik ik ik,* a row of pegs (like those of a violin) going through *o o,* an opening in the top of the frame.

In proportion as the laborious operation of forming a new

new back proceeds, the work is gently and progressively wound up by turning the pegs, until one entire page is thus unfolded, which is forthwith separated from the roll and spread on a flat board or frame. A draftsman, unacquainted with the language of the manuscript, makes a faithful facsimile of it, with all its chasms, blemishes, or irregularities. The taking of this copy is no less a work of extreme patience and nicety, as it is only by a particular reflection of light, that the characters, whose black colour differs very little from that of the carbonized papyrus, can be distinguished. The facsimile is next handed to an antiquarian, who separates the words and sentences, supplies any hiatus, and otherwise endeavours to restore the sense of the original. By a like process the succeeding pages are unrolled and decyphered, if I may be allowed to use the expression, until the work is completed. The whole is afterwards published, both in letterpress and correct engravings of each page, at the expence of the government.

In this tedious and costly manner, one work (a treatise of Philodemus on the power of music) has been recovered and published. Unfortunately, it was both the first and last with which the lovers of ancient literature have been gratified; and the contents of even this were far from compensating for either the trouble or expence bestowed upon it. Great expectations, however, may reasonably be formed from the uninterrupted labours of the present establishment, since its reorganization by Mr. Hayter.—That gentleman's superintendance is of too recent a date to have furnished any thing but hopes; but these hopes you will allow to be well founded, when I inform you that among the manuscripts now unrolling, there is a work by Epicurus himself, entitled ΠΕΡΙ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ *(of nature)*, and a Latin poem by an author as yet unascertained*. Here

* A circumstantial account of this Latin poem, together with a fac-simile of

Here, my dear T. I shall for the present leave the Herculanean papyri, with my most fervent and pious wishes for their

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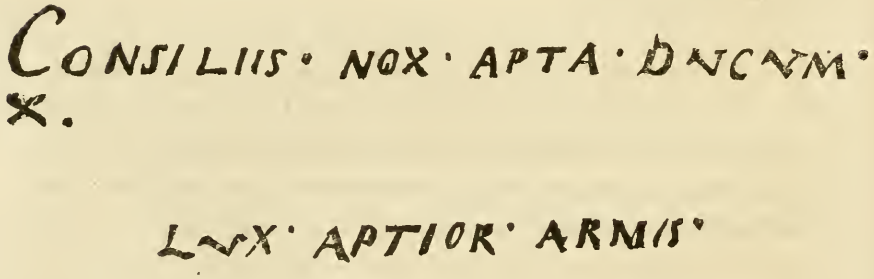
one of its verses having appeared in the first volume of the Repository of Arts, the Author with the permission of the Publisher of that Journal, subjoins the article in question, accompanied by the fac-simile, which, for want of room, has been divided into two lines.

" We have the satisfaction to present our readers with a fac-simile of a line of a Latin poem, found among the papyri, and unrolled under the direction of a learned gentleman now at Palermo, under the patronage of an illustrious personage. For its authenticity we pledge our credit with the public, which we think cannot be doubted, when we subjoin to this great literary curiosity the comment of the learned gentleman himself.



"' It is part of an epic poem in Latin. There are only nine verses in a page: in the verses a few letters are wanting: each verse is written at its full length; and as it is hexameter, and in a large character, forms an extensive line, especially as there is a full stop after each word: and the manuscript itself is very imperfect, and furnishes the latter part only of the respective pages. From this circumstance, and from the number of lost verses which appear necessary to supply the sense

their restoration, and proceed to the ancient paintings likewise deposited in the museum at Portici.

There

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sense between the last verse of one page and the beginning of a second, I conjecture that two-thirds of a page are wanting: these, perhaps, may be found afterwards; and indeed it may not seem unreasonable to expect such an instance of good fortune, after having discovered, in a similar case, the two parts of Polystratus, as I mentioned in a former letter. The verses are about seventy: that of which the fac-simile is given is the last. This verse proves that the poem is not ended here. The cross under the first word seems to denote the number of the book. The name of the writer may be in that part of the manuscript which is wanting, and, as is usual in the others, at some little distance from the last page. The subject of the poem is Augustus in Egypt. The verses express the name of Egypt, of Cæsar, of Alexandria, which is represented to be besieged; it mentions also the queen, and speaks of the battle near Actium as a past event. The style of the poetry is excellent: the merit of the composition, and the nature of the subject, persuades me that the poem may with great probability be attributed to Varius as its author. I need not here repeat all those passages of ancient writers, which may be seen altogether in Lilius Giraldus, on this poem: he celebrated, it is well known, the deeds of Augustus. This fact, added to the lines of Horace, is favourable to my hypothesis. I must also add, that a gentleman, extremely well versed in literature and the fine arts, the Chevalier Seratti, one of the Neapolitan secretaries of state, approves my idea. The authentic alphabet of the ancient Latin character and orthography, which is acquired from this manuscript, renders, in the opinion of every learned man, exclusively of other interesting considerations; renders, I say, this discovery invaluable.

"'This is the object which the famous Mabillon traversed so many countries to find. What would Montfaucon and our Chisholm have given for such a treasure! Before the appearance of this poem, there existed, on this important subject of

 Latin

There are few of the ancient writers, you know as well as myself, but what speak in the highest terms of the skill of their age

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Latin autography not a single criterion of classical antiquity; nor, therefore, of indisputable authority. This treasure alone more than compensates the munificence of the great prince who is the patron of this illustrious undertaking, and makes his royal name dear and venerable to all those who can justly value ancient learning, or appreciate the loss which this treasure has amply retrieved!'"

Repository of Arts, vol. I. p. 180.

As it may be satisfactory to the reader to be informed of the final result of Mr. Hayter's proceedings, a brief notice on this subject which appeared in the Repository of Arts for June, 1810, is likewise subjoined.

"The Rev. Mr Hayter, who, since the year 1802, has been superintendant of the Herculanean MSS. for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has just arrived in London, from Palermo. We regret to have it confirmed, that the whole museum at Portici, including 1500 of those MSS. which had not been unfolded, and 230 originals, which had been unfolded, partially or wholly, by Mr. Hayter, were suffered to fall into the hands of the French, notwithstanding the remonstrance of this gentleman to the Neapolitan court, to have them removed, or sent to England. We learn, however, that Mr. Hayter had previously copied and corrected 94 of those which he had unfolded, and that these copies, which are fac-similes, were transmitted by him to the Prince of Wales, and have since been presented by his royal highness to the university of Oxford. Among these was a Latin poem, which Mr. Hayter conjectures to have been a composition of Varius, a friend of Virgil, of which some account, and a specimen, will be found in one of the early numbers of the *Repository*. Of this Latin poem, as well as of an ingenious treatise on death, by Philodemus, fac-similes have been engraved. Engraved fac-similes of three books and a half of Epicurus *de Natura*, the discovery of which was an invaluable acquisition, have also been left behind at Naples; but fac-simile copies of those, and four other books, are among the 94 now at Oxford."

Repository of Arts, vol. iv. p. 31.

age in works of architecture, sculpture, music, and painting. Some of their accounts of their works of art are indeed so marvellous, that we should be warranted in doubting their veracity, did not the shattered, but still standing remains of their structures, and the beautiful proportions of their statues in our collections, vouch for the truth of those cotemporary encomiums. The mind that conceived, and the hand which reared a Pantheon ; a Colosseum ; a Parthenion ; a Theseon ; the pyramids, Antinopolis, the tombs of Thebes, or the massy temples of Tentyra or Elephanta, could surely create wonders similar, or even superior to those ; the age which chiselled a Belvedere Apollo, an Antinous, a Farnesian Hercules, could equally well produce an Olympian Jove.

But with the music and painting of the ancients the case stands differently. All that is left to give us an idea of the former, are about half a dozen tracts, containing a dry detail and nomenclature of intervals, rhythm, and other theoretical and mathematical speculations, which, as our literati are but seldom contrapuntists, or our musicians literati, have only increased our doubts and perplexities. Why, the score of a single attic dance or sacred hymn would be worth all the geometrical disquisitions on music of the ancient writers ; if withal, in case it were ever discovered, we could, even with the help of the quartos of our veteran Burney, contrive to read and play it.

In regard to ancient painting, our information, before the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeji, was almost equally defective. A few smoke-dried Arabesques at least, or the *Aldobrandini nuptials*, could not fairly be considered as proper specimens to guide our decision. It was reserved for our age to collect, as it were by magic, from the walls of the above towns, an *extensive gallery of genuine antique pictures*, the *only one* in the world, and, on that account alone, a treasure totally inappreciable.

These unique relics of ancient art are deposited in a range of apartments on the ground floor of the museum ; they are suspended against the walls in plain frames, and have, to my sorrow, been richly covered with a modern varnish. Their size naturally varies from a foot square, to whole-length groups nearly as large as life. Let us step in, examine, and judge impartially !

We here meet with many an old friend! The half naked female yonder, adorned with a necklace and bracelets, sitting on a couch against a wild rock, and fixing her anxious eye on a galley which a fair wind has already wafted to some distance ——who can it be but the unfortunate, the injured Ariadne?* She has but just awoke; she appears doubtful whether her misfortune is real, or the fiction of a dream. You fancy you hear her calling out " Theseus !" You pity her distresses, and curse the faithless wretch (hero I was going to say) whom her love had saved from destruction, and who had the heart to abandon so heavenly a form on a desolate island. Mark here the delicacy of the painter's judgment! The Ariadne of a Rubens, a Caracci, a Buonarotti, would have been in the height of despair, perhaps tearing her hair, or even, for aught I know, dashing her head against a rock. We should not have felt more, nay, not so much for her. But this unknown Grecian artist, by seizing the moment of her rising from slumber, the very beginning of her distress, avoids, on the one hand, every unpleasing impression, while on the other he leaves it to the beholder to guess, to anticipate the despair which must be her lot when she knows the certainty of her wretchedness. While challenging you to think for yourself, he convinces you that *his* head has also been at work as well as his hand ; and the very discovery, by dint of your own thought, of that of the painter, is gratifying to your taste, or pride, if you like it.

* See plate 7.

ANCIENT STONE PAINTINGS, FROM HERCULANEUM.

Published [illegible] Ruffle by Iliffe.

I.

II.

London Pub. at R. Ackermann's 101 Strand 1814

it. In this, my dear T. I conceive, consists the great skill of an artist. Pictures are not merely intended to employ our optic nerves; they must afford food for the mind, to be pleasing to the man of true taste.——Theseus is not to be seen on board; the consciousness of his infamy, keeps him under the hatches. And this fine hero is the patron of Athens! a pretty patron forsooth, whom any one of our juries would have cast in some hundreds of talents damages without stirring from the box. Why, Æneas, in his conduct to Dido, is a saint compared to this Ægean adventurer: he, at any rate, left his mistress at her home, where, had she not chosen to roast herself alive, she would have soon found a substitute.

Before we leave this charming painting, let us cast a glance on the vessel, with its high poop and single sail. It has no rudder, but, in lieu of it, two enormous oars project from two circular apertures in the stern, probably to supply the office of a rudder; for, according as one or the other of the oars is pulled, the ship will move either one way or the other. I have seen some of our barges on the Thames worked in the same manner.

Let us pass to another representation of the same subject: it is, no doubt, an interesting picture; but compared with the former, certainly inferior in composition, design, and colouring. The daughter of Minos is likewise sitting on a couch on the sea-side; she seems astonished at the possibility of the perfidious act. Cupid, with an unstrung bow and two arrows, stands weeping on one side—at least, his hands conceal his face; and that, indeed, is synonimous with weeping in the delicate conception of a Grecian artist. To the left stands a rudder, which seems wanting to the galley; and behind Ariadne is an elegant female figure with large wings, supporting her with one hand, and pointing with the other

to

to the vessel. She resembles, what certainly she cannot be, a Victory; but I am at a loss to guess the drift of the figure. Is it Fate consoling the injured maid, by foretelling her approaching deliverance, and the punishment which awaits her seducer? Not unlikely. Bewildered by guilt, or the amorous caresses of Phædra, Theseus, you see, has forgotten, according to the pre-concerted plan, to change the black sail for a white one. Ægeus is watching on Sunium for the return of his darling son: he will soon espy the sable canvas, think Theseus devoured by the Minotaur, and, by the rash plunge, give his name to the Ægean sea. This fiction of retributive justice pleases me, it is quite conformable to the ancient doctrine of fate.

The story of Ariadne appears to have been a favourite subject with the ancient artists; for this third picture is evidently taken from it also. The delicate imagination of the artist has been so kind to the maid as not even to make her acquainted with her distressed situation, before he introduces a comforter and deliverer to her. She still sleeps in a rocky recess on a couch at the side, as she thinks of her lover; his treacherous flight she is yet to learn when she awakes. Cupid takes pity on her forlorn condition; he calls away Bacchus from a bacchanalian revel, and guides his way to the sequestered spot. The blooming god approaches with his train, among which Silenus is not forgotten.—Look at the fat old little *bonvivant* carrying his master's thyrsus, and refrain from smiling if you can. He is not pleased with the rocky trip, because he is obliged to use his short legs instead of riding his dapple. But master Silenus is a well-behaved old gentleman when compared with that lecherous copper-coloured satyr, who, forsooth, has the impudence to uncover the elegant limbs of the sleeping beauty. Half an inch more, and the picture would not have been admitted into this collection; at least not without a green curtain, for

for modern satyrs to draw. Those distant wild groups among the rocks, with their tymbals, crotals, and thyrsi, are the bacchants whom the god of the grape-juice has left for a while to see his new bride. This painting I suspect to be a middling copy of an excellent original, and the original author perhaps an Athenian, who, not to wound his national pride by the introduction of one of his tutelary demigod's most dirty actions, has composed the design so as to leave out of it any thing relating to Theseus or his ship.

If you would behold this hero in an achievement worthy of his name, you must survey yonder picture of large dimensions. That noble manly figure, of comparatively double the human size, is the hero Theseus; the monster at his feet, the Minotaur whom he has just slain. The latter lies on the ground, with his bull's head towards the spectator, and the whole length of his gigantic human body stretched in an opposite direction inwards, and admirably fore-shortened. Pliny says, that Pausias of Sicyon painted a picture of Theseus killing the Minotaur; that to express the monstrous length of the ox-man, he represented him "*adversum, non transversum;*" and that many copied, but none equalled this picture. Our Minotaur here lies exactly in this "*adverse*" position; it is therefore extremely probable that this is one of the many copies mentioned by Pliny; who, moreover, to strengthen my conjecture, resided close to Herculaneum, and, indeed, found his death in the volcanic eruption which destroyed that town. Perhaps, therefore, he alludes to this identical picture, which has all the characteristics of a copy, a design far surpassing the execution; Ariadne excepted, who is really well and elegantly drawn and finished: the other figures are rather stiff, and their colouring indifferent. Theseus, as before remarked, is almost double the size of the other figures (thus the ancients were wont to represent the majesty of their heroes and demigods). In his right he

holds a club, on his finger he wears a ring. A female, certainly Ariadne, touches the club with a countenance expressive of her admiration of the prowess of the youth to whom she has devoted her affections. Some Athenian youths, full of gratitude to their deliverer, are clinging round him in various fond attitudes; one embracing his knee, another mounting a stone to kiss his hands; some throng from behind out of the massy gate of the Labyrinth, to ascertain the fact of their deliverance; each strives to be foremost in returning thanks to their heroic countryman. On an elevated fragment of rock, Diana, the tutelary divinity of Attica and of Theseus, sits with a bow of the flat antelope's horn, some arrows, and a tubed quiver by her side. This noble picture, my dear T. merits a much ampler comment than my space and purpose admit of; and, indeed, the trascendant beauties of its design and composition are worthy of an abler commentator than your humble servant. From these observations, however, I flatter myself you will feel how eminently the original artist has in every respect done justice to his subject: each individual part tends to the formation of a complete whole; nothing is wanting to convey a perfect, a noble idea of this important transaction of mythic history. The ancients, believe me, were as great painters as they were statuaries!

The majestic, more than human, calmness of yonder youth, the laurel crown encircling his temples, and the lyre he holds, proclaim the Delian god. It is not the fierce destroyer of Python, it is not the savage executioner of Niobe's guiltless offspring, the Grecian pencil has here purposed to pourtray. —No; Phœbus, the god of light, the protector of the fine and sublime arts which ennoble mankind, the patron of science and philosophy, is here delineated in all the noble simplicity of character due to him. Every feature of his countenance expresses a deep sublimity of thought; the very graceful

graceful elevation of his left hand above the forehead, is indicative of a mind employed in intense meditation. His face is less *regularly* beautiful than that of the Belvedere (a perfection of mental powers is not to be traced in the contour of regular beauty); he is represented *sitting* on a throne (no work of genius and immortality has probably yet been written in a standing position) and half naked, his legs being covered by rich folds of green drapery, which partially winds round his shoulders. A branch of laurel rests against the throne. What struck me at first sight, and, I confess, pleased me not a little, was the great similiarity of his features with that of Milton. An engraving of this picture would make a capital frontispiece to the Paradise Lost.

As companions to the former, equal in size and unquestionably by the same master, the Pierian sisters claim our attention. It is worthy of remark, that their names and respective offices are indicated under each by two Greek words, the former in the nominative, the latter in the accusative; probably to prevent mischief among modern antiquarians. The historic muse, Clio, for instance, has the words ΚΛΕΙΩ ΙΣΤΟΡΙΑΝ subjoined. She is represented sitting on a plain chair, with a curious, almost semicircular backboard. In her right she holds a rolled up book, and at her feet stands a small portable bookcase, or rather book-tub, filled with several similar rolls, all labelled. This is precisely the *scrinium* of the ancients, and here we have at once the shape of this article of studious furniture. I can compare it to nothing better than to a small sized drum open at top; but it has a cover, which in this instance is turned back. Two straps are likewise affixed to the rim, by which it might be carried from place to place by the literary amanuensis. This figure represents a beautiful female of serious and intelligent aspect, with a laurel crown and ear-rings, sitting cross-legged. The drapery, which is admirable, consists of a wide purple under garment, over which a mantle of

deep red, with a light blue edge, is loosely, but gracefully thrown.

Thalia, the muse of comedy, has these words, ΘΑΛΕΙΑ ΚΩΜΩΔΙΑΝ. Her dress consists of a close green covering or cap round the head, laurel crown, ear-rings, green tunic with long sleeves and red border, besides a fringe all round. In one hand she holds a comic mask, and in the other a crooked staff, like a bishop's crosier *(profana si licet componere sacris)*. On her right knee a singular patch of red cloth is observable, which I am under the necessity of leaving to the illustration of profounder antiquarians than myself. Her face is expressive of chaste hilarity.

The female with that noble and serious, or *(pour tout dire) Siddonian* countenance, is (as the tragic mask in her right, the club in her left hand, and, above all, the subscription, ΜΕΛΠΟΜΕΝΗ ΤΡΑΓΩΔΙΑΝ, informs us,) Melpomene, the muse of tragedy. Besides the laurel crown, she has a veil over her head (not over her face) tied by a band or fascia. The upper and under garments are blue, but of different shades, and the former tied in a knot in front.

With Polyhymnia, the muse of rhetoric, we shall make short process. But for the inscription, ΠΟΛΥΜΝΙΑ ΜΥΘΟΥϹ, it would not be easy to guess her name or office. She has no attributes, simply holds her finger to her lip, and might pass for the goddess of silence, were it not a little bit of a bull to represent such a divinity under a female form. The drapery is two fold, a blue robe over a green tunic.

You are not gaping, surely, my dear T. at the sameness of this Pierian catalogue? Nay, have patience, forsooth, to read what I have patience to write down for you! You would not have me break off with four of Mnemosyne's daughters,

daughters, and treat the rest of the sisterhood with contempt?—I know better; they are ladies; and, therefore, not likely to forget a slight put upon their sacred persons. How easy a matter for Terpsichore to trip up my heels at the first cotillion I soon hope to foot again in the bewitching circle of British beauties! What a mere trifle for Urania to change my lucky star and turn the *plusses* of my future calculations into *minusses*, or for Euterpe ..... Nay, as for poor Euterpe, she *must* needs be excluded from our formal catalogue; for unfortunately she is not to be found among the collection. "Ergo," says a certain antiquarian, "music was not the rage in ancient Herculaneum!"—A rare syllogism certainly; but let the old gentleman believe the creed of his ratiocination, while I let *you* into the secret.—You must know, then, that Miss Euterpe was undoubtedly among the original nonal number; but unfortunately neither perfect nor spotless, and, *pour comble de malheur*, the rude and profane hands of the workmen, who had to bring her into the world again, used her more shamefully than ever she was treated by K., H., and a dozen of our composers, selectors, and importers of music that shall be nameless. In short, the lady could not be put together again, and so we must do without her.—Now, truly, is it not singular enough, that in Naples, the country, the very home of music, all the muses should have arrived safe and perfect above ground, except just the muse of harmony? I could not help making this remark to a Neapolitan gentleman, who happened to be viewing the collection in company with, as I suppose, his lady (for she did not seem to care a pin for him), and two French officers, in gold and buckram; adding (what I thought rather pretty), that Euterpe was ashamed to shew her face among a people who are allowed to possess the greatest skill in music of all the nations in Europe.—"And yet," rejoined the Parthenopian beau, "the strains of the very first of our composers would be incapable of celebrating adequately

quately *(degnamente)* the achievements of British valour."—Tit for tat; he certainly remained not in my debt! The lady ..... but no? let us dispose of our muses first, before we have any thing to say to Signora *Comesichiama*.—There are but four more to go through.

ERATO, the lyric muse (ΕΡΑΤΩ ΨΑΑΤΡΙΑΝ), might, if she left her instrument at home or in the carriage, safely, on a May Sunday, take a promenade in Kensington gardens without being thought particular in her dress; so much is her rose-coloured tunic and its neat blue border, together with her green upper garment, the cut of the present day. Nor would the myrtle wreath round her head *(provided it were artificial)* be much criticised by our fashionables. The lyre is curious, and different from any I have seen; it has nine strings, and she is in the act of striking two with her left, and one with the *plectrum* she holds in her right hand; a *full chord,* therefore, the intervals of which, if we knew how the instrument was tuned, it would be interesting enough to ascertain. With the plectrum, she evidently plays what we call the bass, in accompanyment to the two higher notes which she touches with her left. And what better proof could you wish for, to contradict the current opinion, that the music of the ancients was all unisonous melody? Our Erato evidently plays three different notes at the same time: now, if three different notes were played at once upon *one* instrument, it is no great stretch to suppose that several different notes might just as well have been played upon several instruments at once, by as many performers; or, in other words, *that the ancients did play in parts.*

ΤΕΡΨΙΧΟΡΗ ΑΥΡΑΝ, Terpsichore, the muse of dancing, has for attribute a lyre with seven strings, of rude workmanship, with a large sounding-board *(testudo)* affixed to the instrument. Her tunic is a blue and red *shot,* with only one sleeve, the other arm being naked. The mantle blue.

The

The female with that serious countenance, sitting on an antique chair, similar to the one given to Clio, and pointing with the wand in her right, to a spot on the globe which she holds in her left hand, is, of course, URANIA. The artist has deemed the attribute of a globe sufficiently indicative of her province to omit the usual inscription in this single instance: and the propriety of representing in a sitting attitude, the muse of a science which requires intense meditation, is self-evident. The folds of her yellow tunic, and of the blue robe which partly cover it, are admirably disposed.

The last, and most beautiful of all, is CALLIOPE, the epic muse (ΚΑΛΛΙΟΠΗ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ). Her divinely majestic face, her noble figure, altogether charm at first sight. Such, we fancy, was the divinity who guided the pen of the blind bard of the Iliad; perhaps the roll of papyrus which she unfolds with both her hands is the poem itself, that she seems to admire. Her crown is not, as generally represented, of laurel, it is ivy; why? This question I leave to the antiquarians to decide. She has, besides, large ear-rings of pearl; her under robe is green, and a finely flowing white garment is thrown over it in a thousand well arranged folds.

You are not sorry, I warrant, to see this long catalogue of Muses brought to a conclusion, although, I am sure, you will give me credit for no small portion of patience and descriptive punctuality in the framing of it. My notes on the subsequent paintings, I find, to my great sorrow, much less satisfactory and minute; and the reason of this defect you will probably guess of your own accord. At first I had been alone in the gallery, and the keeper, whom I had seen once or twice before, and who had already had a specimen of my liberality, did not venture to obtrude any of his parrot-comments, observing, that he was sure I knew more about the matter than himself. But unluckily—perhaps luckily, too—

in

in the midst of my solitary observations, the company above mentioned made their appearance, and filled the room with a noise of self-sufficient converse, which, before even chance brought them to the same picture I was examining, greatly distracted my attention. I have been with fifteen or twenty persons in one room in the British Museum; but their modest whispers were to the clamorous vociferations of these four, as the humming of a few solitary summer insects on Primrose-hill, to the simultaneous crash of half a dozen watchmen's rattles in Fleet-street. Add to this, that whatever language they spoke, murder was committed at every sentence; if Italian, the two Frenchmen were the assassins—if French, the lady and her man the culprits.

Attended by the showman, they overtook me at the Muses.* Donna Anna, whom I surveyed as scrupulously as any of the Pierides, *appeared* to be of the age of twenty-five (I dare say she was thirty). Her dress *(selon la coutume du pays* at least) rather elegant; hair *à la Grecque*, with a gold or gilt comb; a silk shawl, twice as long as a kitchen towel, thrown tastefully over her shoulders; and a beautiful corbeau gauze dress, here and there besprinkled with small tamboured sprigs of a light sky-blue. On the banks of the Nile I would have given the world for a musquito net of the like texture—(no doubt, under such a web, one has to fear no stings). White satin shoes, of course. A little foot; as neat an arm; black eyes, as replete with sparkling rays as there are darts in Cupid's quiver (and that's saying a good deal!); a countenance full of Italian animation; a complexion not brown enough to prevent the transparency of nature's carmine; a bosom which, although unassisted by the legal canvas hemispheres of the stay-maker, preserved a happy mean betwixt negative

* See plate 8.

INTERIOR MORE DOCTOR AMICA IN THE MUSEUM.

negative pasteboard elevation and over-positive cook-shop corpulence.

Here I had better leave off, otherwise I shall grow too anacreontic ('tis quite another thing to describe living objects and dead muses). To cool, however, the ardour of my pen, I need only say a word or two of the lady's husband; more, indeed, I suspect, cannot well be told of him; all about him seemed so neuter, tame, and unmeaning, that the purpose of his creation remained involved in considerable obscurity. People of his description are seldom absolutely ugly; but *here*, nature seemed to have deviated from her general rule: at least, his limbs were so strangely put together, that if one or the other possessed even any claim to individual regularity, yet coupled as they were to very heterogeneous neighbours, the *tout-ensemble* formed the oddest and most laughable appearance imaginable, forcibly reminding me of the exordium of Horace's Art of Poetry. A large plump cheeked head stuck on a slender long neck, that again joined to an emaciated breast, which terminated in a respectable corpulency, defectively supported by a couple of legs of the Doric order; for the diameter of the base considerably exceeded that of the upper part of the shafts. Of the entablature and intercolumnium, I will not presume to speak. Suffice it to say, that this hypergrotesque being was rendered more conspicuous by its adherence to the very latest fashion of the day. His *gilet* was no longer than the short waist of madame; but the nankeen smallclothes had so much encroached on the domain of the latter (I mean the waistcoat), that they had completely engrossed the protection of the abdominal regions, reaching, if not to the chin, at least beyond the third rib.—For a handsome woman, like Donna Anna, to have chosen such a non-descript, remains to be explained by the physiolo-

gists. If there was any choice in the case, it must have been guided by a taste for the monstrous—(not unlikely!) Perhaps his good-nature was not overlooked either. He seemed passionately fond of his wife; so much so, that he delighted in the attention, however *marked*, paid to her by the two French officers, the captain in particular, whose superiority of rank evidently kept the professions and demonstrations of the lieutenant at a respectful distance. I was glad to find, by this observation, the spirit of subordination reviving in the French army; presuming that if it was perceptible among *Frenchmen* in regard to a *woman*, it must, *a fortiori*, exist in matters of a military nature.

I think it is time seriously to return to our pictures. My polite remark on the excellence of Neapolitan music had at once introduced me to the company of these strangers; we therefore proceeded conjointly to the next painting, which represented a *Centaur teaching a youth to play the lyre;* the former, no doubt, Chiron—the latter, Achilles.* It is impossible to be too lavish in the praise of this masterly performance: the delicate harmony in the contour of the youth, the manly aspect of the Centaur, his attitude, the fanciful and imperceptible junction of the horse to the man, charm at first sight. If it were possible that such a being ever existed, it must have existed under this shape. Chiron's posture is remarkable; he rests at his ease on the hams of his hind legs, his fore legs being erect (as you frequently see dogs sitting). Between the latter he holds the standing Achilles, as a schoolmaster sometimes places the boy before him. Except a short mantle over his shoulders, and the sandals to his feet, Achilles is quite naked; he touches the lyre with his left, while his master plays on the same instrument with a plectrum in his right hand (the accompanying har-

* See plate 9.

ANCIENT GREEK PAINTINGS FROM HERCULANEUM.

I. 1 ft 6. by 2 ft 1. II. 1 ft 10. by 1 ft 9. III. 3 ft 2. by 2 ft

Erasmus
24 Jan 1749

Mus Nap. No. 956
Ramsch. 130
Heck. 124
Al. 2 n 71
RB. II, 18
D. M. I, 5

I

10 Sept. 1745

Mus Nap. 8791
Cat. No. CCCIV
Heck. 154
Al. 3 n 8
RB. IV, 46
MB. VII, 2
Pd E I, 47, 1. 247

II

III

London . . .

harpeggios in all probability to the lad's melody). He likewise has a cloak of the hairy skin of some animal thrown over his shoulders, and a crown of foliage round his temples.

Donna Anna admired the beauty of the Pelean hero, but she was shocked at the monstrous shape of the son of Philyra.—"Yet fabulous history," I replied, "furnishes us with several instances of ladies having been captivated by the charms of these odd beings, not to mention those that were forcibly carried away by them, fond as they are reported to have been of the fair sex."—"Why, were there no Centauresses for them to pay their addresses to, without seizing upon Christians?"—"Undoubtedly, madam, there were such; the picture you so much admired a little while ago, actually represented a female Centaur."—Donna Anna assured me she had not attended to the sex, adding, "Upon second thoughts, I think if one could get over the objection of conformation, and the horrid idea of having such a bed-fellow, a centauric spouse might not be amiss altogether. If my husband, for instance, were of that race, which God forbid, I should never be at a loss for an airing.—Wouldn't you, my dear, give your wife a ride along the Chiaja when she liked to take a little exercise?" "*E comica assai la mia moglie**," replied the *bon-homme* of a husband, laughing heartily at the idea of his being saddled and bridled, like Apuleius's ass, for the diversion of his better half. I laughed in my turn; the French captain, who did not seem to understand well what was said, laughed for civility, and his lieutenant for subordination's sake. We laughed altogether, and were going to pass to another subject, when the captain, who probably wished also to say something *piquant* in his way, observed, with an air of complacency, that there was a most striking likeness between the features

* My wife is jocular indeed.

features of this Achilles and the *premier consul.* "*Rien de plus frappant,*" added the obsequious subaltern; and the husband expressed his astonishment by a "*Cosa di maraviglia davvero* !*" Although Bonaparte might well be the father of the youth in the picture, I observed, that in valour and heroism they certainly resembled each other; and, hitherto at least, in point of invulnerability likewise, which Achilles possessed in every part of his body except the heels. —"If the same were the case with Bonaparte," replied the captain, "he might be deemed invulnerable altogether; he never yet has shewn his heels to any of his enemies."—"Except to the English at Acre," quickly rejoined Donna Anna, nodding to me with an arch smile and a significant close of her jet eyelashes.

"*Comment, madame ? Permettez moi de vous dire, s'il avoit voulu prendre la place, c'eût été un déjeuner pour lui. Il en a pris d'autres bien plus fortes.*"

"As it was," replied the witty signora, "the preparations for this *déjeuner* lasted some thirty or forty days; a breakfast of grapes, no doubt, the sourness of which was thought unworthy of reynard's prudent palate.—*Non e cosi*† *?*"

It would have diverted you excessively, my dear T. to have witnessed the irritation of the officer at this appendix of the lady's raillery. His first consul could not have been more enraged when he witnessed his grenadiers repulsed in the most furious of their assaults. Monsieur kept furiously pacing up and down the room *au pas de charge,* his left thrust against his hip, muttering, at every other step, a "*comment,*" or "*nom de dieu.*" Don Ignazio, the poor husband, tried in vain to appease his wrath, by pleading the ignorance of his consort. He had better been silent; the word "ignorance" produced

* Wonderful indeed! † Is it not so?

produced a discord in the lady's ear, to which her skill in matrimonial counterpoint instantly devised an appropriate accompaniment, by calling him a *ciuccio**, *una bestia,* and (probably by way of climax) *un becco cornuto*†.

The latter expression, pregnant as it was with a world of curious personal information, had something novel, nay, cruel in it. As well might a highwayman reproach the traveller with his poverty after having robbed him of his purse; although it may be said in favour of the lady, that, instead of a robbery, it was a donation she alluded to in this instance. Be that as it may, all was now at cross purposes and confusion, excepting your humble servant, who had prudently remained a passive observer of the tragi-comic scene; perhaps ungallantly enough, since the whole *fracas* had certainly originated in a compliment which the lady was courteous enough to pay to British valour. Indeed, madame seemed by no means pleased at my apathy; and when she found it impossible to enlist me in the combat by a few pantomimical hints, she addressed to me an open challenge: "*Cosa pare al signore, aggio detto la verità eh*‡*?*"

"The truth is, madame, that it betrays equally great generalship to abandon an enterprise at a seasonable time, when the advantages to be derived from its further prosecution are not likely to be commensurate with the sacrifices it would require."

"*C'est precisèment cela, il y va de la politique de ne pas pousser les choses au dernier extreme,*" said the captain, joining the company again. The lieutenant was perfectly of the same opinion, and Don Ignazio conveyed his important approbation under a "*dice bene il Signor Inglese.*" At

* An elegant Neapolitan synonym for *jackass*.

† Would, for the comfort of English husbands, there were no translation for this epithet in our language!

‡ What do you think, good sir, have I spoken the truth?

At all events, I did some good by the opportune remark I had put in. All parties were again tolerably reconciled, enough at least to resume the investigation of the exhibition. The keeper, too, now gravely resumed his office, by observing, "That gentleman was saying just now that these Centaurs had sometimes forcibly carried off females; this picture makes good his word; please to step this way."

On taking a nearer view of the painting*, I was struck with its beauty; although the whole was but of one colour, laid on in different shades, what we sometimes call the chiaroscuro, and what the ancients used to term the monochromatic style of painting. The prevailing tint was a dull red, the lights flesh-colour, the shades brown. Another singularity of this piece was its being painted on a marble slab, not, like the others, on mortar or plaster. The whole consisted of three figures, a Centaur in the middle, still grasping a handsome female before him, but seized by the hair from behind by a tall young man carrying a drawn sword, and kneeling with one leg on the haunches of the Centaur, whom he is going to dispatch; an attitude most precisely and elegantly described by Virgil—

"Cæsariem læva turbati corruipit hostis
"Impressoque genu nitens terræ applicat ipsum."

Enough has already been said to enable you to guess at the names of those figures. You will, no doubt, concur with me, that the Centaur is no other than Eurytus running off with Hippodamia, the wife of Pirithous, but overtaken and killed by Theseus, the bosom friend of the latter. Ovid, it is true, records his death in a different manner; but what does it signify whether the lecherous monster had his brains knocked out by a punch-bowl, or was put an end to by a stab

* See plate 9.

stab of Theseus' sword; so he had his due for running away with another man's wife! Excepting the mode, Naso's lines furnish the best comment on this picture:

——————" Quæ te vecordia, Theseu
" Euryte pulsat, ait, qui me vivente lacessas
" Pirithoum? violesque duos ignarus in uno?
" Neve ea magnanimus frustra memoraverit heros;
" Summovet instantes, raptam furentibus aufert.
" Ille nihil contra; neque enim defendere verbis
" Talia facta potest: sed vindicis ora protervis
" Insequitur manibus, generosaque pectora pulsat.
" Forte fuit juxta signis extantibus asper
" Antiquus *crater*, quem vastum vastior ipse
" Substulit Aegides, adversaque misit in ora.
" Sanguinis ille globos pariter cerebrumque merumque
" Vulnere at ore vomens, madida resupinus arena
" Calcitrat.—

This Pirithous had ill luck with the fair sex; although Hippodamia was restored to him by the valour of his friend, she died soon after; and Theseus having lost his wife much about the same time, the two gentlemen carried off Helen from Sparta: but in tossing up for her, the fair prize was gained by Theseus, who generously offered to accompany his friend into Tartarus, in order to steal for him nothing less than Proserpine herself. But Pluto got scent of their drift, both sparks were seized on their arrival in the infernal regions, where Pirithous was forced to remain ever after.

Donna Anna, who examined the *tableau* with more than female attention, discovered a new mythological fact. "As to this lady's being carried off forcibly," said she, "the picture at all events tells a different tale. Don't you perceive in her countenance her anguish at the impending fate of her beloved charger? Oh fie! look how she is begging for the life of the equine seducer, instead (as a woman of character ought to do) of assisting Theseus in revenging the insult offered to her and her husband!"

Her

Her observation, I assure you, was strictly correct, and certainly did credit to the acuteness of her sex. She likewise found great fault with Hippodamia's wedding dress, which consisted of nothing in the world but a petticoat, the upper half of her body being in a state of perfect nudity. This sort of *negligé*, however, Don Ignazio thought proper to defend, by observing, that the quarrel between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ took place after supper; and that in all probability, therefore, the poor damsel was half undressed, and ready to ascend the nuptial bed, when she was seized by the fierce Eurytus.

After a cursory glance over several paintings of minor importance, we arrived before one which, notwithstanding its superlative excellence, one might have supposed a lady would have passed by, with, at least, affected indifference*. Not that the bare subject could be termed strictly indecent, but in the design, nay, even in the colouring, there was a degree of amatory warmth which a British female would have disdained noticing through any other medium than her fansticks. Donna Anna's refined taste, however, rose superior to the usual delicacy of her sex, she courageously met the foe face to face; and, *sans cérémonie*, required to be informed of the import of the representation.—But you, my dear T. shall know it first, however ungallant it may be to leave the lady's curiosity in suspense for a moment.

A beautiful young Bacchante, with her thyrsus and crotalum, was resting from her revels in a sequestered spot on a piece of rock, unconscious of the approach of an amorous young Faun. In an instant he flings away his crook and seven-tubed pipes, and seizes from behind upon the unsuspecting damsel; with one hand he draws her head backwards, the other assists in the operation, and thus he has free play

* See plate 7.

play to——imprint a *faunish* kiss on her blushing cheeks; not, mind! without as fair a portion of the lady's resistance as is demanded by female decorum. Now that is all, believe me; but to describe the beauties of the design, the masterly colouring, the contrast between the delicate snowy carnation of the female, and the dark, yet not copper-coloured skin of the sylvan spark; the expression of lustful desire in the face of the latter (which was not unlike the goat's in the livery-stable opposite our friend B's), and that of blushing surprise in the Bacchante's countenance, it would be fruitless to attempt.

"I believe, madam, it is a Faun stealing a kiss from a female Bacchante."

"*Stealing?* Ha! ha! ha!" (here the penetrating Donna Anna expressed her astonishment at my simplicity, by an immoderate burst of laughter.) "Pray do tell me, good sir, what is her right hand doing during this pretended robbery?"

"What else, but pushing off the head of the impudent intruder?"

"Oh! better still! so this hand which she has placed most lovingly *over* the Faun's head is meant to push him *away?* Nay, now do speak the truth, sir, and tell us if you would care to be pushed *off* in the same manner by a sweetheart of your's? But, who knows, perhaps it is the fashion in your country for ladies to ward off the attacks of gentlemen in this way. There's no knowing, every country has its peculiar customs.—However, wait! my good husband shall decide the point; he is a connoisseur, I assure you."

Don Ignazio felt greatly flattered at being called upon (by his partner for life too), *tantas componere lites.* After,

 therefore

therefore *(avec réspect)*, profusely salivating the bright floor over his left shoulder, *sélon la coutume du pays*, and extricating his right hand from its fashionable resting place in the nankeen hose, in order the better to point at the object of his comment, he declared that, without being usually an abettor of his wife's opinions (for which I gave him full credit), the position of the damsel's hand was such, that it must either move or stand still; if it moved, it must inevitably draw the Faun's head *to* her, and if it did not, it must leave his head in its original place.

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the captain. "Bravo!" resounded the echo of the subaltern.—"*Benissimo!*" added the lively signora, "see what it is to have a husband of good parts, that has as much wit in his little finger as——in all his brain." The latter part of this compliment, it must be said to her credit, was delivered *con sordini*.

"You interrupted me," "continued Don Ignazio, "before I had done. There is another thing to be observed. This lady has thrown away her thyrsus and crotalum; for no other reason, I suspect, than to enjoy the frolic at her ease; she would otherwise have kept them for her defence. A crotalum appears to me an excellent weapon of defence, which she might have used as a little shield, and with the massy pine-apple-head of the thyrsus she might, if she had chosen, have given the Faun a knock or two on the head, which would, no doubt, have cooled his courage wonderfully."

This additional observation of Don Ignazio I thought not amiss. It put me in mind of the young woman's pocket handkerchief at one of our assizes.

We were on the point of taking our leave of the Faun, when

when our female antiquarian was called back by a new object of her curiosity. This sylvan deity had, like every one of his brethren, a pretty little tail, briskly cocked up in a truly caprine attitude, to correspond with the state of mind of its owner; but such was the delicacy of the chaste artist, that this faunian appendix was rather indicated than distinctly pourtrayed, and, as the Faun's position was nearly fronting, five ninths, at most, were visible to the spectator. Yet, for all that, even such a trifle did not escape the argus eye of Donna Anna, which I suspect of microscopic construction in matters of such classic import. Instantly, therefore, five or six very intricate questions were addressed to your humble servant, with all the volubility of the most eager inquisitiveness; to answer which, in a competent and satisfactory manner, nothing short of a dissertation *de Faunorum et Satyrorum caudiculis, earumque forma, usu ac origine,* would have fulfilled the lady's expectations of my antiquarian abilities. For such an undertaking, however, this was neither the time nor place. Under a promise, therefore, to treat this topic at large when I should again have the honour of being in her society (for I had already politely declined her pot-luck invitation for to-day) I began by merely giving a cursory explanation of the matter, when Don Ignazio, whether from a suggestion of his stomach, or an innate aversion to the subject under discussion, looked at his watch, exclaiming, "It is half past seventeen; we shall be too late for dinner."—This opportune admonition instantly adjourned the question. Madame as well as the officers thought they had seen enough, and were for returning to town immediately. They very kindly offered me a seat in their carriage, which I thankfully accepted, as I had come to Portici on foot in the morning, with the idea of spending the best part of the day in the museum, taking my chance of finding a dinner at my old landlord's with the night-cap in Resina, and returning at my ease in the cool of the evening.

Although it was still early in the day, I confess to you, the company I had been in, and what I had seen and heard among them, diminished, in some measure, the classic zeal with which I had begun my survey of these valuable treasures, and with which I wished to investigate the whole. I consequently determined to return on another early day, and see the remainder at my leisure. Indeed, I think the present day's task is not quite so contemptible (in quantity I mean), allowing for the interruptions I had to encounter. I have even examined many more paintings than what I now describe; but on most of those my memoranda are partly too laconic, and partly defective, or, indeed, illegible; and my memory is too confused among such a variety of objects. In a future letter therefore, I may perhaps resume this subject, the most interesting in my opinion, of any I have yet reported upon to you.

On leaving the museum to get into the hackney vehicle of Don Ignazio or the officers', we found the valet (a temporary one from his looks) sedulously employed in a game at piquet with Jarvis, on the box; but such is the attention of servants in this part of the world, that, without finishing the game, he instantly whipt the sable pack of veterans into his pocket, jumped down at one leap, handed *loro eccellenze* into the antedeluvian conveyance, and with becoming gravity, took his exalted station in the rear, finishing the remnant of his segar *chemin faisant.*

Disputes and quarrels among these lively people may fitly be compared to the gales of wind that agitate at times their surrounding seas. Both are violent and boisterous while they last, but, happily, their duration is short.—Cordiality had resumed her empire over the recently ruffled spirits of my fellow travellers, an uninterrupted flow of gay conversation, occasionally supported by contributions from the *piquet*

quet virtuoso in the rear, carried us swiftly to town. At the Torre del Carmine I took leave of my new acquaintance, and made the best of my way through the narrow windings of the old city to my first quarters, Madame Gasse's, the remnants of whose *table d' hote* afforded a hearty dinner to my keen appetite. After a stroll to the Thuilleries in the evening, and a fashionable circuit to two or three ice-cellars, I went to the opera, to see the new piece "*Il Ballone Aërostatico.*" Of all the ludicrous things I ever saw, the quartett, between two people in the balloon half way up in the air, and two on terra firma below, had the most whimsical effect.

I promised faithfully to Donna Anna to pay her my respects very soon, and I mean to be as good as my word, for fun's sake. The *menage* of that couple must needs afford much curious matter for observation; and, if so, entertaining materials for an official *procès verbal* to my good friend. I do not hunt after adventures, but when they fall into one's way, why not catch them "as they rise?" To pry into men and maners is to me more entertaining and profitable than to count the brickbats of shapeless old ruins. Adieu.

* * * * *

LETTER XII.

Naples, ——, 1802.

My dear Friend,

MY time and my researches in this country are equitably divided between the relics of its ancient inhabitants, the manners and actions of its present race, and the pleasing task of retracing my observations on both, through the vehicle of my official reports to you and my friends in England. Do keep them carefully against my return! for I am drawing

so

so fast on the credit Mr. P. had the goodness to assign to me, that unless some scheme for raising the wind be put in execution as soon as I get back, there is little doubt but the last stage of my travels will be to a place of retirement in St. George's-fields. You guess my intention, I dare say! I must turn author *par force:* these letters must bring me what they have stood me in, and more too. What there is of them already, will go a great way when they come to be printed in quarto, with three or four inches of handsome margin every way: besides, they will bear a good deal of amplification. They are miserably defective in moral and sentimental disquisitions. Those, I am told, may be had reasonably with you; I wish to have the very best, therefore don't mind a trifling difference in price. The moral character of the inhabitants of this part of the globe must, above all, be depicted in the blackest colours. By so doing, right or wrong, the work will at once become fashionable and *piquant,* the author be thought a saint, and the reader, with emotions of self-complacent pride, will like the Pharisee, exclaim—"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are!" A little sprinkling of poetry too, here and there, but especially at the top of each letter would look vastly pretty.—You can get that done for me likewise, I dare say. For entertaining anecdotes we shall not be at a loss; some few we surely may contrive to imagine ourselves, and the remainder must be *borrowed* (in a new dress of course) from some Italian book of jests which I shall take care to bring with me. The historical, political, and statistical digressions will likewise have to be taken upon tick: we shall *borrow* them from Guthrie, Busching, and some Cyclopædia. Borrowing is no robbery. What harm is there in lighting from a great luminary a modest taper, to illumine the path of knowledge for our fellow beings?—Harm?—Why merit, the greatest of all merit. As to prints and pictures, the most important part of a travelling work, we shall do admirably.

I have

I have already sent you two or three, and have by me six or seven more. They are, it is true, done in outline only, but any drawing-master will shade them for a trifle.' What does it signify which way the sun shines upon them, whether from the right or left? And if the man has any ingenuity, he will know where to put in a group of trees, a romantic fragment of rock, a ruinous arch or two, or some pieces of broken shafts and capitals, &c. all for the sake of effect.—*Effect*, my dear T. is every thing, in painting, as well as in poetry; to that, truth and every other consideration must yield: things are to be represented, not as they are, but as they might or ought to be. What would, for instance, the siege of Troy be, if related by one of your matter-of-fact gentlemen? An insipid squabble of some obscure barbarian tribes, like the petty quarrels among the South-Sea Indians; the grand fleet of the Greeks, a parcel of portable canoes; the city of Troy with Priam's palaces, a cluster of miserable wooden huts, and the famous river Simoïs no better than our Fleet-ditch. The magic hand of fancy, therefore, must be called in aid of our drawings; and instead of having them executed in the line manner, we shall resort to aquatinta. The former is not only too expensive, but it requires too much of troublesome, prosaic correctness; whereas, by the latter method, we shall have the advantage of confused indistinctness. The broad masses of shade will hide our defects; we shall lay it on thickly wherever we are at a loss for minute detail.—You might, therefore render yourself further useful to our great undertaking, if in your strolls you would take an occasional opportunity of visiting the Italian print-shops in London, and collect designs and views of the places which I have visited, or, indeed, which I have not. So you have the views, I shall in my narrative contrive to have been there. It is as easy to describe a print as a real view; nay, easier for one who is as short-sighted as I am; and you have the additional advantage, that the description will much more closely correspond with the design.

We

We shall do, never fear! the work will go through a second and third edition. I shall have my money back with interest, enjoy British comforts for a year or two, and have enough left to undertake a second trip to some other region: write a second book on that; travel again, and write a third; and so on, till like the Macedonian hero, nothing be left me but a wishful glance at the moon, and a regret at the impossibility of visiting it likewise and writing a lunar Tour. What endless, what enchanting prospects!!

From this beguiling tissue of anticipated futurity, let us make a retrogade movement into the realms of sober *sublunary* reality.—I mean now to present you with a Neapolitan *tableau de famille*. Our scene lies in the environs of S^a. Teresa di Chiaja. The principal *Dramatis Personæ* are, your humble servant, Don Ignazio, and his lovely spouse, Donna Anna, whose acquaintance you recollect I made in the picture gallery at Portici. Curiosity, and my pledge to you, induced me to execute the promise I had given to visit this odd couple; and according to a laudable practice of mine, I determined not to go with empty hands. Presents, I have found by experience, are a most powerful introduction with mankind in general; and with the fair sex above all, their effect is next to magical, far beyond that of fine words, an elegant person, or even a good constitution. A silver-bladed fruit-knife being therefore deemed an appropriate passport on the present occasion, my old acquaintance, the retailer of English goods at the top of Strada Toledo, sold me the very thing, morocco case included, for two silver ducats, that is to say, two or three shillings below what I could have bought it for in London itself. Thus armed, I went last monday in quest of Don Ignazio's residence; but, after half an hour's most troublesome search, had the disappointment to be informed by an old servant-maid, that both master and mistress had gone out for the evening. The day before yesterday

terday I again set out a full hour sooner, ascended once more through darkness visible, the six flights of lava staircase, from corner to corner impregnated with phosphoric effluvia, until I had got nearly to my journey's end, when, oh contrast divine! the hartshorn atmosphere gradually gave way to a most fragrant odour of roses, such as vernal zephyrs waft from Paphian fields to welcome the devout pilgrims to Anadyomene's shrine. Inspirited as I felt by so happy an omen, an unfortunate fit of philosophical speculation at that moment suggested the Leibnitzian axiom of a "sufficient cause." What, in the name of goodness, had I to do with the "sufficient cause" of this unexpected smell? Why, instead of minding my feet, must an ill-timed paroxysm of meditation raise my head at the very instant my left foot slipped over a rose-bud on the staircase, casting the center of gravity so far backwards as to be no longer master of the equipoise of my matter? Down I came, with one sudden plunge, on my left knee, instantly laid bare by a fissure in the nankeen pantaloons. (Of this we must have a print!) The perturbed state of the fluttering molecules of my brain at that moment, would have roused the pity of my bitterest enemies. I am not superstitious; but such an accident, so analogically ominous, a Scipio himself would not have dared to brave. A retreat was immediately resolved upon, and actually commenced, when a "*Santissima Vergine!*" uttered from the head of the stairs by the servant-maid, who had probably heard the crash, arrested my descent. "Her master was out—Donna Anna at home, but had fallen asleep in her arm-chair."—New difficulties! What right had I to break the fair slumberer's rest? And yet, if, after a tedious walk of two miles from beyond St. Efrem Nuovo, on the very top of the Infrescata, to S^a. Teresa di Chiaja, I was stoic enough to depart *re infecta*, and persevering enough to undertake a third trip, what chances would there not be to have again

my walk for my pains? Does not friend Horace say,

Rapiamus amici
Occasionem de die
Dum *virent genua*.

Unfortunate quotation! The wag, I am positive, is making game of my poor knee. Let him! I shall neither disturb the sleeping beauty nor mope off. There is a middle course to steer

Inter utrumque tene, medio tutissimus ibis.

Hush! on tip-toe light I stole through the half-open door, shut after me by the discreet duenna, who, familiar with the rude construction of the ricketty lock, suspended with a tight hold its noisy clash.

Before I proceed, suppose I describe, in two or three words, the apartment, which I had now full leisure to survey minutely. Two windows at the further end, the door opposite; against the middle of one of its long sides stood a wainscot commode, covered with papers of spread rose leaves, all but a small spot, on which was placed a glass case, containing a waxen image of religious import, surrounded with a variety of ornaments of tinsel, artificial flowers, shells, and moss; above that, a large cracked looking-glass, the yellow varnish of whose silvered frame was a bad apology for its sister metal; in the corner I observed a tall, old triangular walnut-tree buffet, with glass doors and curtains: an old piano-forte against the opposite wall was likewise the bearer of seven or eight papers filled with more rose-leaves; and, over it, hung suspended the full-length portraits of Signor Don Ignazio, his *better* half, and a little boy, which I presume he called his own. Half a dozen old-fashioned chairs, a sofa to match, a guitar, and a chesnut table, composed the next lot. The most modern piece of furniture was undoubtedly Signora Anna sitting before the table. From the scissars on the

SLEEPING TÊTE À TÊTE, AT A FIRST VISIT OF DON LUIGI'S.

London, Pub.d at R. Ackermann's 101 Strand 1815.

the floor, and the little basket on one side, her occupation previously to the visitation of Morpheus might be guessed at. She had been cutting and folding papers for powder-doses. Now, the roseate smell on the staircase remained no longer a mystery; and, to judge by the apparatus of the leaves, and the provident supply of powder papers, her *caro sposo* belonged to the medical staff of the Parthenopian metropolis.

I seated myself composedly *vis à vis* the industrious slumberer, and, *pour passer le temps*, with much assiduity began folding the ready-cut papers according to pattern, casting, from time to time, a modest glance at my opposite neighbour, and observing on her countenance the undulating motion of the shadow of some dwarf orange trees on a neighbouring *loggia* *, intercepting the rays of the evening sun. Thus did the goddess of chastity herself, in a woody recess of the Carian hills, gaze with silent admiration on the serene countenance of slumbering Endymion; or Bacchus behold, on Naxo's rocky shore, the fair daughter of Minos, reproaching, in her dreams, her treacherous seducer.

Gazing is tedious too!! I had already folded papers for more powders than a London apothecary would deem a sufficient recompence for a visit to one of his most distant patients, and no change had yet ensued in this truly innocent *tête-à-tête*. Fate, however, had decreed it should become more harmless still. The sameness of my occupation, the fatigue of my walk in the early part of the afternoon, the heat of the apartment, and, what I believe to be the principal cause, the overpowering effluvia of two or three Winchester bushels of rose-leaves, began to usurp a soporific sway over the lax nerves of your humble servant. To you I confess it, sleep involuntarily seized my frame †.

* *Loggia*, a kind of balcony or terrace, adjoining the house. † See plate 10.

Now I reflect on the occurrence, I cannot forbear smiling at the ludicrous oddity of this novel *tête-à-tête*. I came to pay a first visit to this lady, and, lo! before we have exchanged an articulated syllable, both are doomed to perform a snoring duet. God knows how long the concert lasted! All I can tell is, that Donna Anna had finished before me. I was awakened by the dulcet sound of the following lines, tastefully accompanied on the guitar*:

Se tanto a me piace
Si rara beltà,
Io perdero la pace,
Quando si svegierà.

Nearly thus:

If, while entranced in balmy rest,
His charms can give such pain,
When he awakes, my wounded breast
Will ne'er know peace again.

The fib aside, nothing certainly could be more *à-propos*. I was going to rise and express my gratitude for so neat a compliment, when the recollection of the probable exposure of the fractured nankeen, checked for a moment my gallant ardour. This, however, I found means to put under a temporary eclipse by a loose suspension of my handkerchief; and now I was enabled to behave altogether like a gentleman.

Ah! my dear T. if the creeping motion of my dull pen possessed but a tenth part of the lingual velocity of this Neapolitan lady; if, moreover I could infuse into my tramontane narrative the spirit and sprightliness of her conversation, I would attempt giving you a faithful abstract of her dialogue, sure as I am that even the second-hand delivery would delight you. It was natural to enquire after the health of the husband. This, as I presently found, proved an unfortunate string

* See Frontispiece.

string I had touched upon, a theme in a minor key, upon which the good lady contrived to execute an endless number of variations and voluntaries. She began by replying, "He is better than he deserves to be!! Stingy miser, every thing under lock and key! What a situation, not to be able to offer any thing to a person of your merit! But all his cunning shall avail him nothing."—Here the ingenious Donna Anna proceeded to the buffet, by introducing a knife through the interstices at the top and bottom of one of the folding-doors, shifted the bolts, and vigorously pulling both wings, readily opened the buffet, in spite of the pretended security of the lock. Cakes and diluted raspberry syrup were now in abundance, and the latter proved an excellent summer refreshment.—"It's of his own manufacture," continued Donna Anna. "He is as clever an apothecary as any in the kingdom, earns a mint of money, and yet starves his wife. When I ask him for cash, he stares at me as if the house were on fire, enquires if what he gave me yesterday was gone already, and, in his generosity, parts with a few cavalli*; not, however, without the most serious injunction to be more saving. He and the little one dine at the shop in town on good cheer, while the old woman and myself must put up with all sorts of vile trash of his own catering. Lettuce, cucumbers, onions, and stale maccaroni, which he knows I loath the sight of, are the order of the day with us; and, to whet my appetite for these dainties, he has the generosity every now and then to bring home a box of stomachic pills, which I fling out at the window as soon as he has turned his back.

I interrupted the flow of the injured fair one's eloquence, by assuring her that the appearance of health in her countenance and person indicated by no means the abstemious regimen she complained of; and that, at all events, Don Ignazio

* Neapolitan copper coin.

nazio appeared, from all I had perceived at our late meeting, a most attentive and affectionate husband in every other respect, so that the single failing of an over-economical disposition seemed fully counterbalanced by his other good qualities.——It would'nt do.

" That's just what vexes me. His pride prompts him, and his cunning enables him, to behave to me in the most loving manner, whenever we are among other people; you would think him the milk of human kindness, a very angel, all generosity, fondness, and submission; but no sooner are we alone, than the picture is changed in an instant. Half a yard of new ribbon is enough to make him look as black as thunder. His hawk's eye will spy a new pin. He will ask a thousand questions, when I got it? how I came by it?"....

" He is not jealous, surely?"

" Would to heaven he were! He is perfectly indifferent as to what I am doing, so it brings on no expence; he is jealous of nothing but his pelf. You would scarcely credit his meanness: my own clothes he locks up from me. Not satisfied with the little he gives me, he rifles my pockets in the night when I am asleep, steals his own money, and gives it me twice over again. I have caught him at that: I marked one evening the pieces I had, missed them in the morning, and received them again at breakfast. What do you say to that!"

" *Ci vuol' pacienza* *,"

" Patience indeed! and bushels of it! Excuse the freedom I take in troubling you with my grievances; it does one good to

* You must have patience.

to unburthen one's mind; it is the only comfort left when there is no hope of redress. I mentioned all this, and much more to our confessor, who gave him a severe lecture for it: but what of that? Ever since that moment he has taken to another priest, who suits himself better to his disposition."

Not to appear absolutely indifferent to this good lady's troubles, I expressed to her how much I felt for them, and how happy I should be to have but a hint of the means by which it might possibly be in my power to relieve them. To this I received no other reply than a shrug of the shoulders, which might be interpreted various ways. She now seemed involved in melancholy reflections; to dispel which, I took a new ground. In order to try whether she was completely unhappy in her own opinion, a thing I much doubted, I asked if she was conscious of no one good quality in the character of Don Ignazio.

"No one good quality you say, good sir? Why that would be miserable indeed! Say, rather, no bad one, except his extreme stinginess and his abominable partiality to garlick. He is sober, faithful to the marriage bed, complaisant in every thing not requiring pecuniary sacrifice, and, at bottom, sincerely attached to me, as I have had an opportunity of convincing myself in my last illness. Five successive nights did the poor devil sit up by my bedside. In addition to his own professional attendance, I had twice a day the advice of two of our first physicians. Nothing that could be got was too expensive for him then. As soon as I began to recover, such was his joy, that gowns, lace, and trinkets, came in faster than the medicines while I was ill. That beautiful comb you saw in my hair at Portici, solid gold as it is, and beset with pearls, every one of which cost a ducat, he gave me on that occasion; and two days afterwards he brought me a most valuable diamond cross, which you

you shall see when he comes home, for he keeps every thing under lock and key. I really one time flattered myself he had totally changed his nature. But I soon found my mistake; as I got better, he got worse: and no sooner was I quite well, than I found him as bad as ever; so that, droll as you may think it, without a little illness now and then, I should soon be starved to death. But, as you are pleased to say, every one has his failings; and, if it were known, more perhaps are worse, than better than he: patience, therefore, is the best remedy. What's the use of repining at a thing you cannot alter. Come, sir, you seemed pleased with the little song I awoke you with; I'll give you the whole of it, and you shall sing me one in return afterwards."

I was more pleased, to own the truth, at the favourable turn which the state of Donna Anna's mind had taken in so short a time, and inwardly proud of being the author of so sudden a change. But such, my dear T. really is the character of this lively and sincere race of people, in the space of ten minutes their temperament admits of being miserable, and again completely happy. Dissimulation, generally speaking, they are perfect strangers to.

Donna Anna now sung the little air, "*Sul margine d'un rio,*" with such tasteful simplicity, and accompanied her fine voice with such well selected chords of harpeggios, as to convey no mean idea of her proficiency in music. We are astonished at the meretricious *tirades* of a prima donna, by which she endeavours to drown the simple melodies of a Salieri, Päesiello, or Cimarosa, in order to shew her skill to greater advantage; but the tasteful delivery alone of the simple strains of a good composer finds its way to our heart and our feelings. Donna Anna's song was worth to me all the bravura's of a Mara or Banti. When it came to my turn, I proposed to sing a duet, which was agreed to. She produced

duced the charming duet from the "*Cosa rara,*" and offered to play the accompaniment on the piano-forte. This proved a great treat to me; indeed, often as I have heard it on the best of stages, I never liked it so well as this time, when I was a party concerned in the performance.

A side look of Dònna Anna's, accompanied by an arch smile, discovered to me her knowledge of the effects of my fall on the staircase, which my vocal ardour during the duet had prevented me from concealing sufficiently. An explanation ensued, and her kind offer of administering temporary repair to my misfortune, ill breeding alone could have declined. Needle and silk being procured in an instant, I proposed, in order to prevent her stooping, to stand on a chair. But this she would by no means permit; I must sit on the sofa; and the attentive Donna Anna, in a graceful attitude, knelt down before me. During the operation, I could not help admiring her head of hair, which would have been of a jet black, had it not been for numerous minute elliptical impurities, which, on so close an inspection, gave it rather a pepper and salt appearance. A discovery like this might refrigerate the warmth of admiration in one of your hyper-sentimental beings of 52 north latitude. To me, who know the effects of a hot climate, and am in a manner acclimatized, the circumstance was familiar from repeated previous observations of the same nature, and therefore proved no sort of check or alterative. *Nil admirari, nil vituperare,* is the golden motto of a cosmopolitan traveller.

Donna Anna had not yet accomplished her friendly office, when a gentle rap at the door from the discreet old servant, accompanied with a "*Mmo' ven ho padron,*" announced the arrival of the master of the house. "*Che venga pure**,"

replied

* Let him come.

replied the wife, unwilling to discontinue the good work she had begun. In the respective attitudes, therefore, above described, the husband found us on entering the apartment with his little boy. His fat face instantly assumed the looks—not of jealous anger—but of the most unequivocal transports of joy. "*Chist e una gracia* !*" exclaimed he with delight, throwing his arms across my shoulders, and osculating my poor cheeks at a terrible rate. The savour of this salute amply proved the truth of one of the two accusations his wife had lodged against him.

"My dear, why did you not send for me? I hope you have entertained the gentleman, according to his merits, in my absence. *Nicola, fa la riverenza al Signor Inglese,*" continued he to the child, at whose odd appearance I could scarcely refrain from laughing. Conceive an infant, of perhaps five years, dressed precisely in the miniature costume of a man of five-and-twenty. His powdered curls were forced into a little pig-tail of the length of my little finger; coat, waiscoat, and pantaloons, were all of the cut of a grown person; and to complete the dwarf-like appearance of the old-fashioned little monkey, a pair of hussar boots graced his lower extremities. On enquiring if Master Nicola was the whole of his family, I was informed that he had had another, which I should see when I came to visit his shop.

Not a word was said respecting the pilfered cakes and syrup; on the contrary, Don Ignazio found great fault with his wife for not treating me with some wine out of his cellar, till she observed on the impossibility of so doing, when he had the keys of every thing.

"Have I?" fumbling in his pockets. "You are right. What

* This is a favour, &c.

What an unfortunate mistake! But all in good time; you shall taste some of the wine of my own country, such as you will not easily meet with in this city." So saying, he disappeared, and soon returned with both hands full of bottles and Bologna sausages. The wine he gave us to taste appeared old and mellow; it was of the growth of the principality of Farther Abruzzo, whence he came, but certainly not to be compared to the wine of my friend Don Giacomo, of Pozzuoli.

Before the arrival of Don Ignazio, I conceived it improper to come forward with my little present; at one time, indeed, I had a good mind to keep it to myself. Now I thought was the time to produce it with an appropriate introduction of letter-press. Donna Anna seemed delighted with this trifling mark of attention; and, before her husband, very handsomely said, she hoped it might last as long as she should remember the giver. "That," added Don Ignazio, "I am sure it will not, if you have the keeping of it; and therefore propose taking care of it myself, by putting it with the rest of your trinkets."—"What!" replied the astonished spouse, lock that up too?" Surely you would not put such an affront on this gentleman, who intended it as a keep-sake for me."—"A keep-sake it shall be," again retorted the husband: "under my charge I can answer for its safety." Called upon by a wink of the lady to interfere in this matter, I begged it as a particular favour, that the knife might remain in Donna Anna's possession, since, otherwise, the purpose of the trifling gift would be defeated; and my request, for that evening at least, had the desired effect.

A young man, of about twenty years of age, and of a prepossessing countenance and exterior, now stepped in, and was introduced by Donna Anna under the name of Don Carlo Rivetta. "*Evviva!*" exclaimed Don Ignazio, whose pa-

triotism probably had induced him to make frequent libations of the Abruzzian grape juice, " this is the very man we want. You see, sir, one of the best dancers in the two kingdoms; and if you are fond of the sport, we shall muster a little ball in a few minutes."

I professed my willingness to become a spectator, but declined joining in the pastime, alledging my boots and the state of my health as an excuse.

" For the first I have an instant remedy," answered our jovial host; you shall have a pair of my shoes; and as to your health, appearances at all events are against your assertion or belief. Permit me to feel your pulse.——One, two, three, four .... Why, my good sir, give me leave to assure you, if all the people of Naples were as well as you appear to *me*, (and I flatter myself I know something about the matter), I and my colleagues should starve presently — Pray who is your physician here?"

" Dr. ——."

" That coxcomb? Why that fellow has killed more people than I have cured. Pray does he not prescribe to you calomel and steel-rust?.....Aye, I thought so; he has but one remedy for every disease. If you'll follow my advice, sir, get rid of that quack as soon as possible; and if you really complain of that pain in your right side, allow me to recommend you a remedy, which is a simple, and certainly a disinterested one. Put a handful of *garlick* into a bottle of old white wine, and take a small glass full every morning fasting. It will remove every obstruction in your biliary ducts, create a proper and vigorous bile, act as a tonic on your stomach, and give new energy to every one of the abdominal viscera. In less than a week you will be convinced of what I say. Garlick, my dear sir, is an invaluable medicine for almost every

every complaint, and I firmly believe, if its virtues were duly appreciated, we should want very few other drugs, and people probably might do without doctors or apothecaries. I take it in its crude state both at breakfast and dinner, and solely ascribe to this practice the good state of health in which I have the honour of being seen by you now; and which, thank God, I have enjoyed without interruption these eight years and more.—But, to return to our plan. Come, Ann, get my cordovan pumps for the gentleman, and finish the few stitches in his pantaloons, while I go down stairs to enlist a few recruits for our party. Old Tursi shall come and play the guitar for us."

Although I was sure Don Ignazio's pumps would rather fit one of the giants in Guildhall than my feet, yet I submitted good-humouredly to the metamorphosis. Donna Anna in some measure remedied the difficulty by passing through the holes, besides the shoe-strings, a long sky-blue ribbon, which she wound by checkered crossings round my leg, up to the calf, thus tying the pumps to the leg. I looked for all the world like an opera-dancer.

While thus employed about my person, her little urchin thought proper to amuse himself with a bone syringe which in all likelihood he had purloined from his father's shop: he conceived it probably very witty to make the Signor Inglese the principal butt of his hydrodynamic experiments: for no sooner did I turn my head, than souse came a copious irrigation of the pure element over my neck, waiscoat, and nankeens, a transgression for which the mother instantly sent him to bed with a farewel box on the ear by way of a good-night, making a thousand apologies for the boy's impertinence, and protesting that it was only since his father took him to town every day that he had learnt all sorts of insolence and rudeness.

The few local arrangements, thought of to gain room for the impending diversion were just completed, when Don Ignazio returned with the respectable reinforcement of three more ladies, the mother and two daughters, tenants of the lower part of the house, and a hump-backed little being with a guitar nearly as big as himself. After a most pompous introduction to these new visitors, in which our host vouchsafed to grant me the promotion of *colonello nel servizio di sua maestà il rè della Gran Bretagna,* we set to work immediately on a country-dance. My steps were universally admired; indeed I am confident I never danced better in my life. The ligature round my legs imparted to them a wonderful degree of spring and vigour, and looked altogether pretty. As to Don Ignazio, poor man, he did wonders likewise. His legs, with every symptom of dropsy, exhibited a respectable degree of agility; but his enormous calves, like blubber or jelly, shook from right to left at every touch of the ground. Don Carlo was a second Didelot, and Donna Anna's steps were grace and elegance itself. In a little time we received an accession of strength in the arrival of three or four neighbours, so that at last there were nearly a dozen of us. Country dances, cotillions, and menuets à quatre, succeeded each other in turn; but of all, nothing pleased me more than the *saltarella* of Don Carlo and the lady of the house. This is a national dance of the Neapolitans, more distinguished by the gracefulness of its steps and attitudes, than by any intricacy of figures or great quickness of motion. I would fain have given them a hornpipe in return, but could not for the world beat the tune into old Thersites' head.

About midnight our host proposed to sup. The cloth was laid in an instant, every one lending a hand. The "stingy" Don Ignazio treated us with a profusion of three or four different sorts of delicious shell-fish, Bologna sausages,

ges, salad of anchovies, &c. and plenty of his Abruzzo wine, uttering a thousand apologies for the mediocrity of his hasty entertainment. I never saw a man eat and drink so much, and with such glee. His partner too appeared as if she providently intended to lay in a stock for a few banyan days to come. Her repletion, however, did not prevent her from favouring the company with two or three songs; but she certainly performed better with an empty stomach. Don Carlo likewise gave us some beautiful airs, executed in a charming style, and with one of the best voices I ever heard. That man knew almost every opera by heart. You would have thought him a singer by profession, not a clerk at the Vicaria *, which I afterwards understood him to be.

It was past two when we broke up, and now nothing would do but Don Ignazio would see me home. I urged in vain the immense distance and my perfect knowledge of the way. "You don't know," replied he, "the insecurity of our streets at night; we have a number of desperate fellows in this city, and I should never forgive myself if any harm were to come to you on leaving my house. I shall insist on accompanying you to your lodging, if it were as far as *Capo di Monte*."—The people here are terribly afraid of robbers, but I really fancy without cause. I have not only often been out at very late hours without meeting with any accident, but even have not heard of a single robbery worth mentioning ever since I have been here. At all events, the company of the fat apothecary would have afforded no additional protection if I have formed a right judgement of his prowess. I had cause to wish he had staid at home; for no sooner had we walked about five minutes, than he began to exhibit the effects of the vinous gas when brought into contact with the atmospheric air; his Doric stumps refused any further obser-

* A large building near the Capuan gate, the seat of the courts of justice.

observance of defin. IV. Euclid, I. * ; and when we had got to *Porta di Chiaja,* they became as stationary as the pillars of Hercules.—What was to be done but, instead of being squired home by him, to drag the gentleman all the way back to his own door, where he was saluted by madame with an *" O che bestia ! !"* and where I once more bade her *"felicissima notte ;"* a wish, the realization of which I had, under existing circumstances, the greatest doubts of.

The reception and attention I met with at the house of Don Ignazio, is another instance of that goodness of heart and hospitality of the honest Neapolitans which it has been my good fortune to experience from every one of them since the first day of my arrival in this city. Besides two English families, to whom I had letters of recommendation, and whose houses are open to me at all times, I *then* knew not a soul here. *Now* it will require a full week to take leave of all those from whom I, an utter stranger, have received civilities, nay, real marks of friendship, which, in the whole course of my future life, I shall always remember with gratitude. To separate from such a people would cost a struggle, were it not to return to the happy shores of Old England, to you, my dear T. and to every thing dearest to my heart. Farewell.

Your's, &c.

* * * *

LETTER XIII.

NAPLES, ——, 1802.

My dear T.

NEXT to Rome, and, perhaps, without this exception, no spot on the whole globe can presume to rival this city and its

* A right line is the shortest distance between two points.

its environs in the number of interesting objects which, at every step and on every side, obtrude themselves on the notice of the inquisitive traveller. On the west, the mountain of Posilipo, with its stupendous grotto, and its manifold remains of ancient architecture; the venerable, though small city of Pozzuoli; the Solfatara, the famed volcanic lakes and shores of Bajæ, as far as the Misenian cape: towards the east, the unique museum at Portici, the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeji, Stabiæ, and Father Vesuvius—have more than once been the theme of the voluminous correspondence dedicated to your perusal.

In the present letter I shall direct your attention to the southward of Naples; we shall sail across the gulf, to visit the celebrated island of Capri. Barren as its fanciful mass of rocks appears when viewed from the gardens of the Thuillerie, at a distance of nearly seventeen miles (which our deluded optics reduce to seven or eight), its romantic views, sublime prospects, its comparatively high state of cultivation, its various physical productions, the natural strength of its situation as a key and barrier to the whole gulf, and, above all, the figure it makes in the history of the roman emperors, and particularly of Tiberius; all these considerations give Capri an importance which no island of the same dimensions dares claim, and which renders every thing relating to it highly worthy of the most careful investigation.

My trip thither has likewise the merit, if merit it can be called, of once more bringing to your notice my original of a landlord, the whimsical Don Michele, who, ever since the trouble and vexation he caused me on the Pompejan excursion, has remained in the back ground as far as excursions were concerned, and who certainly would have been left to his own speculations in this instance, had he not earnestly solicited permission to accompany me. It would

 have

have been very ungracious indeed to have refused his request; the more so, as it arose from a wish to see a female relative of his, married to a farmer on the island. Suspecting that so sequestered a spot would afford little or no accommodation to a traveller, I determined on taking my cot with me; and my friend ordered his daughter the good Donna Luisa to prepare a pigeon pie of respectable dimensions, which, together with a Bologna sausage and some wine, ground coffee and sugar, were stowed in a small hamper. Don Michele also undertook to look out for a passage, and agreed with the padrone of a felucca to convey us for two ducats * a piece.

—We set sail at three o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, with a stiff, but not very favourable breeze. Passing close under the stern of an English frigate lying in the bay, my friend expressed a desire to go on board, as he had never seen the interior of a man of war. To such an aberration from our course the padrone would not consent without an additional bonus of half a ducat. This being granted, and leave obtained from the officer on deck, our felucca got along side the frigate, and I up first; but poor Don Michele, after some timid struggles to follow me, in every one of which he was baulked by the swell of the sea shoving the little felucca up and down, declined any further attempts, as, to use his phrase, "he valued his shins more than all the navy in England." This disappointment, and the little salt water which his silk hose had imbibed on the occasion, already ruffled his irritable temperament. But the worst of his trouble had yet to come. In the mean time, the padrone very civilly requested, as per agreement, the half ducat, for the *attempt* to put us on board the frigate.

Don M.—"Half a rope to hang you with, cheating rascal! Have

* A ducat is worth about 4s.

Have I been on board? or have I by a miracle escaped having my legs broken? and ruined my stockings into the bargain!"

The padrone observed, very justly, that he had performed *his* part of the contract, and that it was not his fault if Don Michele had not the courage to mount the ladder.—All to no purpose! My friend not only solemnly protested against parting with one farthing, but threatened to acquaint the governor of Capri, whom he feigned to know well, with the attempted imposition.

The latter menace silenced the skipper's clamour, but not the current of my friend's abuse, who kept on grumbling, and would probably have continued in that strain for the rest of the voyage, had not sea-sickness begun to assail him in proportion as we got more into the opening of the bay. He soon turned as pale as death; and after an interval of about ten minutes, during which his face successively assumed the character of every one of Le Brun's passions, save that of mirth, he relieved his stomach by an inclination over the boat's sides. Unfortunately, his cocked hat followed the internal impulse, and gently floating on the briny surface, soon receded beyond the reach of our sticks.—"*Il mio castore!*" exclaimed piteously our *chapeau bas*. I instantly desired the master to tack about, which he refused to do without our paying him beforehand the half ducat in dispute. He had it, and the hat was recovered, unfit, however, as you may suppose, for immediate service. The padrone, therefore, with much kindness, lent him his own red cap (contents unknown), to keep off the sun, and thus in a moment dubbed him a Jacobin.

I ought not to sport with Don Michele's sufferings. Although an old sailor, the short motion of our little bark had

ere long a similar effect upon my constitution; for more than half an hour I felt very squeamish and listless. At last, however, *post varios casûs, post tot discrimina rerum,* we arrived safely at what is called the port of Capri before it was dark, after a passage of about five hours.

The inn which we were directed to, and which appeared to be the only one on the island, was a miserable hovel; yet as it turned out no worse than I had imagined, and as I had brought my provisions and cot with me, there was no disappointment at least. The trip had had such a beneficial effect on my friend's stomach, that he forthwith began unpacking the hamper; but what was his astonishment and indignation when, on taking out the pie, the cover fell off, and exhibited the dish emptied of every thing but some gravy left at the bottom. Our half dozen of pigeons had taken wing again. This was a sad revenge which the affronted sailors had taken. Don Michele grew furious, and was on the point of returning to the beach to find out the miscreants, when I represented to him the futility of such an attempt, since, even if he met with the rogues, the pigeons were surely eaten, and therefore irrecoverable. "The gentleman is perfectly in the right, nodded our landlord, a tall, well-made, and good-humoured islander. "You had better put up with the first misfortune, than expose yourself to insult from these good for nothing villains. The entertainment which we shall endeavour to provide for you, will, I trust, enable you to forget your loss."

On enquiry, however, what fare he could procure, we understood, to our great mortification, that of butchers' meat there had not been an ounce in the island these three weeks; fowl likewise remained a pious wish: but, by way of consolation, he assured us, that had we but honoured him with our custom a fortnight sooner, he would have boarded both of

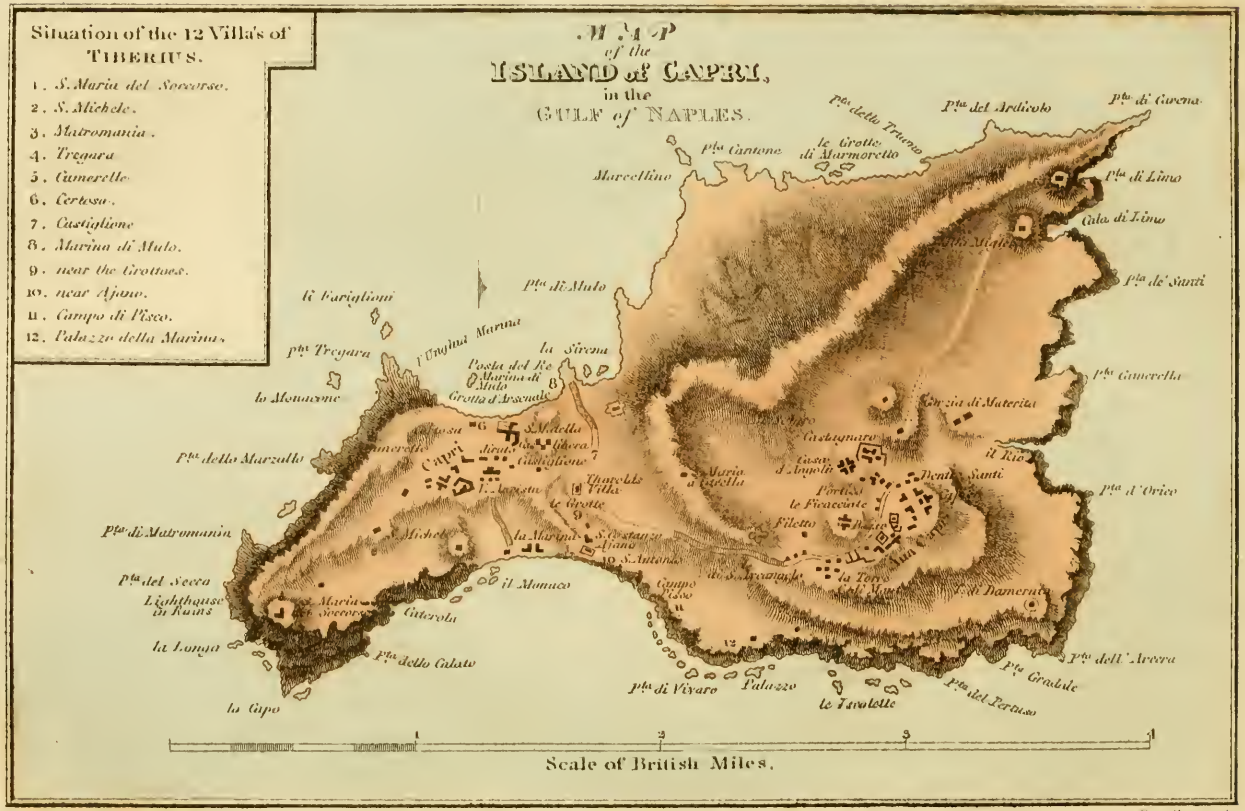
of us upon delicious quails at two carlins (10d.) per diem. At the same time we learnt a curious fact. Butchers' meat, our host informed us, was seldom or ever on sale, unless one of their cows happened, by a fall from the frightful precipices, to break her neck or legs. Such a calamity causes exultation over the whole island; the accident is promulgated by sound of trumpet, and the people are invited forthwith to purchase the meat, a summons which they attend to with great eagerness.

Having in this manner ascertained the negative state of our landlord's larder, it became desirable to know something of its positive contents.—"Excellent olives, still better cheese, maccaroni, and," continued he, "if your stomach is capable of half an hour's patience, some of our fishing-boats will be in by that time, and then I could give you a supper fit for King Ferdinand to eat, God bless him!"—"They are standing in now," interrupted one of his lads, who was immediately dispatched to the harbour with a large pail. We followed, not however before Don Michele had applied to the hamper for a snack to whet his appetite.

In our way down to the beach we observed a number of high poles erected at small distances in the low grounds. These the lad told us served to stretch their nets in the quail season. Capri has in all ages been celebrated for the prodigious number of quails caught there. The principal revenues of the bishop, and of some convents, arise from the quails they send to Naples. In a good season, which lasts about three weeks only, 150,000, and in one day 12,000, have been caught. As birds of passage, they alight here merely to rest themselves in their flight to other countries; begin arriving in April, and continue till the middle of May. That period is a time of profit and rejoicing for the Capreans, every one being at liberty to shoot or catch as many as he can

can. Exhausted as the bird is, there is little difficulty in seizing him. The most common and productive method is, for one man to have a net, which he carries folded up on two poles, another drives the quails towards him, when the former instantly expands his net, and as soon as the birds strike against it, he turns the net with great dexterity, and confines them entangled as they are. They are then put into a bag, to preserve them alive, because the live ones fetch a double price at Naples. Very often, however, this pastime is attended with serious consequences: the bearer of the net, in twisting it round, frequently loses his balance, from the weight of the long poles, and is precipitated from the rocks. Even boys, from the age of four, amuse themselves by catching them with the hand in the bushes, and putting them under the netting which they constantly wear on their heads; and on their return home, the height of this *animated* headdress, as it affords the best proof of their success, is a matter of triumph among them. In Egypt, where these birds arrive in the month of September, I have more than once seen the Arabs killing or laming them, by throwing short sticks at them. During the time that the Capitano Bey blockaded the harbour of Alexandria with his Turkish squadron, one of the Greek sailors of his ship caught two or three which had perched on the rigging. The Mussulman rewarded him generously, and desirous of varying the hard fare which a blockading squadron has usually to sustain, by a more ample supply of such a delicate rarity, promised a piaster for every quail that should be brought him. In a few days the rigging, sails, and yards were covered with flocks of quails; great numbers were caught of course, and every one was brought into the cabin, as the price had been so liberally fixed. To escape the dilemma of either ruining his purse or breaking his promise, the Capitano Bey resorted to the alternative of standing out to sea, as by removing from the coast, he got rid of the visits of these expensive strangers.

But



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But to return from Pompey's pillar to our island (a mere trifle for a traveller *come noi altri)*, we had not to wait many minutes on the beach before the lad filled his pail with two or three sorts of fish, for which he paid 12 grani (about 6d.); and soon after our return to the inn we began the first course with a bowl full of maccaroni. Whoever cannot eat those must give up travelling in this kingdom. Our next dish was fish, as you may suppose: the host had picked out the best, a sort he called *aguglia*. Properly cooked, they would have been excellent eating, since dressed even as they were, with a profusion of oil and onions, our famished palate deemed them highly relishing. The cheese of Capri is universally and justly esteemed a delicacy. The many aromatic herbs which the cows cull from the rocks, give a rich flavour to the milk, and consequently to the cheese, not to be surpassed by Gruyere or Parmesan. My cot was slung after supper, and Don Michele accommodated with the bed of the landlord, who, with his wife, slept on a straw mattrass.

Here, my dear T. I shall pause for a while, in order to say a few words on the former history and condition of this celebrated island. Compared with its present state, you will easily allow a superior degree of interest to my notice of its former splendour. To do things in style, I enclose you a copy of a neat and correct little map of the present Capri, to which I beg your occasional reference *. By so doing, you will save yourself and me much labour, and obtain a much clearer idea of the topography of the island, than the most minute verbal description of mine could possibly afford. It will likewise enable you to read with more interest, and to comprehend more fully the scattered notices of Capri, to be met with in Suetonius, Tacitus, Pliny, Strabo, Ptolemy, Dio, Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, Silius Italicus, &c. some of whom I have

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* See plate 11.

I have taken an opportunity to turn over cursorily. The importance of the subject has likewise engaged the pen of several moderns, such as D. Giuseppe Maria Secondo, who, in the year 1750, presented to the king a brief description of the island. Giraldi and Accucci, both Neapolitan physicians, have likewise published some observations on Capri; and some years ago, a German, of the name of Hadrawa, who, under the patronage of the government, had caused a variety of researches and excavations to be made, printed, together with the result of his labours, a succinct description of the island, which I have read, and which has furnished my narrative with a variety of particulars, that you must otherwise have dispensed with.

To begin methodically, by tracing things to their first origin, you must know, that the first inhabitants of this rock were a community of——wild *goats*, from whence it derived its name Caprea, or rather Capreæ, in the plural number, in which the ancient writers generally mention it. History leaves us in the dark whether this caprine population was aboriginal or whether it came from the main land, although, if I may be allowed a conjecture on so important a subject, I should be inclined to embrace the latter opinion, knowing what expert swimmers the goats of antiquity must have been. If one of them was able to swim across the Hellespont, even with Phryxus and Helle upon his back, a few caprine colonists might well succeed in the short trip from the promontory of Minerva, the present point of Massa, which is but three miles distant. Nor is it known how long they remained in the undisturbed possession of their settlement; but so much is certain, that at the time of Hercules a colony of Teleboi arrived from Samos, subdued the former peaceable inhabitants, and fixed their residence on the island. Their history again is revolved in obscurity, Telon and his son Ebalus being the only sovereigns noticed by ancient writers.

The

The Teleboi in their turn were subjected by the arms of the Parthenopian Greeks, who transplanted thither their arts, and especially their games, such as wrestling, racing, the throwing of the javelin and of the discus, and their dancing likewise; accomplishments in which the Capreans shone for many centuries, and which they exhibited before the Emperor Augustus, when he visited the island for the sake of diverting himself with quail shooting. This emperor was delighted with the spot; the pure air of its high rocks had a beneficial effect on his delicate health, the gymnastic sports of its handsome race afforded him great amusement; but what is more, an old oak tree, which the wind had blown down, and which had withered in consequence, at his arrival spontaneously raised itself, and, oh wonder! shot from its rotten trunk vigorous branches of new leaves. So good an omen was not to be neglected: Augustus became desirous of possessing the island. But then, it belonged to the city of Naples. To the master of the world this circumstance might have been a trifle, had he been initiated in the mystery of modern French diplomacy. A "*tel est notre plaisir*" would have been an unanswerable argument for its possession. But what did he do, the simpleton? Why enter into a negociation with the city of Naples, who frankly declared their unwillingness to part with their property unless he gave them in exchange the sovereignty of Pithecusa (now Ischia), an island twice as large and four times as productive. His concession of the demand forms an historical trait in his character, which speaks more than a volume written in his praise.—The island being now his own, he entirely devoted it to his pleasure and relaxation from the cares of government. Noble palaces, magnificent theatres, and enchanting gardens, were reared as if by magic; Romans and Greeks, without distinction, were invited to attend and assist in the games, at which he occasionally presided in person, distributing to the victors costly *togæ* or *pallia*, and what is

 curious,

curious, the former to the Greeks, and the latter to the Romans. He also erected a museum for natural curiosities at Capri; and Suetonius tells us of gigantic bones of men and animals, and of arms belonging to illustrious heroes, preserved there. From that author, it is to be presumed that all these sumptuous establishments at Capri owed their origin to the idea which Augustus had once conceived of resigning the government of Rome on account of his ill health, a plan he probably would have carried into effect, had he had to look to a better man for a successor than Tiberius, whose character he must have well known; and had he not feared for his own life, in case the oppressions of that tyrant should excite in the Romans too loud a wish for their former master.

When at Capri, pleasure was the only business Augustus allowed to be transacted; all distinction of ranks was set aside, unbounded licence of speech was, as Suetonius says, not only granted to, but even exacted from every one of his train. You might frequently see the conqueror of Actium pelted by his courtiers with apples or cabbage-stalks. The same author likewise mentions another island in the vicinity of Capri, to which Augustus gave the name of Apragopolis (the Idler's *Town*), on account of the life led there by some of his retinue. "*Vicinam Capreis Insulam* Απραγοπολιν *appellabat.*" I have looked for that island, but could discover none near enough to answer the description or purpose. If I were a critic, therefore, I should suspect the correctness of Suetonius's text. Why call an island a town? Might not the text originally have stood "Vicinam Capreis *urbem,*" &c. and been vitiated by an ignorant transcriber? If read in my way, no difficulty remains. Capreæ in that case is the ancient and original town of Capri, not the whole island; and the "*urbs vicina*" nothing else than the other town of the island now called *Anacapri.* The situation of the latter upon an artificial level, made on a high and almost inaccessible

inaccessible rock, goes far in corroboration of my hypothesis, which has at least the merit of having originated from local survey.

But a few more words, and I have done with Augustus. When attacked with the flux, that terminated his life, he once more resolved to try the air of Capri, which so often had been the means of restoring his health. He staid there a few days, during which his disease assumed more favourable symptoms, and his spirits a degree of cheerfulness, which enabled him to pass a joke or two on Thrasyllus, the confident of Tiberius, who accompanied him on his journey. He likewise determined to pass over to Naples, in order to be present at some games in Campania, celebrated in his honour every fifth year; but on his return, growing suddenly worse, he was forced to stay at Nola, where he died.

I have been somewhat diffuse in adverting to the particulars relating to Augustus's stay at Capri, not only as they seemed to me sufficiently interesting in themselves to claim your attention, but also to combat the common opinion, as if it was purposely to indulge in his beastly propensities that Tiberius pitched upon Capri as a spot best calculated for such a design. He had been there with Augustus, and had participated in the diversions (innocent to be sure) of his predecessor. The taste of Augustus had already formed on the island magnificent establishments, sufficiently inviting for a man like his successor. It is therefore probable that some political motives influenced his departure from Rome. These are easily found in the domineering disposition of his mother Livia, and in the ambitious designs of his powerful minister, Sejanus, neither of which he could with safety counteract but at some distance from the capital. Suetonius, and, above all, Tacitus, put this opinion beyond a doubt. Hence his retreat to Capri, where he sojourned for the re-

mainder of his life. The island was extremely well calculated for his purpose. It had only one landing place, being on all sides surrounded by rocks deemed inaccessible to any but the inhabitants of the island. A few days after his arrival, while indulging in some secret pleasure, he was interrupted by a fisherman, who having caught a mullet of unusual size, thought the best use he could make of such a rarity would be to present it to the emperor, who no doubt would order him a suitable reward. But Tiberius, surprised and incensed to find that the fellow could find from the back of the island a path to reach him, by way of recompense, directed the poor fisherman's face to be rubbed and scratched with his own present. The poor devil no doubt must have thought his emperor an *odd fish*. He bore, however, the painful operation with patience, congratulating himself on not having brought at the same time an enormous lobster, which he had had some thoughts of doing. But conceive the unfortunate man's astonishment, when Tiberius, upon learning the cause of his rejoicing, ordered him to fetch the lobster too, in order to undergo a second process more excruciating than the first.

It was in the 14th year of his reign, and near the 70th year of his age, that Tiberius arrived at Capri; and as he scarcely ever left it, his stay there must have amounted to nine years; during which, the cares of government engrossed but little of his time. The provinces remained under the administration of his governors, whom he left to do as they pleased; many vacancies he even omitted filling up: still the machine of government went on pretty regularly, thanks to the wise and firm manner in which Augustus had established the new monarchy: a few insignificant rebellions were soon crushed by his lieutenants, and his own suspicious and cruel disposition, together with his retirement to Capri, prevented the success of any conspiracy that

that was hatched against him. While thus careless and indifferent about public affairs, his attention and activity were solely directed to the gratification of sensual pleasures. In these alone he observed the greatest method and regularity. A secretary of state *for love affairs (a voluptatibus)* was a new office created in the person of T. Cæsonius Priscus, a Roman knight. Not content with the establishments founded by Augustus, Tiberius, after having provided for his personal safety by the erection of a strong castle in the south of the island, the ruins of which are still to be seen, at once built twelve palaces or villas, which were dedicated to the twelve superior divinities of paganism. These villas were of different descriptions: some in their structure imitated the magnificence of the palaces of the capital; others, by the simplicity of their style, and the amenity of their precinct, were adapted to rural pleasure; and others again were laid out in the manner of farms and dairies, furnishing the emperor and his retinue with every article necessary for the sustenance, and indeed the luxuries of life; so that, in case of a revolt on the continent, it was out of the power of his enemies to reduce him by famine. In this manner was the whole island covered with palaces, porticoes, temples, gardens, groves, baths, fishponds, &c. The greatest part, however, of these villas, were, as you may perceive by a glance at the map, erected on the eastern half of the island, and in the vicinity of the town of Capri, the rocks of which it consists not only being less frightful than those situated in the western part, and more variegated by intervals of cultivated soil, but affording more romantic prospects over the island and the opposite continent.

In order to bring the twelve villas of Tiberius under one view, I shall now briefly enumerate them one after the other, rather in the order in which they lie, than according to that in which we visited them at different times.

We

We shall begin with the most important of all, as having been the usual residence of the emperor, and, on that account, distinguished above the others by its extent and magnificence. It was *dedicated to Jupiter,* and is called Villa Jovis by Suetonius and other ancient writers. Its site is nearly on the edge of a tremendous precipice, precisely where now stands a chapel, built from its remains, and *dedicated to the Virgin Mary* (S^a^ Maria del Soccorso. The only inhabitant of this solitary spot, once the scene of unheard of debaucheries and cruelties, is a pious hermit, whose prayers and fasts seem, as it were, to expiate the enormities of its former tenant. The ruins here are considerable. Besides a range of lofty arches, you see some of the rooms in tolerable perfection, and the remains of several aqueducts. The subterraneous prison likewise was pointed out to us, in which the unfortunate Drusus, the grandson of Tiberius, was starved to death, and where, as Suetonius tells us, famine drove him to eat the stuffings of his pillow. At a small distance from this spot you still observe the ruins of the lighthouse, the falling in of which, a few days before Tiberius's death, was considered by the Romans as an omen of that event. Here we beheld with horror the spot from which this monster caused the victims of his cruelty to be thrown headlong into the sea, by dozens at a time, taking care to have, at the bottom of the rock, boats stationed, the crews of which were ordered to mangle with their hooks such of the wretches as had still life in them after the fall. This villa is further to be noticed as the place in which, after the suppression of the conspiracy of Sejanus (pretended or real), the cowardly tyrant shut himself up for nine months, without once daring to leave its walls. When you consider the tremendous height of this rock, you will not be surprised to hear of the truly enchanting prospect which its summit affords. Right below you is the channel between the main land and the island, which every ship

ship coming from Sicily, Malta, Africa, and the Levant, passes on its way to Naples; beyond that, the promontory of Minerva and the picturesque Sorrentine mountains; before you, the whole bay of Naples, Vesuvius rearing its head to the clouds; to the left you have the promontories of Posilipo and Misenum, and the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisita. The view from hence over the island itself is no less beautiful and romantic, and its interest not a little heightened by the alternate changes of highly cultivated parts, and the nakedness of sterile masses of rock.

The second villa of Tiberius was likewise erected on a rock of great elevation, and its site, like the first, is indicated by a chapel, dedicated to St. Michael. Ruins of every kind are very numerous here, such as the remains of an aqueduct, of several reservoirs for water, and of some apartments excavated out of the solid stone. We observed a row of square holes cut into the rock, probably to serve as sockets for the pedestals of the columns erected on them; and a covered walk, in tolerable preservation, and most pleasantly situated. It was from this gallery that Tiberius kept a watchful look-out for the preconcerted signals from the main land, which (lest the news should travel too tardily by the common means of messengers) were to inform him of the events occurring at Rome on the occasion of the conspiracy of Sejanus, and of the execution of his orders to crush it. This circumstance, my dear T. certainly affords another proof of the antiquity of the employment of telegraphic methods to convey speedily intelligence of importance.

The vale of Matromania, close to the eastern shore of the island, and at the distance of about three quarters of a mile from Jupiter's villa, next demands our attention. Its name alone, were there no other reason, would warrant a belief that on this spot stood the third villa, dedicated to Cybele,

the

the "great mother," *mater magna;* the converting of which words into the present Matromania, may surely be allowed without much etymological stretch. But, independently of this, the remains of a temple are still to be seen, whose cavernous construction precisely answers the mystic rites of the Pessinuntian goddess; and, what is more, in the very precinct of this temple an altar of Cybele has been dug out, which is stated to be deposited in the British Museum. (Pray go and ascertain that point!) The access to this sacred edifice is now very difficult. We had to descend a steep declivity, beset with briars and brushwood which lacerated poor Don Michele's silk stockings in the most wretched manner. But on our arrival I found myself amply recompensed for the toilsome journey. The front and beginning of this temple seem to have been constructed of masonry, and are now almost entirely destroyed by time; but the remainder, to its end, appears to have been excavated out of the solid rock; and that portion indeed has sustained little injury, except by the growth of luxuriant shrubs of various kinds, which, as it were, strive to conceal its figure. At the end of the temple a small stone staircase leads to the sanctuary, and there we observed several niches, likewise cut in the rock. This dreary cavern was appropriated with judicious cunning by the worthless race of emasculated Galli, for the performances of their mysterious rites and juggling tricks, by which they deluded the superstitious part of the inhabitants.—The pagans, my dear T. had their bigots as well as more modern religious persuasions. Unmeaning mystic nonsense has in all ages exerted its charms upon weak intellects, or held out its veil to crafty hypocrites. The votaries of the great goddess, therefore, might, without impropriety, be paralleled with a certain class of our fanatic sectaries, who seek a pride in their secession from the faith of their fellow citizens, in order to embrace doctrines involved in mystic obscurity, and who depend, for the salvation of

of their silly souls, not on their actions, but on the observance of a cant jargon of unintelligible nonsense: but I much doubt whether the preachers of the latter would be quite so numerous as they are, were the conditions of their qualification similar to those imposed upon the priests of the Phrygian goddess.—Human bones are found in great abundance by digging on this solitary spot. Are they the remnants of Tiberian cruelty, or, perhaps, of impious sacrifices to the divinity of the place?

More to the southward, on the same tract of coast, just before you come to Cape Tregara, is the site of the fourth villa, of whose name and particular appropriation no record informs us. That it was magnificent and extensive, we are warranted to conclude from a stately aqueduct, and from heaps of ruins scattered on all sides.

About half way between the last-mentioned place and the town of Capri, is a spot called *Camerelle*, probably on account of the vast number of small ruinous apartments, subterraneous cells, arches, and walls still seen there. Some cameos, discovered here at different times, throw great light on the appropriation of this fifth villa. It was, no doubt, the seminary established by his imperial majesty for the education of youth of both sexes in the science of——— libidinous tactics. It was, as Suetonius calls it, "*sedes arcanarum libidinum.*" It was the spot so famous for the ingenius contrivance, called "sellaria;" it was the college of his "spintriæ," the nursery of his "pisciculi," &c. Read the 42d and 43d chapters of Suetonius's Tiberius, and you will save my pen the disgusting task of saying more of the purposes to which this place was devoted.—The obscene cameos and intaglios which now and then are found on this spot go by the name of *spintria's*, and are sought after with the greatest avidity by connoisseurs of *refined* taste; some

 I have

I have been told, have been purchased at the price of two and more hundred ounces, according to the workmanship and the *neatness* of the subject.

It is natural, my dear T. to suppose that the reflections elicited by the view of this villa formed the subject of our conversation for some time after leaving it, the more so, as Don Michele, with the most calm inquisitiveness, asked for every minute particular which my recollection of the accounts of the ancient authors enabled me to furnish him with. His interrogatory resembled the cross examination with which an able counsellor endeavours to worry his victim stuck up in the witness box. I knew him too well to expect any good from it. When he had fished out of my communicative disposition every thing he deemed meet for his purpose, he stopped short, coughed significantly three or four times, took out his *tabatière* (double the size of one of our tinder-boxes), and equitably dispensing to each of his nostrils a dose of the narcotic dust, with a power of suction, which, in all probability, conveyed the stimulant to the vicinity of the pineal gland, and, with a strength of nasal intonation, which reverberated an audible echo from every cavity of the cranium, and disencumbering, moreover, his frill and the folds of his waiscoat from the surplus of the dose which had settled thereon, by a quick and repeated sweep of the hand spread into the shape of a broom,—he began as follows: "Signor Don Luigi! were I less convinced of your veracity, and your mode of thinking and acting, I should fancy all that you have been trying to persuade me of, with regard to this emperor Tiberio, was a mere invention of your imagination by way of a frolic, to make a fool of your humble servant. But as I entertain a better opinion of your principles, I am inclined to believe, that if any body is made a fool of, it is not *me* at least. I make no doubt but these nursery tales of your Tacito and Suetonio,

tonio, and by what other names you chose to call those great historians, pass for gospel with you; and for why?—Why because they belong to what you are pleased to call classic authors! Classic indeed! to invent the disgusting accounts of such beastliness *(beastialità)*, which, instead of being put into the hands of young students, ought to be burnt by the common hangman.—Pray tell me how these knowing gentlemen got at all the secret scandal they relate of this emperor? Were they some chamberlain or gentleman usher in the palace? You say no! Then does it not stand to reason, that a man gifted with the cunning which you say Tiberius posessed, would know how to keep pranks like these from the rest of the world, particularly in an island like this, expressly selected, as they themselves alledge, for the purpose of secrecy? Poor devil, he might as well have played off his tricks and fancies in the streets of Rome at noon-day, as be at so much pains for nothing at all. Nonsense! I'll tell you what I think of the matter: This Signor Don Suetonio took a particular delight in fabricating stories of the kind for no other reason than because they agreed with his own disposition, and no doubt he will find readers who delight equally in the perusal of them. I look upon such things".....,

In "looking upon such things," the argumentative eagerness of poor Don Michele had made him forget to look upon the bare root of a venerable chesnut-tree, which projected across his path. An unfortunate *faux pas* had very nigh consigned him down a precipice about twelve yards in depth, had I not luckily caught the skirt of his silken frock, by which means he escaped with a slight contusion of the great extensor of the right arm, and a small rend of the skirt, which, in this instance, had proved the saviour of his invaluable person. The damage being thus trifling, I own I secretly rejoiced in the accident which alone could

have put a stop to the eloquent display of his spirit of contradiction, although I could not help perceiving, among the wild nonsense of his argumentation, some scattered sparks of reasonable conception.

Without further interruption, therefore, on his part, save that of a few occasional clackings of the tongue against his upper teeth, we arrived at the site of the sixth villa, which, in the map, you will trace at the name of Certosa, there being a convent of Carthusian friars erected on the very same spot. Here, too, the observance of the severe rules of one of the most rigid orders of monks seems to atone for the lax discipline of the former imperial tenant. Few or no remains of pristine splendour presented themselves, the soil being in a great measure covered by the modern building, formed partly from ancient materials.

In our further progress we passed an old castle, built in the Gothic style; and after another quarter of a mile's walk, arrived at a farm which goes by the name of *Castiglione*. At this place the seventh villa is reported to have stood; but, owing to the elevation of surface, no traces of it are to be seen above ground. Some years ago, extensive excavations were carried on at this very spot, three or four subterraneous apartments laid open, and, in the course of the work, various interesting discoveries made; such as several fine cameos, and, among those, a beautiful head of Germanicus, a tesselated pavement in the highest preservation, of which Hadrawa gives a drawing in his work, and some busts and mutilated statues of excellent Grecian workmanship. Some of the rooms were paved with neat square tiles, on many of which the manufacturer's name was impressed; several stoves, and a number of leaden pipes carried through the apartments, as well as two or three reservoirs for water, render it evident that the whole was appropriated to the fashionable Roman luxury of warm baths.

Due

Due south of Castiglione is the district of *Mulo*, where, bordering nearly on the sea, stood the eighth villa. The situation was judiciously chosen, as affording the most delightful walks amidst the shady woods, which even now surround it.

The ninth villa, besides its splendid ruins, affords a natural curiosity: I allude to four grottoes in the rock, of considerable extent, two of them being about sixty yards long and twelve wide, and the other two of somewhat less dimensions. All of them are filled with water from plentiful springs, the source of which remains unknown; and, what is singular, all of them contain an abundant store of the finest chalk, which can scarcely be supposed indigenous, as it is to be found no where else in the island. But when, and for what purpose it may have been conveyed thither, it would be difficult, if not impossible to decide. Perhaps it served to manufacture Murrhine vases, of which the ancients so frequently speak in terms of the greatest praise, and which probably are the same as our modern porcelain.

The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth villas, were, as you will perceive, situated more or less near the sea-shore, almost in a straight line and at nearly equal distances: the first of them in a wood close by Ajano, and the next in a plain called Campo Pisco, or Campo Episcopio, a name derived from a bishop, who bought the ground and built a fine farmhouse on it. The last and westernmost villa still retains the name of il Palazzo; it is not only close to the borders of the sea, but at present partly overflowed by it, and many of its ruins projecting out of the water (which has here greatly encroached upon the land), proclaim its former magnificence. Others stretch as far as the summit of the overhanging hill. We could distinguish an extensive range of apartments, and betwixt them, the remains of a temple, with part of its cupola.

Shafts

Shafts and capitals of the rarest marble, and fragments of beautiful pavements, have, not long ago, been discovered on this spot.

Besides the twelve villas above noticed, other objects of curiosity of Tiberian date obtrude themselves in various parts of the island, some of which I shall pass over, not to swell the bulk of this letter, which, to my regret, has already become more voluminous than I had an idea of. But I cannot forbear noticing a stupendous grotto cut into the rock on the southern shore of the island, called Grotta dell' Arsenale. Its purpose may be inferred from its name; it served as a dock to build gallies in, being completely covered by the excavated arch of the rock. It ought to be viewed by sea in a boat, in which you may row to the very bottom: but my friend feeling no curiosity to venture on what he termed a useless expedition, I did not chuse to perform the trip alone, especially as I had still fresh in my memory the effect which the chilling cold of the Sybil's cave near Pozzuoli had produced on my feeble system.

The harbour of Tregara is also worthy of notice. A squadron of gallies was constantly kept in it by the suspicious tyrant, either to resist a naval attack, or, in the last extremity (as was his intention in the conspiracy of Sejanus), to save himself by flying to his legions in Spain or Africa.

No wonder that such a man as Tiberius should, during the nine years he passed at Capri, only twice venture to expose himself to the fancied danger of visiting the capital: and even these two journies, as Suetonius informs us, were mere attempts. The first time he got no farther than the gardens near the Naumachia; and the second time, when he had come to the seventh mile-stone, a most curious, but unfavourable omen, deterred him at once from prosecuting his

his journey. We hear of some people being attached to a favorite cat or dog; others will fancy a monkey, a parrot, or a guinea-pig; but the affections of his imperial majesty happened to be (most characteristically, you will allow), rivetted on a *snake,* whom he not only delighted to feed with his own hand, but took with him wherever he went. But, lo! on opening the box which served as a habitation to the *gentle* favourite, he beheld with horror his darling devoured by a swarm of ants; an omen which induced his soothsayer to advise him to "beware of the power of the multitude." Taking the warning, he immediately hurried back, and was taken ill at Astura. He nevertheless hastened on to Circeii, where (dissimulation being his second nature) he took it into his head to sham the man in health; was not only present at the military games, but would throw a javelin at a wild boar. Such a feat, however, was ill calculated for a sick man in his years. He was seized with a sudden stitch in his side; and receiving, heated as he was, what the French call a *coup de vent,* he presently grew worse. Still pursuing his journey, or rather voyage (for I think he went by sea), towards Capri, he arrived at Misenum, within sight, and a few hours sail of the island. Here he made a short stay; but when he learnt that the senate had dismissed, without punishment, some persons whom he had denounced to them as guilty of the crime of high treason, he fell into the most violent rage, and like a pursued beast, which flies for safety to its lurking hole, immediately embarked once more for Capri. Short, however, as the passage is, he could not accomplish it; the motion of the vessel in a rough sea augmented his illness to such an alarming degree, that he was obliged to be landed at Lucullus's villa (which I have heard say stood on the present site of Castel d'Uovo, within pistol shot of Naples,) where he died, a natural death I should suppose; although some assert he had poison given him, others that he was smothered with a pillow; and again

others,

others, that he was starved to death. Thus, though within sight of the island of Capri, was the old gentleman prevented from ending his days in this his favourite retreat, where, during nine years, he had without controul, indulged in every species of sensuality and cruelty.

With the death of Tiberius the splendour of Capri decreased rapidly; not, as some alledge, because the senate sent workmen thither purposely to demolish the buildings; a fiction totally unwarranted by history. On the contrary, several succeeding emperors occasionally resorted there for their amusement. Caligula, who had all the vices, and none of the few good qualities of Tiberius, resided some time at Capri: an inscription found there, records even the stay of Marcus Aurelius. In later times, however, it served, like other islands in the Tyrrhenian sea, as a place of exile. Lucilla and Crispina, the sisters of Commodus, were banished thither. Repeated earthquakes, probably, the traces of which are visible, contributed more than any other cause to its desolation. Nature herself (would I say were I a poet) took vengeance on the soil which witnessed the outrages committed against her. In our times, my dear T. she would have had no need to resort to such violent means to effect this purpose. Consigned to the fraternal care of a great republican nation, Capri might have been done for just as well. There would have been no need for the Goths, Vandals, and Barbary Corsairs, to give a finish to the business. All these nations, however, had their share in the work of destruction. The Corsairs, above all, handled the island most roughly in the frequent visits which they paid it during the time it belonged to the Spanish monarchy, and previously to that period. The famous Barbarossa once landed with a powerful fleet, and for some time remained master of Capri. His oppressions and cruelties were such, that to this day, nearly three hundred years after the event, the dread of his

his name has maintained itself in the island. In the mouth of the Caprean nurse it is as powerful a talisman to still the infant's screams, as the name of Marlborough in the Low Countries, or that of Trenck in Germany. I myself was witness to a quarrel on the beach between two Caprean sailors or fishermen, one of whom, after exhausting a plentiful collection of abusive epithets, by way of climax called his antagonist a Barbarossa, which, on enquiry, I learnt to be a Caprean synonim for a person of a wicked, tyrannical disposition. A modern hero, therefore, whose aim appears to be an immortal name, if he pursues the career he has commenced, need not fear attaining his object: indeed, if he retired from business at this moment, we might venture to insure to him Barbarossan immortality wherever his foot has trod. Not only his own countrymen (by adoption), but all Italy, a fair portion of Germany, the wandering Bedouin in Syria, and the industrious Fellah on the banks of the Nile, will have cause to remember, and to hand down to future generations, the name of their pretended deliverer.

Having thus adverted to every thing I considered worthy of your notice, as far as relates to the ancient history and topography of this celebrated island, I shall now proceed to present you with a brief sketch of its present condition, its productions, manufactures, trade, and some occasional illustrations of the customs and manners of its inhabitants.

The map I have enclosed, supersedes the necessity of a diffuse geographical description *. If you look at it for a moment, you will find its length, from east to west, to amount to about four English miles, while its breadth from north to south, owing to the irregularity of its shape, in some parts falls short of a mile, and in others, extends to near three.

* See plate 11.

Its figure may be compared to a shoulder of mutton; and the whole island divides itself most naturally into two unequal parts, each intersected by a ridge of high mountains. The western portion, by far the largest, is the least fertile of the two; its mountainous ridge, the most elevated; and its general aspect, the wildest; although in many places the eye is delighted by the sight of considerable tracts of land in the highest and most luxuriant state of cultivation, inclosed on all sides with frightfully naked rocks. The mountains of the eastern division of Capri, although not so lofty, are equally romantic, and may be classed under four principal groups, the highest of which terminates in a precipice at *S^a. Maria del Soccorso*, where, as has already been stated, the first and most celebrated of Tiberius's villas was situated. The other detached heights are, *S^n. Michele*, *S^a. Maria della Libera*, and one called *Tuoro Grande*, near the point of *Tregara*. Of S^n. Michele, as the site of the second Tiberian villa, I have likewise spoken above; and at S^a. Maria della Libera stand the ruins of the Gothic castle already noticed. The fourth eminence, Tuoro Grande, contained the fourth Tiberian villa, in the place of which you now observe a solitary cross, erected on its very summit.

Between both heights is the stately Carthusian convent (marked *Certosa* on the map), our visit to which I purposely omitted in its place, that I might not interrupt the regularity of the catalogue of Tiberian villas. An emaciated monk, of a middle age, paid us every possible attention, and shewed us their church, which our good landlord had highly extolled for its paintings. But, instead of the works of the Roman school, with which my imagination had decorated it, I had the disappointment of beholding a parcel of fresco-daubings, which a sign-painter would have thought beneath his notice. The church itself is a handsome structure, and the convent conveniently laid out. Of father Stefano,

fano, who appeared a sensible man, we learned a variety of particulars relative to the foundation, the privileges, and revenues of the convent, which cannot interest you: he complained severely of the encroachments on the part of the chapter at Capri, and the frequent lawsuits to which they were obliged to resort, in defence of their rights and property; adding, with a smile, "You see, sir, holy congregations are not free from all the passions incident to human nature; perhaps, while exempt from some, they launch into others with the greater violence."—Every word this venerable priest uttered, betrayed a man of no common intellectual powers, divested of the prejudices often met with in persons of his calling. After viewing his cell, where he shewed us several ingenious optical machines, the fruit of his leisure hours, he took us to the refectory, and requested we would accept of some refreshment, observing, that the bread of their convent was admired even by the Neapolitan *bonvivants*, and would, he hoped, not be refused by an English heretic. The latter epithet, although evidently applied to me by way of innocent pleasantry, was "grist to D. Michele's mill." —"Ah! holy father," replied he, "would to God my companion were nothing worse! He is a philosopher, an atheist, a pagan, a Protestant, and every thing that is bad: my house, in which he lodges, will want purification from top to bottom, when he is gone. Nothing but what he sees with his own eyes, except it be some tale or other of his favourite classic authors, will he credit. The manifold miracles of our protector, St. Januarius, attested by a host of pious writers, he looks upon as so many fabulous traditions; he is incorrigible, obstinate, and perverse beyond belief. What pains have I not taken to turn his thoughts to the contemplation of the blessings of the true faith! All to no purpose, a heretic he came, a heretic he will depart."

"Your efforts, Signor Don Michele," rejoined the friar,

with mildness, "although unsuccessful, will be accounted for to you in the other world; but, as I have no doubt your friend is an honest man, I shall make no scruple in drinking a glass of rosoglio with him. Here's to his speedy conversion."

The rosoglio was as excellent as the sentiments of this enlightened and worthy Carthusian. I would fain have listened to this instructive discourse for many hours, had the purpose of our excursion admitted of prolonging our stay. After thanking him for his civilities and kindness, I departed with my friend, in order to pursue the ulterior objects of our investigation; observing to the latter, rather mischievously I own, that if any man were capable of making a convert of me, it would be one of father Stefano's liberal and enlightened principles: to which he replied, in a sarcastic and surly tone, "I believe you, sir; for as it is, I suspect his principles are pretty much akin to your own."

But to return to my topographical dissertation.—Where did I leave off?—Oh! it was at the four great mountains in the western part of the island. They are done with; so we shall now proceed to the town of Capri. Its situation, although considerably elevated, is in a valley, in the narrow part of the island, about half a mile from the sea shore. The number of inhabitants were stated to us to amount to about 2000; and its circumference may be one mile. It has a cathedral, which scarcely deserves that name, its structure being perfectly ordinary. Near the cathedral is the palace of the archbishop, a plain, but solid building; and opposite to the latter, a seminary for young persons destined for the clerical profession. There is close by, likewise, a conservatorio for the instruction of girls. The deans of the chapter live in detached houses; their revenue, derived partly from lands and farms, and in a great measure also from the sale

sale of quails, is very considerable. The house of the governor, adorned with columns and pilasters, also deserves mention, as one of the principal edifices. The whitish stone of which the houses of Capri are constructed resembles that of Malta, and gives their exterior an air of cleanliness and neatness, not always to be found within; so that small as the town may be, its general appearance, as well as that of its inhabitants, impresses you with an idea, that comfort and ease are enjoyed among them.

About a quarter of a mile from the extremity of Capri, our guide, the innkeeper's son, directed our attention to an elegant building,—I would fain call it palace,—surpassing every other edifice on the island, both in regard to its architectural beauty, and the amenity of its enchanting prospects and environs. It was with some degree of national pride, I learned from the man, that it owed its existence to the taste of a wealthy Briton, whose partiality for the island caused him to build it at a great expence, and to furnish it quite in the English style. This gentleman's name, we were told, was Thorold. Here he is said to have spent a great portion of his life, and before he died, to have bequeathed to the family of *Canal* not only this house, but all his property in England.

To judge from his looks, my amiable travelling companion seemed not less delighted with this information than myself. But I soon found his smiles to be the grin of malice. "Well, Sig. D. Michele," said I, with an air of triumph, what do you think of the taste of Englishmen, those tramontane barbarians, as you are pleased to call them?" "Gently, gently, carissimo! Are you sure the architect and the workmen came from *your* foggy island? I doubt it very much. But suppose this Mr. Toroldo had sketched the plan with his own hand, and placed every stone himself, what would a solitary instance prove?

prove? One swallow does not make a summer. Indeed, people of a *certain* taste are generally observed to possess a great deal of taste."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Mean? Why that this countryman of yours, in the course of his *classical* education, had an opportunity to feast on the delicate fare of some of the *classic* authors; that their minute details of the innocent Tiberian frolics roused in his *classic* breast a *classic* zeal of imitation; and that having the means in his power, he at once gratified his *classic* longing by settling on this *classic* spot. Or, to solve the problem in another not less probable manner, that his expatriation from England, and subsequent retirement to Capri, was a matter not of option, but of compulsion. We have had in our own city of Naples two or three of those choice spirits, who favoured us with their company, because they could no longer remain in their own country."

This unprovoked and unfounded piece of malice had very nearly exhausted the capacious measure of my patience. I was going to serve Sir Benjamin Backbite in his own coin, when I recollected myself, by considering his aspersions as solely proceeding from an innate spirit of contradiction; a mental infirmity, which is amply outweighed by his other good qualities. Don Michele is an excellent father, as good a husband, and an affectionate friend. His wife, who knows his failing, is passionately attached to him; he is as fond of her; and rarely fails complying with her wishes, provided her requests are framed diametrically opposite to her real desire. She has assured me herself, that a great part of his property has been spent in relieving and assisting the distresses of others, and especially the Calabrese, his countrymen; an assertion which I ought to credit, when I reflect on his kindness to me on every occasion, and especially at the

the time when I was attacked with a short, but violent paroxysm of fever, after the visit to the Sybil's cave. Nothing then would serve him but sitting up a whole night by my bed-side, and administering copious doses of some sudorific nostrum of his own cooking, which I really believe, next to the heavenly climate, terminated the disorder in a few days.

Now to our island again.

On leaving the harbour by the gradual ascent towards the town, you perceive to the right, near the sea, a great portion of the walls of *ancient* Capri, which was differently situated from the modern town. The inhabitants tell you the former was destroyed by Barbarossa. In fact, you have here but two answers to all your questions. When you ask, who built this or that antique edifice, the reply invariably is *Timperio* (for thus the islanders call the Roman emperor); and the destroyer as invariably is *Barbarossa*. Thus now on the continent of Italy, and even in other more distant regions of the globe: "Who tore this altar-piece from yonder sacred walls? Who plundered this palace or museum of its statues or paintings? Who ransacked this range of presses of its holy treasures presented to the Virgin's shrine by devout monarchs of all ages?—Who despoiled the cathedral of the knights of St. John of the immense treasure of massy plate and jewels? —Who packed up these obelisks and hieroglyphic sarcophagi with intent to carry them off?" &c. To all these questions the inquisitive traveller receives the monotonous reply, "It is the vicar on earth of the goddess of liberty, the hero whose sword is destined to regenerate the race of mankind, that eased us of these superfluities, in order to hasten the great work his divine genius has undertaken, and to augment the greatness of the great nation, that had the disinterestedness to become instrumental in the glorious task."

Your

Your pardon, my dear T. for my garrulity. I have got, I see, on my old string again, and am thrumming away a *prestissimo furioso*. The analogy of the subject must needs plead my excuse. Ah! could my chattering mend matters! could the efforts of my solitary pen do the one hundredth part as much good as the venom of revolutionary quills has caused mischief, you should, to use the phrase of a great statesman, wait a long while for any apology at all. The successor of Barbarossa and his horde of land corsairs should be made to feel sorely the lashes of an indignant patriot, who augurs nothing but ruin and desolation from a continuance of their lawless aggressions.—But, alas! mine is the voice of one preaching in the wilderness! prostrate Europe yet adores the idol that devours her offspring!—However, let us have patience, our turn will come in time, I fully trust. We may, I fear (to use the affected consolation of some of our English Galens), be worse off before we are better; but we shall outlive the storm and its agent. A violent outrageous career carries within itself the germ of its own destruction.

> Qui sceptra duro sævus imperio regit,
> Timet timentes: metus in auctorem redit:
> Iniqua nunquam regna perpetuo manent:
> Ut lapsu graviore ruant, tolluntur in altum.
>
> SENECA, CLAUDIAN, & Co.

To the hero of the present age, I would earnestly recommend these four monitory lines. Let him get them by heart, and repeat them daily by way of morning prayer, for the benefit of himself and all mankind.

Now a truce to all digressions, or else I shall have to ride post through the rest of the island. There is a world of things to be seen yet. To follow the order of my ass's-skin (which I faithfully promise to do in future), the great Tiberian reservoirs come next: indeed they lie all in the environs of the ruins of old Capri, just mentioned. Their number is

con-

considerable; but some are quite in ruins, while others remain perfectly entire. The two we saw resembled in every respect the *piscina mirabile* near Bajæ, described in one of my early letters. Each consisted of four contiguous parallel vaults, about fifty feet long; the walls which separated the four vaults, were broken through by means of five arched apertures, so that the water, which came from the neighbouring mountains, flowed from one vault into the other, and thus formed but one grand reservoir. At present they are dry, and such as remain entire serve the farmer as wine-cellars and repositories for fire-wood.

The little church of S^{n}. Costanzo, in the vicinity of these reservoirs, claims the attention of the traveller, on account of its great antiquity. Like the Pantheon and some other Places of divine worship at Rome, or like the principal church at Pozzuoli, S^{n}. Costanzo has, by a lucky transfer, from a pagan temple become a Christian church, and by these means preserved its existence for nearly *twenty* centuries. It is small and plain; but, as you may suppose, of the most simple and solid construction. The latter, together with two pillars of *cipolline* marble, proclaim sufficiently its pagan origin. It was the cathedral of ancient Capri, St. Constantius being the tutelary saint of the island.

I have now conducted you, not very methodically to be sure, over every part of the eastern, and most important, division of this interesting island. The barren and craggy rocks of the western portion, although the most extensive of the two, afford much less matter for your entertainment or instruction. A tremendous ridge of high mountains crosses it from north-east to south-west. On the very highest summit stand the ruins of an ancient Gothic fortress, and, at its foot, are seen the remains of an amphitheatre, likewise in a state of total decay. This rocky ridge descends into the

sea on the south-side, where it is inaccessible to any but the inhabitants of the island, whose astonishing nimbleness in climbing from one rock to another, might be adduced in support of the tradition, according to which, as I have stated in the beginning of this letter, the first tenants of the island were of the caprine species.—Be that as it may, you may perceive from thence that there is nothing to be seen that way. So I was told, and I took it upon trust, assured that you would do the same rather than have me break my neck in ascertaining the fact. Besides I must have gone by myself, for my friend, far from accompanying me on so hazardous an expedition, even refused to follow me in the ascent to Ana Capri, the other town of the island, situate to the north of this high chain of mountains. But when he saw me determined to undertake the journey, and what is more, when I assured him that I should go thither alone, without even a guide, if he were resolved to stay behind, his attachment made him relent; not, however, without a speech, as nearly as I can recollect, to the following import:—"I verily believe, Sig. D. Luigi, you would make nothing of going to the infernal regions, if there was a *classic* devil to be seen there. Have'nt you seen enough yet? Have'nt we for these two days run under a scorching sun like mountain goats, or rather like fools, over every rock in this cursed island? Look at my shoes! new as they were last Easter, not a pair of slippers will they be fit for when we get home; not to mention my hat, which the salt water has done for. And what have you got by all this wild-goose chase? Three bits of marble, a whole *salm* of which you may buy for six grani of any of the lapidary's at St. Lucia, nay, pick up for nothing in his yard. Oh dear! oh dear! you pretend to be ill; why give me leave to tell you, a man that can stand such fatigue must have a very different inside from the one you complain of. But be you ever so well, it's ten to one when you get home you'll be laid up again with a fever, as

you

you were three months ago. My decoction has saved your life once, it may not have the same effect a second time. Listen to reason for once, and let us rest ourselves for the remainder of the day, enjoy a good night's repose, and to-morrow return to Naples in good time."—

"You may do as you please, D. M.; I shall not leave Capri without having seen Ana Capri."

"Obstinate as usual—English all over. Well! if it must be it must: but alone you shall not go. The rascals that stole the pigeons out of our pie are likely enough to watch you, rob you, murder you, and throw your carcase down a hollow in the rocks, when not a soul will know what has become of you. Much, therefore, as it goes against my inclination, I shall follow you up the mountain. It shall not be said of a Calabrese, that he has abandoned his friend, however extravagant he be in his whims."

Ye black-galled and mesenteric judges of mankind, the affected maxims of whose cold philosophy, from personal experience no doubt, assign to every human action but one spring, that of self interest and egotism, cast your sullen looks on this honest Neapolitan, puzzle your jaundiced brains to find out sophisms whereby to wedge his kindness within the narrow precincts of your cheerless system: leave but to me the weakness of heart to feel grateful to an affectionate Neapolitan, who, eight weeks ago, knew not of my existence, who, except the trifling house-rent I pay him, is under no obligation to me; and yet, in every one of his actions, evinces an attachment and a solicitude for my welfare, which could not be excelled among friends the most intimate, and of the longest standing.—You too, my dear T. must love, for my sake, this honest mortal and his good-natured countrymen, and, I am sure, will expect no apology

for my dwelling on a subject so gratifying to my feelings. I wish to stand up the champion of a people whose character is the very reverse of the picture in which they have been exhibited by short-sighted and malicious vagabonds (travellers I won't call them.)—But enough of this at present, or we shall never get up the five hundred and odd steps.

Suffice it to say, that Don Michele and your humble servant, after having carefully enquired the bearings of the tortuous road, set out from our miserable inn, in better harmony than had yet reigned between us since our arrival on the island. Ana Capri, I make no doubt, is the only town or village in the world, which, after having already ascended to a great height, you can only reach by a staircase of five hundred and fifty-two steps!!! cut out of the rock in a serpentine direction. This immense flight of stairs is called *La Scalinata;* and the town, on the very summit, is nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea.—When we had passed above 100 steps, my friends spirits began to droop, in proportion as his respiration quickened; and he complained seriously of my excessive haste. He once more was Don Michele in perfection. "I have always heard say," quoth he, "that people of an unsound liver are short-breathed. If so, Sig. Don Luigi, I beg leave to congratulate you on the advantage you possess over me in that respect. For God's sake, don't complain again of your liver! Why you skip up these rascally steps more nimbly than Mariotti would leap the stage of St. Carlo. But, if I am to keep up at all, you must pull in a little if you please."—To do my friend justice for once, he was not altogether in the wrong: a glimpse of a rustic lass, going bare-footed up the craggy steps, with a huge earthen vessel on her head, and a large pitcher in one hand, a little above us, had excited my curiosity and hastened my pace. On overtaking her (which with all her load, was not an easy matter), I was struck with the beauty of

of her countenance, her features were more Grecian than any I had yet beheld, in an island which still boasts of many remnants of the Greek contour. She cheerfully informed us, that the contents of her burthen were clear water, which she was in the habit of fetching from Capri, for a farmer at Ana Capri; the latter place being destitute of that element, except the little rain-water which they collect. Every other drop, therefore, is procured, with the greatest trouble, from Capri below; and, surprising to relate, for this arduous service the usual remuneration is four grani per load; about two pence for descending and mounting, heavily laden, this immense mountain and the endless Scalinata. A little more than half way we rested at a place where there is a chapel and a small terrace, from whence we enjoyed a prospect, not to be depicted, much less described. Don Michele, ever careful of his dear stomach, asked the damsel if there was such a thing as an inn at top, where one might procure some little refreshment. She replied in the negative, but assured him, that in any house there, we should be received with pleasure, and be welcome to any thing it afforded. This was afterwards found to be literally true. At last we arrived at the summit, not exhausted, but certainly greatly fatigued. All my toils, however, were forgotten in an instant. I cannot describe to you the sensation I felt after I had mounted the last step. Tasso's description of the gardens of Armida; what you may have read of the gardens of the Hesperides; in short, the most luxuriant picture of your own imagination would fall short of the beauties of this terrestrial paradise. As by enchantment, you all at once find yourself in an extensive plain, not of sterile rock, as you might expect, but of the most delightful fields, olive-grounds, orchards, and vineyards, in the highest state of cultivation, interspersed with the neat habitations of the happy inhabitants. The whole appears like one immense garden, and may fitly be compared to the pensile gardens of Semiramis. To complete the

the beauty of the scene, this heavenly spot is peopled by a race of men, not to be surpassed in beauty and strength. You behold here our species in almost ideal perfection; not a cripple, not a dwarf, not an ailing individual will you meet with; all, even old age, is beauty, vigour, and symmetry; and, I am glad for system's sake to add, all is goodness, simplicity, and honesty. Such is the character which universal report assigns to the fortunate Anticapræans; whereas their near neighbours, the inhabitants of the town of Capri, are subject to the reproach of a crafty and deceitful disposition. The houses at Ana Capri are open day and night, thieving being entirely unknown among them; all live in harmony, and assist each other on every occasion of necessity. The enviable state of happiness they enjoy may in a great measure be attributed to local situation. On the summit of the rock they are almost entirely isolated from the world, and its physical as well as moral diseases. Few are the strangers that think of visiting Capri, and few of these are willing to undergo the toilsome journey to Ana Capri. A stranger among them, therefore, is a *rara avis*, and surveyed with wonder. Many of the inhabitants never quit the island, and, what is more, some have never descended even the Scalinata. The pure air they breathe and the abundance of wholesome food raised with ease upon their exellent soil, invigorate their system, and, perhaps, even act beneficially on their moral disposition. I shall be laughed at, if I venture to assert the possibility of the latter being even advantageously influenced, by the immensity of the beautiful prospect constantly before them. Yet I cannot help thinking, that such an exalted situation must contribute to expand the heart, and render it more susceptible of noble, or at least, good emotions, than the pesilential effluvia inhaled in a St. Giles's cellar can be supposed to do.—If so, an elevated spot, like Ana Capri, would, perhaps, be the most eligible place of exile, for ameliorating and reclaiming the character

ter of condemned malefactors. This, however, only as a speculative hint.

We had scarcely set foot on even ground, when Don Michele would enquire for a place to recruit his strength, and it was with reluctance that he agreed to a quarter of an hour's delay; during which I represented to him, that we should have time to look about us a little, and see how the land lay. In our stroll we came to the very edge of a most tremendous abyss, but a parapet, which girds the whole plain, secured us from every apprehension of danger.

Here we beheld the whole Tyrrhenian Sea, with its numerous and picturesque islands; the Gulph of Naples, Vesuvius, Misenum, and a thousand objects of interest. With a telescope, which I had unluckily left behind, we might have seen even Gaëta. The highly oxygenated air I breathed (I might say tasted), elevated the spirits of my whole frame; I felt like another man in another world. I could not help, at the moment, drawing a parallel between the state of innocent tranquillity this spot is blessed with, and the noisy bustle which at that same instant reigned in our Stock Exchange; the open serenity painted on every face we here met, and the sordid and disgusting features caricatured on the anxiously distorted countenances of many a hunter of scrip and omnium.—Come hither, I addressed in my thoughts those never happy worshippers of Mammon, here the grating of the shifting weathercock will not disturb the peace of your narrow souls; no packet from Hamburg, no messenger from Paris, will import your destruction: in unruffled tranquility you may here glide down the tide of your mortal career; and here no famished heirs will gape for the pelf which you never knew how to enjoy.

My meditations were interrupted by the arrival of the young

young woman we had seen on the Scalinata. "My master, gentlemen," she kindly addressed us, "would be glad if you would honour him with your company at his house, to rest yourselves, and to partake of some refreshment after your fatiguing journey.—"*Mmo vcnimmo**," replied, with eager exultation, my famished companion; and without waiting to learn whether I accepted the invitation, accompanied the lass instantly. I had, therefore, no alternative but that of following likewise.—At the door of a small, but neat house, we were welcomed with respectful cordiality by a middle-aged peasant, who conducted us into a rustic parlour, in which his wife and daughter were busily occupied in weaving silk ribbons. Both curtsied to us with great modesty, and Teresa, the daughter, at a nod from her father, wiped the table with her apron and left us, the mother following her. In a few minutes they returned, and the table was spread with bread, butter, cheese, wine, cherries, and strawberries. You may suppose my friend did not wait to be asked to help himself. I could not forbear smiling, when, in addition to this plentiful rural repast, I saw him produce from his pocket about four inches of our Bologna Sausage, which, to preserve its flavour, he had carefully wrapped up in his pocket-handkerchief. This course he had to himself, as I was perfectly satisfied with our hospitable fare. The butter and cheese were excellent, and the wine good. The wine of Ana Capri is white, whereas that of Capri is red; both are well flavoured. While we partook freely of every thing, I observed Teresa taking her father aside, and whispering something into his ear, to which he shook his head, saying repeatedly, "It is not proper, it is not indeed!" From her reply, I could gather that the conversation turned upon something that concerned us, as I overheard her saying, "Do let me ask him!" My curiosity being

* We are coming directly.

being excited, I interrupted their secret conference by demanding if there was any thing in which we could be of service to these good people. "Oh very much indeed, if you can write," replied the lively Teresa. The father in vain bade her hold her tongue; after some awkward struggles between both, he opened the important case as follows: "My daughter, you must know sir, is a silly girl: about three weeks ago she went with quails to Naples, where she made a fool of herself with a soldier"——

"A corporal," interrupted the love-sick maiden, "aye, and the handsomest man in the whole regiment. You should see him in his uniform."

But I will not detain you with the tedious detail of a lover's description. Suffice it to say, that the burden of the tale turned out to be a pledge of this said corporal to marry the young woman; a promise which he appeared to have forgotten, or to have been prevented from realizing, during the immense lapse of time of *three weeks:* that she had received no letter or even message from him, and that being desirous of addressing him in written language, she had pitched on me as the organ of her important communications.

I offered to be the verbal messenger of any thing she wished him to be made acquainted with, as we were going to Naples the very next day. That would not do; it must be a letter, to shew that she was in earnest, and to have, at least, a letter in return.—Anticipating now my compliance, the nimble Teresa vanished and returned on the wings of love with a miserable apparatus of penmanship, borrowed from a less unlettered neighbour.—Two years ago, my dear T. when you and I were daily employed in analyzing ****, who would have dreamt that, on such a day two twelvemonths afterwards, I shoud be sitting on a rock 2000 feet

above the level of the Gulph of Naples, inditing a love-letter in the Italian language, then almost unknown to me; not in my own behalf, but for a pretty country girl, to her martial sweetheart? Oh! the vicissitudes of sublunary affairs! That I took care to address the enviable swain with "Cuore mio *," and that I was brevity itself in a task so novel and unexpected to me, you may well imagine; although father, mother, and daughter had alternately a hand in the pie. The primeval simplicity of the parents, assisting in their daughter's cause, was what delighted me most, as affording a convincing proof of the uncorrupted state of the morals of this interesting community.—When this important dispatch was completed, a small difficulty presented itself, which was nothing less than the absolute ignorance on the part of the inamorata, of the surname of the object of her flame. "Corporal Carlo" was all the direction she could give, but she was sure I could not mistake him, if I went with the letter myself, as he was the best-looking man in the corps; black eyes, black hair, tall, well made, in short, every thing that was handsome. Besides, by mentioning her name, I should soon know whether I delivered the letter to the right person. —With these circumstantial and minute directions I professed myself satisfied, and promised faithfully to take all the pains in my power to find out her man, and (what pleased her above all things) to obtain an answer for her; nay, if, as it was probable, he could not write, to pen the answer for him. So that if I am lucky enough to succeed in my quest of him, I shall ludicrously enough act in the double capacity of addresser and respondent.

Poor Teresa was now as happy as a queen; one could perceive how convinced she felt that she could not have selected a fitter person than myself to be the chargé d'affaires of

* My dearest heart.

of her matrimonial negociations. Not content with testifying her gratitude by the warmest expressions of thanks, she went out of the room and returned with a rosary, which she begged my acceptance of as a keepsake.

"*Un rosario a un eretico?*" exclaimed loudly the wicked Don Snarl. This single word struck the whole family like a thunderbolt; their astonishment was heightened into horror by an additional illustration, which, by way of *rider*, the great kindness of my companion prompted him to tack to his unseasonable information.—"It is of no use to him," added he, "except, perhaps, he convert it into a dog's-collar, which I dare say will be the case."—Conceive for a moment the situation I was in at that moment, and the work I had all at once cut out for me by this man's malice. I instantly put in an affidavit, pleading not guilty, and setting forth the defendant's truly christian-like principles. To my great surprise and comfort, Teresa now voluntarily stood up my counsel, averring the improbability of Don Michele's keeping company with me, if his impeachments were founded on a true bill; she therefore supposed the whole to be a joke of his, and she had no doubt I would instantly confirm her statement by ocular demonstration. The ordeal imposed on me was such as my conscience enabled me to undergo without the least scruple. I forthwith, therefore, dipped my finger into the holy water contained in the receptacle under a pewter crucifix near the door, and by the sign of the cross, and a wink of the eye, silenced my accuser. *In hoc signo vici,* and harmony was again restored among all parties.

Evening now began to draw near, and with it the time for taking our farewell of our kind host. Pecuniary remuneration for our generous reception, I found by a little sounding, was utterly out of the question. I would at that moment have paid four times its value for a little trinket, to

leave with the innocent and amiable Teresa: I had nothing to give, but the bare thanks of an overflowing heart; I felt keenly my poverty, but there was no remedy. I therefore shook hands with the old couple, and asking Teresa if she had not a kiss to send to her beloved, obtained *a fidei commissum*, which our national customs (unknown to the poor damsel) permit me to embezzle, rather than transfer to the whiskers of Corporal Carlo.

So highly delighted did I feel with this charming spot, and so great was my regret at leaving it, that I shall strain a point to find time for a second visit before my departure. If I do go again, I shall take another route; travel from hence by land to Sorrento (the ancient Surrentum, which I want to see above all things, not on account of its excellent veal, but for its pristine celebrity), stop once more at Pompeji in my way, and from the promontory of Minerva pass over to Capri, immediately opposite, in a quarter of an hour's time; thus avoiding almost entirely the sea, that inveterate foe to my constitution.

Before I bring this unwieldy epistle to a conclusion, I must, according to my promise, add a few remarks on the agriculture, plants, commerce, and manufactures of the island.

Although Capri is little else than a mass of rocks, it is surprising to find the high state of cultivation which it owes to the indefatigable industry of the inhabitants. Not only is almost every mountain cultivated up to two thirds of its height, but every foot of ground among the naked and almost inaccessible rocks is planted with a tree, or, if too small, with some useful vegetable, such as beans, peas, &c. The stone in general is covered with excellent garden mould, to the depth of about two feet; but the great declivity of the soil

soil obliges them to lay out their ground in terraces, which they support with low walls, so that the fields rise above one another, like so many vast steps of a staircase, which gives them a striking and pleasing appearance.

The chief produce of their land is wine and olives, both of very superior quality, and in sufficient abundance to admit of considerable exportation. Grain is not so plentiful; in fact scarcely (and often not) adequate to the consumption of the island. Their cattle is very beautiful, and the milk of their cows, of which there are about three hundred, excellent. Hence the richness and aromatic flavour of their butter and cheese, already noticed. The number of goats is about 250; and these, by an exclusive privilege, belong to the Carthusian monks. Fifty or sixty horses are kept on the whole island, and a few mules.

Of culinary vegetables there is every variety that is to be met with in a southern latitude, in luxuriant perfection. Besides a number of wild aromatic plants of inferior note, the island produces spontaneously, according to Dr. Giraldi's learned account, the following:

Pistacium Leutens, Lin. the mastic tree of the Levant, in abundance.

The *Cassia* in equal plenty, the beautiful verdure of whose foliage adds greatly to the picturesque variety of tints in the Caprean prospects.

Passerina hirsuta, Lin. or *Timelœa tomentosa,* an elegant shrub, only to be met with in hot climates, the root of which yields a most pungent acid.

Daphne gnidium, or *Tithymala,* with its beautiful red seed. In the materia medica of the ancients it was used as an astringent in small doses. Taken freely, it is a strong poison;

poison: nevertheless, the partridges on the island are frequently seen to feed on it.

The *Cineraria maritima*, Lin. adorns the fields with its yellow flowers.

Thymus, or common thyme, is in vast abundance, and differs from that on the continent only in its superior aromatic scent.

The trade of Capri is almost entirely directed to the capital, Naples. Every Monday and Friday a large boat goes regularly to that city, and affords to such of the Capreans as have no ships of their own, a constant opportunity of procuring a vent for their superfluous produce. The wealthier inhabitants have their own boats, which they frequently dispatch in little fleets of eight or ten vessels to Naples. They are freighted principally with oil, wine—quails, thrushes, and other birds of passage while the season lasts—cow and goat's cheese—fish of every kind, particularly tunny, and coral.—This constant traffic is, as you may suppose, a nursery for good seamen; in fact, the sailors of the island, and especially those of Ana Capri, are celebrated for their expertness and skill.

The manufactures of Capri are inconsiderable, they consist in silk ribbons and fishing-nets. The latter form the occupation of men and old women; whereas the girls and young women of the island employ their leisure hours in weaving ribbons of all colours. The silk is furnished by the Neapolitan merchants, who pay them merely for the manufacture. What they earn, however, in this way is hardly worth speaking of, since for a piece of twelve *canne* (about four yards), which takes them one day and a half's constant work, no more than twelve grani (about sixpence) is allowed them.

The Capreans, in addition to their happy and affluent condition,

condition, enjoy considerable privileges. They are permitted the free range of the island in their sporting excursions, possess the privilege of going armed, and are entirely exempted from paying any taxes to government. The defence of their country against the incursions of Barbary corsairs is intrusted to their care, for which purpose once a year a muster takes place, when every inhabitant capable of bearing arms is obliged to appear with his firelock, twenty-three balls, and about half a pound of gunpowder. This is a day of great rejoicing among them; there is popping on every rock, and music and dancing conclude the festivity. The anniversary of S$^{t.}$ Constantius, their patron, is likewise celebrated with great *éclât*, and their guns fire many vollies in honour of their tutelary saint.

All these important particulars you are indebted for to the communicative disposition and the national pride of our landlord at Capri, whose treatment we had every reason to be satisfied with. His charge for Don Michele and myself (two days' board and three nights' lodging) amounted to the enormous sum of four ducats and a half (about 18s.); and when I gave him the odd half ducat for *buona mano*, he lost his cap by the lowness of the respectful bow which our generosity had excited from his good manners. He likewise procured us a passage to Naples in the boat of one of his acquaintances, from whom, he assured us, we would receive civil treatment, and be under no apprehension of being robbed, as we had been in coming. The wind, although fair, was so light that we were seven hours in reaching Naples. The tediousness of our passage, however, was more than counterbalanced by the exemption from sea-sickness on my part, and but slight symptoms of that unpleasant sensation on that of my companion. Yet, notwithstanding this piece of good fortune, his disposition remained the same; he grumbled all the way, and had no sooner set foot on shore again,

again, than he solemnly protested that he would not undertake such another trip, if, by so doing, he could obtain the fee simple of the whole Island of Capri.

And, except it were for *your* amusement, my dear T. I might add in the same strain, I would not undertake to write such another letter for the greatest prize in the gift of any learned society in Europe. When I began it about ten days ago, I little imagined that it would extend to half its present length. But the desire of collecting into one mass, all I had to say of the Island of Capri, and the ever constant wish of affording some light reading for the beguiling of your leisure hours, so animated my pen from page to page, that, instead of a letter, you now receive a bulky pamphlet from

Your's, &c.

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LETTER XIV.

NAPLES, ——, 1802.

My dear T.

AT last I have it in my power to fulfil an old promise. I have witnessed the solemn ceremony of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.

In one of my preceding letters I informed you that the execution of this martyr took place in the amphitheatre at Pozzuoli. A pious Neapolitan woman collected some of his blood in two glass phials, which to this day are carefully preserved in a small shrine behind the great altar in the cathedral *(il Duomo)* at Naples. In a vault under the same altar the body of the saint is deposited, and his skull is inclosed in a golden bust, representing the true features of his countenance.

countenance. At present, one only of the phials remains full; the other having, by what means I know not, been deprived of its treasure: and the contents of the former, as you may imagine, have, by the lapse of many centuries, lost their liquid nature, and become a hardened substance; but, by a perpetuation of miraculous power, the indurated blood regains its fluidity on the phial being brought in contact with the bust above-mentioned. This process alone, however, is, according to Don Michele's information, not all that is required to insure the liquefaction. In the vicinity of Naples there are a few individuals, common peasants, whose genealogy is deduced, without interruption, from the saint himself or his cotemporary relations, and who therefore are considered as having *Januarian* blood flowing in their veins. It is of course extremely natural, that without the presence of at least one of these descendants of the family of the holy martyr, the miracle will not take place, and that it succeeds the more speedily in proportion to the number of Januar*ides* that can be assembled to assist at the ceremony. In proof of this assertion, my devout friend alledged the very recent experiment of General Championnet. When this champion of liberty entered Naples with his unhosed *enfans de la patrie,* his curiosity, or rather his infidelity, prompted him according to Don Michele's statement, to direct the priests forthwith to perform the ceremony before him and his companions, the philosophic worshippers of the goddess of reason. The priests humbly represented to the general the impossibility of complying with his commands without the presence of the saint's descendants. *" Point de c——nades, citoyens; il faut que le miracle se fasse sur le champ, sans quoi je f...erai vos flacons et toutes vos bêtises en mille morceaux*."

To

* None of your " h—g," citizens; the miracle must be exhibited this instant, or else I'll " smash" your phials and all your nonsense into a thousand pieces.

To avoid the execution of so horrible a menace, the frightened priests immediately made an attempt at liquefaction. However, miraculous to behold and to relate, not only every devout effort of theirs proved vain, but even the general's active assistance and repeated trials to give fluidity to the indurated blood, by means of both natural and artificial heat, were equally unsuccessful. Nothing therefore remained to be done but to send for some of the relations of St. Januarius, the nearest within reach; and a detachment of hussars was accordingly dispatched in quest of them. The poor devils, seeing themselves hurried from their peaceful cottages, expected at first nothing less than to share the fate of their holy ancestor; but on their arrival at Naples, they were treated kindly, and told the object of their mission. A second experiment was now instituted in due form, which, to the utter amazement of the French part of the congregation, and to the inward delight of all the pious Neapolitans, succeeded almost instantaneously. "General Championnet," continued Don Michele, "was so struck with the miracle, that he shed tears like a child, acknowledged his error, and, if he had not been a Frenchman, would, I am sure, have become as good a Christian as I, poor sinner."

The Neapolitans are treated once or twice every year with this exhibition; to which they attach the greater importance, as they consider the sacred phial an unerring barometer of their national prosperity. If the blood dissolve quickly, they are confident of an abundant harvest of grain and wine, a flourishing commerce, and success in their external and internal politics. If, on the contrary, the liquefaction requires a great length of time, they consider that circumstance as an equally certain omen of misfortunes of every kind, an eruption of Vesuvius, famine, pestilential distempers, frequent captures of their vessels by Barbary corsairs,

sairs, war with foreign powers, and, what is worse than all the rest, a visit from the great nation.

Heretics, like you and me, my dear T. are at liberty to suspect a chemical trick at the bottom of this pretended miracle, knowing, as we do, that professor Neumann, at Berlin, long ago produced the same phenomenon by natural means; but it may be a question, and perhaps a question of greater moment than we are aware of, whether the dupes are really so much to be pitied as philosophers would have us believe. The vulgar (I use the word by no means in its odious sense), that is to say, nine-tenths, or perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of mankind, are not to be led by an abstract system of morality deduced from reason alone, their limited intellects and grosser feelings require to be operated upon by more positive and tangible means: hence religion finds its way to their hearts much more readily by the high road of their senses, than through the narrow and tortuous path of their understanding. A certain portion of parade in ritual, therefore, and of ceremonious pomp, assisted by the aid of the fine arts, painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, and even of a little juggling at times, has been resorted to in the various countries and ages of the world. This has been particularly the case in southern climates, where imagination is more luxuriant and fervent; so much so, that, southward of the 50th degree of north latitude, the cooler iconoclastic tenets of Reformation have, with few exceptions, not been able to supplant the more sensual imagery of the Catholic church; which, singular to observe, has maintained its footing in every part of Europe where the heat of the climate permits the growth of good wine. Indeed, like the vine, religion seems to partake of the soil to which it is transplanted. In the same manner as the cold German hock-grape in time produced the fiery Constantia in the rich and heated soil of the Cape, so we may account

for the variety of shades which the simple and pure tenets of the Gospel have assumed on being transplanted, from the meagre rocks of Syria, to Rome, Constantinople, Armenia, Abyssinia, India, and China. In the latter country, the conversion wrought by the missionaries is little more than nominal; as the pious preachers candidly confess, that, without allowing the continuance of numberless absurdities of Chinese paganism, they should make no converts at all.

But even the original founders of new religions have in most cases felt the necessity of conforming, more or less, to the national prejudices of their followers. Hence the innocent frauds made use of by some theosophic legislators, to render their tenets more acceptable and more adapted to the sphere of their untutored disciples. Numa, I am sure, laughed as much in his sleeve when he returned to his superstitious Latians from Egeria's cave, as Mohammed when he recited to his fanatic Arabians a new chapter, still warm from the pretended inspiration of the angelic messenger. All adapted their doctrines more or less to the character of the people for whose belief they were intended, and even to the climate. With this view the Mussulman creed enjoins frequent ablutions, because that practice is not only conducive to the health of the inhabitants of a southern latitude, but even agreeable to them. Mohammed's regions of bliss are a sensual paradise, such as must prove to the voluptuous Oriental the highest incitement in the regulation of his actions: *his* place of damnation (and indeed that of every religion issuing from the East) is rendered horrible by the excessive heat which waits the transgressors of his law; whereas some of the northernmost pagans, and, I believe, Christians, look for 90 degrees Fahrenheit below 0 in the abode of the damned. I say, even Christians, for I have heard of a traveller who, in his tour to Lapland, took up his residence at the house of the curate of a village which afforded no other accom-

accommodation. On the ensuing Sunday he attended divine service; his host descanted in the most energetic manner on the torments of hell, which, to the stranger's great surprise, he described to the congregation as a dreary region of such intense cold, that the very morsel in their mouths would freeze to their tongue. On their return from church the traveller complimented the clergyman on the eloquence he had displayed in his excellent sermon, but expressed his astonisment at his depicting, with such frigid colours, a place which was on all hands admitted to be the *non plus ultra* of insufferably scorching heat. "I know that as well as yourself," replied the pulpit orator; "but can assure you, that were I to tell my parishioners so, they would do every thing in their power to get thither to warm themselves."

Talk of digressions, my dear T.! By some means or other I have got insensibly and in the neatest possible manner, from the suffocating heat of the church of S^{a}. Chiara to the chilling deserts of Lapland. Luckily for you it is the *Ultima Thule*, beyond which the flights of my fancy are, geographically at least, impossible. Having therefore gone up the hill, nothing remains but to come down again with the sobriety and *sang froid* of a writer who soars independent of his readers. You give me credit, I dare say, for so much talent of concatenation as would make it a mere trifle for me to perform this southward descent, not by a *saltum mortale*, but by easy stages down the map of Europe. Indeed, in my memorandum now before me, I have six or seven different places and ideas prettily associable, by which I might conduct you, *comme il faut* and *à votre aise*, to Naples again; but I find, to do it in a workman-like manner, it would take me, at a moderate computation, one page and a half of close letter-press, (the time I do not mind idler as I am in this part of the world), a quantum of space which I cannot in all conscience devote to mere form.—For a leap then!! *Sauve qui peut!* The

The sacred ceremony of liquefaction was this time to take place in the simply elegant church of S^{a}. Chiara, as the exhibition is not confined to any particular spot. Frequently it is in the cathedral, but other churches are occasionally favoured with the honour of witnessing the miracle within their walls.—Don Michele had for more than a week past expressed the greatest anxiety about my attending. He considered my going, if not altogether as the means of a speedy conversion, yet as the surest way to impress me with the superiority of his faith to my persuasion. Yet, strange to tell, when I requested his company, he declined the favour, under the pretence of some urgent business in town. I greatly suspect the true reason of his refusal was, his unwillingness to be seen in the company of a heretic on such an occasion, or perhaps even an unfounded mistrust in my discretion during the solemnity. Be that as it may, I went myself, with an opera-glass in my pocket, in case of need.

As soon as I entered *Spacca-Napoli**, I beheld, although long before the fixed hour, crowds hastening to S^{a}. Chiara, situated in that Street. A decent-looking man, to whom I addressed myself for the purpose, took me under his protection and procured me a place, where, standing on a chair, I had a full view of the church and the high altar, the theatre of operation. The church filled apace and was soon thronged, except a passage from the door to the altar left open for the procession. Some time after I had arrived, the chaunting of sacred hymns announced the approach of the procession, which I am sure consisted of the whole clerical *état major* of the city of Naples. You may form some idea of the length of this pageant when I inform you, that the monks from all the convents of Naples walked two and two arranged according

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* Literally, *Split-Naples*; a street so called, because, crossing the city in a straight line from one end to the other, it divides it into two pretty equal parts.

ing to their different orders, Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustines, Carmelites, Carthusians, Benedictines, Bernardines, Theatines, &c. &c. &c. Innumerable banners and images of silver of great value belonging to the different convents, were carried between each congregation, and the frankincense issuing from some hundreds of censers soon filled the church with a dense cloud of smoke, which prevented *me*, at least, from seeing distinctly the proceedings at the high altar. I asked my civil *cicerone* if there was any impropriety in making use of my optic apparatus, as I was very short-sighted. "On the contrary, sir," replied he, "it is our wish, that every stranger should see as accurately as possible the miraculous function which distinguishes our city above every other place in christendom; and to remove all scruples, sir, when you have done with it, I should be glad to have a spy myself." I might have saved the trouble of asking, for I found that the glass magnified the smoke and vapours of the church to such a degree, that I scarcely perceived the bust of the saint on the altar, and the bishop, with his assistants, who had just begun the ceremony of approaching the phial occasionally to the head of its owner. The experiment was continued for more than half an hour, and no favourable result ensued. Sighs and groans now issued from various parts of the church, and these soon changed into loud and distressful lamentations. The scene soon became truly tragic. *Misericordia—ah per l'amor di Dio—Disgrazia del Cielo,* and other exclamations of despair, mingled with the most fervent prayers, were heard on all sides; some shed tears, other clasped or wrung their hands above their heads, and a woman just below me, beat her bosom, nay, tore her hair in the most shocking manner. Three quarters of an hour had now passed in vain attempts; the whole church was in an uproar, moaning, crying, shrieking and every variety of sounds of grief and despair reverberated through the ancient edifice, when on a sudden the waving

waving of a white handkerchief from the high altar announced the happy tidings. Almost at the same instant, a salute of heavy artillery from the castle proclaimed, over all Naples, the joyful intelligence, which is deemed of such importance, that when the court resides at Caserta, an express is dispatched *ventre à terre* to communicate it to the royal family. You may easily imagine what a change this fortunate catastrophe instantly wrought in the minds and hearts of the congregation: all now was joy, exultation, and mutual congratulation. For my part, I rejoiced no less at the termination of the performance; had it lasted ten minutes longer, I should have fainted from the excessive heat and the pestilential air caused by the living crowd above ground, and the dead buried under the pavement. After expressing my thanks to the kind Neapolitan for his attention and his occasional explanations, I hastened to my quarters, heartily tired and exhausted with the fatigues of the afternoon.

I found Don Michele in serious converse with a neighbour before the gate of our palazzo. "I am glad to see you, Don Luigi," was his first word. "Tell us candidly, how long did the function last?"—

"If you mean the time of liquefaction, fifty-five minutes by my watch."

"Aye, I had heard as much; some great calamity, depend upon it, sir, threatens these happy regions. Never, within my recollection, has there been so long a delay. Ah! sir, we are a ruined nation; we have been going down hill ever since the court seized ecclesiastical property. But come, let us go up stairs and quiet the women; they are crying like children."

In one of my first letters I have mentioned to you the singular

gular circumstance of my being an inmate with a family consisting of four perfect generations, all living on one floor, viz. the great-grandfather, 90 years old, and his wife not much less; the celebrated Don Michele (his son), and his consort (now in a family way); Don Michele's son-in-law, with his better half (likewise near her time), and their little boy, of four or five years. The whole of this truly patriarchal group we found assembled in the sitting-room, some plunged in silent grief, others giving vent to their feelings by copious lachrymal torrents. "It is but too true," exclaimed Don Michele, on entering the apartment, "the news our neigbour brought. Fifty-five minutes! aye, fifty-five minutes!! What will become of us, poor sinners? Such a thing was never heard of!"

The nonagenarian, whose faculties are in no wise impaired by his great age, after clearing his pulmonary organs by the frequent rattles of a loose cough (the usual precursor of his long speeches), interrupted Don Michele:

"You are wrong, my *lad*," (of fifty odd years mind!) "in saying such a thing was never heard of; for I remember, in the year fifty-seven, no, sixty-seven, aye, in the year sixty-seven, the very year poor Gaëtano died, this same holy function lasted for upwards of an hour. And surely you must recollect the terrible eruption of the mountain which followed soon after it. Let me see!—it was on the 22d of October when it first began, and lasted for three successive days. Why, don't you remember the sand which fell over the whole city? I am sure our roof was covered with it.—But Signor Don Luigi," addressing himself to me, "the power and goodness of our holy protector are beyond belief: he first gives us warning of our impending calamities, that we may, if we choose, avert them by fasting and prayer; and even when we neglect to do so, he is ready to extricate us from our mi-

sery. For at the very time I am now speaking of, when the rage of the mountain had continued for three days, and when, for ought we know, it might have lasted three weeks longer, and perhaps destroyed the whole city; the Cardinal Archbishop Sersale, together with the whole chapter of the cathedral, and innumerable ecclesiastics from the different convents, sallied forth in humble and devout procession from the city towards the mountain, carrying the head of our St. Januarius before them. Now mark what I am going to tell you, for I was an eye-witness of the fact. No sooner had they got to the bridge of St. Magdalen, and within sight of the mountain, than a tremendous report was heard from it, louder than if a hundred thousand cannon had been let off at the same time: the shower of hot sand and the eruption instantly ceased; the sky, which had before been utter darkness, became perfectly clear; and, in the evening, the stars, for the first time after three nights, appeared with their usual brightness. Thus, sir, did the infinite goodness of our illustrious protector intercede for his people, and in the hour of trial, obtain divine mercy for us. You are a young man, Signor Don Luigi, your troubles may have to come yet: let this, therefore, be a lesson to you, not to despair in misfortunes, but to put your trust in the goodness and mercy of our heavenly Creator, and he will not abandon you."

A piece of advice of such excellent morality from the lips of this nonagenarian, left a more forcible impression on my mind, than any sermon of regular pulpit delivery could have produced.—What does it signify in what trappings such pure doctrine is dressed up, so its ultimate tendency be virtue and benevolence?—I observed to my Mentor, that I was no longer surprised at finding a man of his righteous principles blessed with so great an age, attended with such good health. "May be you are not mistaken, Signor Don Luigi."

Luigi." replied the old man. However, would you wish to know by what means I have arrived at this old age?—I'll tell you.—In the year 1734, when the Spaniards took the city from the Austrians, my father lay dangerously ill, so much so, that he was given over by the physicians. Full of grief at the idea of losing a beloved parent I went to the church which we call S^a. Maria delle Grazie. You will recollect having passed it in your rides, when I tell you it is situated without the old walls, just in front of the stream of lava, the remains of which are still to be seen. But, as I was going to say, to that church I went, it being at a small distance from my father's house, near the Nolan gate. There, in silent devotion, I addressed the holy virgin, and begged she would take from *my* years, and add to those of my father. But what did the virgin do? The very reverse of my prayer! She curtailed the life of my father, who died ten days after, and added to my years; pleased, perhaps, at the display of my filial piety. Thus, sir, do you see me advanced to an age, which few people of this, or any other city can boast of; but as to my health, which you erroneously are pleased to extol, I am sorry to say it is but very feeble."

" Not so strong, I dare say, as it was seventy years ago; but still you are in full possession of your faculties, you enjoy an excellent appetite...."

" I have a great appetite, true! but what sort of an appetite?—a false appetite: although I eat heartily, thank God, I have not the right taste of the victuals; and frequently when I rise from a good meal, I feel as hungry as when I sat down. I could eat the whole day, without deriving any benefit from it."

" We know that well enough," interrupted his daughter-in-law, " not a morsel of victuals is safe for him."—The old

man's appetite, or rather voraciousness, is a subject of general complaint in this many-mouthed family. He is, moreover, extremely cunning, and will watch the moment when the women have turned their backs, to slip into the kitchen and help himself to yesterday's remains, however carefully stored in the safe.

Cunning certainly forms a prominent feature in the character of very old men; and, in this respect,, another very peculiar disposition of my gentleman may afford additional evidence—a disposition, however, by no means agreeable to your humble servant. He loves to alarm the whole house, in the dead of night, by the most doleful groans, mingled with frequent piercing shrieks. The first time he appeared in this character since my residence in the house, I had listened for a few minutes till I was sure the noise proceeded from the room under mine, and evidently from the old man himself. Convinced of his approaching dissolution, I hastily slipped on my morning gown, and, hurrying down stairs, awoke the family, conjuring them to give their sire due help in his dying moments. His grandson-in-law, on opening the door, asked if any thing was the matter with *me;* a question which I thought the more unfeeling, as the old man's groans were heard at the very instant. "With *me?* No, sir, don't you hear your grand-father in the agonies of death? why not fly to his assistance instantly? for God's sake don't lose another moment!"

"Do not be alarmed, Signor Don Luigi," replied the young man with a smile; "our grandfather is as well as you are; perhaps better, if the truth were known. He is at his old pranks, and would only derive additional encouragement if we were to listen to his tricks; he would laugh at us all, if we attempted to go in to him.

"Nonsense,

" Nonsense, sir, he is expiring, and I insist on your seeing what is the matter with him. How can you be so unfeeling?"

" You shall convince yourself," rejoined the grandson, " come along." On entering the apartment, all was hush, and the great-grandfather apparently fast asleep. Starting up from his pillow, he enquired what was the matter; and when I mentioned we had come to assist him, having heard his groans, he positively denied having uttered a single sound; adding, " Why must you come, Signor Don Luigi, to disturb the rest of a poor old man, with one foot in the grave? Can't you let me enjoy a few hours' sleep? Ah! I guess 'tis this young rogue of my grandson has put you up to this frolic. So you come to make a fool of your old grandfather, you *birbone!* Pray go your way, I beg of you; go to bed, go to bed, and mind your own business."

I was petrified at this specimen of the old man's slyness. When I had recovered from my first amazement, I wished him, for my own sake, a very good night; determined not to be duped a second time. Certainly, in the last moments of the most painful dissolution, he could not have uttered groans more distressing.

To be sure, to go by his own account, his dissolution is not quite so near at hand, and must, like that of great personages, be preceded by signs and omens far more unequivocal than his own groans. There is, just under his and my window, an old, but still luxuriant orange-tree, the fragrant blossoms of which, for this fortnight past, have exhaled the most exquisite perfume over my apartments. Now the old man has assured me himself, that, ten years ago, St. Bernard appeared to him in his sleep, purposely to inform him, that this said orange-tree would be an unerring zoometer of his

his physical existence. Ever since that time, the first thing the old gentleman does in the morning, is to go to the window to look at this tree of life, convinced as he is, that, while the tree is alive, he cannot die. There is, we all know, a great deal in faith; and, not improbably, a rooted opinion like the above, may tend to keep him longer above ground than might otherwise have been the case; and in proof of this, I may state, what Don Michele has told me, that, two years ago, when this miraculous tree had suffered so much by a severe winter, that it lost most of its leaves, and did not put forth new ones at the beginning of the warm weather, the health of his father visibly declined, he lost his *false* appetite, grew languid and sickly, and seriously thought of dying, till the tree, quite late in the season, recovered its life, shot forth fresh buds, and was soon overspread with leaves: then our old gentleman instantly began to revive, his appetite returned, and in less than a fortnight he appeared perfectly renovated in strength and spirits.

I might easily entertain you with some farther eccentricities of the progenitor of this eccentric family, did I not apprehend you would look upon my work as a collection of old woman's stories, and regret that the room they engrossed had not been dedicated to some classic or antiquarian disquisition on the abundant remains in and about this city. Be fair! Surely you would not have me always talk about temples, pillars, marbles, friezes, aqueducts, statues, and frescoes. Consider the Wolfian definition of beauty, "unity and variety," and make an occasional allowance for my attempts at the latter requisite. An epic poem must have its episodes, and why not the epistles of

Your's, &c.

LETTER XV.

(EXTRACT.)

. . . . . THE Russian staff-surgeon's name, who accompanied me on this second and most astonishing visit to Pompeji, was Perninoff; and the French artist who joined us at Torre del Greco, with the communicative readiness of his nation, informed us, that he was the son of a *(ci-devant)* Marquis de Vallignac, had lost his father by the guillotine, and made the campaigns of Flanders and Holland under Pichegru; after which he had embraced the profession of a painter, in which, owing to the original bent of his genius, he had made so rapid a progress, that, four months ago, a *tableau* of his, representing Bonaparte's landing near Frejus, had gained him not only a prize from the National Institute, but the especial patronage of the first consul, who had selected him, among others, to travel and reside in Italy for two years, at the expence of the French government.

On our arrival at the Pompejan gate of wooden bars, a lad informed us, that the keeper had gone in, five minutes ago, with two gentlemen, but that he was ready to conduct us to them if we chose. We overtook them accordingly on the proscenium of the little theatre; the one a Turkish merchant, from Modon in the Morea, whose name we soon discovered to be Mehemed-Aga; and the other, his friend and correspondent, a Mr. Denzner, a German merchant established at Naples. The ex-marquis was the first to remark on the "*hazard comique*" to find six persons, every one of a different European nation, united in this spot, and on the good fortune of their being all master enough of the Italian

Italian language to make use of it as the vehicle of their ideas. From the little theatre we set out on the usual routine tour, taking in our way the barracks, forum, temple of Isis, the great amphitheatre, then proceeding along the high-street to the cemetery and town-gate. From thence we shaped our course to the villa and its appurtenances described in one of my former letters. The wine-cellar and its jars, you may suppose, were not forgotten. Its cooling atmosphere invited a longer stay than any of the past objects of our inspection; the time was beguiled by interesting and animated conversation; and while the Turk, to his great joy, ascertained the fact of his having, in the battle of Tschesmé, been opposed to Perninoff, ship to ship; the French artist busied himself in detaching a fragment of the dried wine-cake, in order to deposit it in the Musée Napoloan at Paris. On a sudden, however, a violent crash, from the further end of the vault, accompanied with repeated shrieks, of "Mine Got, mine Got!" put a stop to his labour. Mr. Denzner's curiosity, it appeared, had induced him to venture beyond the realms of prudent caution in this *terra incognita;* the flooring gave way, and precipitated him up to his middle in a hollow. To extricate him from so perilous a situation without danger to ourselves, our guide's torch was instantly lighted, the rubbish which had rushed after and upon him cleared away, and the sufferer dragged out of the cavity, not materially injured, but covered with bruises, and his clothes torn in several places. "Here are steps," exclaimed Perninoff, on looking down the hole, "let us see what they lead to." In vain did our guide object to the proposal of the Russian, urging the strict injunctions of government, not to suffer any researches but under public authority. The Turk, drawing his dirk from his girdle, threatened to make him a head shorter if he dared to utter a word, or to stir an inch. "Not unlikely," continued he, "but the exploring of this doubly subterraneous

passage

passage may amply repay us for our trouble; it is in places like these, people are apt to hide their treasures, and I for one shall be of the party." The German protested, that he had quite enough with the first essay, without exposing himself to greater risks; and Monsieur le ci-devant Marquis de Vallignac declared upon his honour, that were it to explore an enemy's mine crammed with a thousand barrels of gunpowder, he should enter it *mêche en main*, with as great a pleasure as he would go to a Parisian ball at Frascati; but that he had heard the premier consul himself declare, on a quintidi's parade, that to expose oneself to useless perils was foolhardy temerity, not true courage; he, nevertheless, was persuaded, from the *honnêteté* of those gentlemen, who were determined to venture down, that if they found any thing valuable they would let him as well as his companion come in for a share; the more so, as the misfortune of the latter had been the cause of the discovery. "Yok, yók," replied the Mussulman, scraping with the inverted hand his under chin. "The Muscovite, the Englishman, and myself, shall bear away and keep the prize." The Turk's confidence in English prowess, which induced him to include me in the triumvirate without ever asking me a question, was not a little flattering, and I readily offered to form the rear guard, without ever bestowing a thought on hepatitis, biliary ducts, and Dr. ....'s peremptory injunctions.

On a closer examination of the entrance to, as it well appeared, the inferior regions, we found that Mr. Denzner's fall had been occasioned by the breaking in of a trap-door of 2-inch oak, which, hidden as it was by rubbish and fragments of stone, and untrodden probably during more than 1,700 years, had hitherto escaped discovery, and probably would have continued in its pristine state had not the pressure of German corpulency destroyed the little of adhesion between

its parts which dry rot had left it. This, as well as the remainder of the rubbish being removed, we descended with a good heart: Perninoff, with lighted torch and drawn sword, first; Mehemed, a cocked pistol in each hand; and your humble servant holding the keeper's lanthorn. At the depth of about forty steps we found ourselves upon even ground; a pungent musty smell of the confined air greatly impeded our respiration, and the chilness of the temperature set all but the Russian a-shivering. Here a door, shut from within, threatened to interrupt our progress, but an *argumentum a posteriori*, applied by the head of our column, forced it out of its mouldered iron lock, and enabled us to proceed along a narrow vaulted passage, which gradually became so low, that we could only pass on by stooping. Yet this posture, painful as it felt, was not long sufficient to get forward; Perninoff reporting, that by the glimmer of his torch he perceived the passage terminating in an aperture, which would not admit us except by crawling through on all-fours. A few seconds' consultation determined us to persist in our undertaking, even on that condition. The principal difficulty was to preserve our lights in this position, but great care and the shortness of the tunnel overcame it. Once more on our legs, we found ourselves in a chamber, about ten feet square, of vaulted brick-work, dry and clean, but excessively cold. To the left of the aperture by which we had entered, and exactly in the middle of the adjoining side of the quadrangle, we discovered a diminutive portal, not man's height, a pilastre on each side, an iron door in the middle, and above it an inscription, which, to the best of my recollection, ran as follows:

D. M.
Q. LOLLIVS. EUPATΩR.
M. E. CALLIDIAE. F.
QVI. VIXIT. ANN.
V. S. L. M.

But

But such was the eager curiosity of my companions, and the intensity of the cold, of which even our Moscovite friend now complained, that they would not lose a moment in listening to an exposition of this evident yet singular epitaph, nor give any reply to my observation on the oddity of the man's age being left in blank. You may form an idea of our freezing shivers, when I inform you, that no sooner had Perninoff touched the door, than his fingers, wet from the perspiration of exertion, slightly froze to the iron. This door being neither locked nor bolted, opened with ease, and discovered a second apartment, about half-a-yard lower in level than the former, entirely filled with ice or congealed snow, except a marble sarcophagus in its very center, and a narrow path, of marble likewise, leading across the ice to the sepulchral shrine. Now fancy the sensations of awful astonishment, of horror I may say, when, on looking into the sarcophagus, we beheld a human being in the attitude of sleep, not only in complete preservation, but as fresh, uncorrupted, unfaded, and the dress as perfect as we observe in a man recently drowned. Our Turk shrunk back in the utmost terror, and crossing his hands, exclaimed "Alla, illalah alla Mohammed resul alla:" but Perninoff, with the utmost *sang-froid* (less surprising in such a temperature), observed, that similar instances of the preservation of dead bodies had come under his notice, while quartered near the mouth of the river Jenisei, in the northern part of Siberia; with the exception, that those specimens he had seen, had exchanged their vermillion for a blackish teint, which was not the case with this corpse, since it looked as if deposited but yesterday. As the cold rendered a longer continuance utterly impossible, and as the sight of bare walls indicated of itself the termination of our journey, we resolved to return, and if possible to let Mr. *Eupator* be of the party. "By heavens," exclaimed Perninoff, on turning round, "we have made a fine day's work of it! there will be one a-piece for

us to lug out of this infernal place." In truth, poor Mehemed, overcome by drowsiness, had, during our conversation, fallen into a profound sleep on the steps of the sarcophagus; and his limbs had, in those few minutes, already become nearly as stiff as the Roman's; another five minutes, and he would have been among the Houris in Mahomed's paradise. As it was, it required our combined strength, aided by the application of the lighted torch to his bare soles, to shake him into life again; an act of kindness, for which we had the pains for our thanks, for he actually reproached us for our cruelty in waking him from the sweetest slumber he had ever enjoyed.

A serious question now arose. What place were we to assign to our new acquaintance in passing the narrow tunnel? If we attempted to push him out first, it was possible he might stick fast, and by thus blocking up the passage, bury us alive; to take him last, and pull him after us, would require contrivances not in our possession, and exertions beyond our power in so narrow a space. "Can't you let him rest where he is, till doomsday?" asked Mehemed, in a surly tone: "what's the use of puzzling your brains, and risking our lives, for a dead man, a dead heathen too, or a Jew, perhaps? I, for one, beg to be excused defiling my hands by touching any thing but his ring; which if I may be permitted to have, I would value merely as a remembrance of the present event, and as a mark of the friendship of gentlemen of such undaunted courage, and of nations which I had always the greatest regard for." The ring was promised on condition of his lending a large coarse shawl the Turk wore loosely twisted round his neck and shoulders. In this we carefully wrapped the defunct successor of the Horatii and Gracchi, to preserve him from outward injury. Mehemed, with the torch, led the van; then followed the Russian surgeon, creeping out backwards, and dragging with one hand a bandage

a bandage made of our cravats, passed under the arm-pits of the frozen mummy, in which operation he was mainly assisted by me, who, in closing this unique procession, made every effort to propel the body onwards before me. After passing the tunnel, the remainder of our way appeared comparatively easy, even the flight of steps Perninoff's strength enabled him to ascend with firmness, although carrying the result of our investigation on his shoulders. No sooner had he reached the upper entrance of the wine cellar, whence we had set out, than, the ex-marquis, who probably supposed one of us had fallen a victim to our zeal, exclaimed, with a doleful accent, "Ah, mon Dieu! voici un de nos confrères de moins: c'est l'Anglois sans doute qui a été la victime de cette folie."—"Un *de plus,* s'il vous plait, car nous voilà quatre au moins," was my answer, accompanied with my best thanks for his good wishes.—"Au contraire, monsieur, j'aimerois plutot à voir toute la flotte de Portesmousse au fond de la mèr que de souhaiter le moindre mal à un ami si digne et si respectable. Mais voyons donc, qu'y-a-t-il de nouveau? une mommie à ce qu'il paroit. Messieurs, je vous, en offre cinq cens francs en bons billets sur Paris, si vous me la cédez, ce sera de quoi faire ma fortune avec le premier consul, qui aime les mommies à la folie; il en a deux ou trois dans sa chambre à coucher."—"Ce seroit porter de l'eau dans la Seine que de faire un cadeau pareil, à un héros, qui s'est montrè si habile en cette espece de mêtier; et qui d'ailleurs aura eu soin d'en emporter autant qu'il aura pu ramasser lors de sa fuite de l'Egypte."

To this, Monsieur de Vallignac had no present reply; nor was I willing, by a continuation of the dialogue, to lose another moment; eager as I felt, to examine now at my leisure the features and dress of a departed Roman. The latter was excessively plain and simple. Over a short linen shirt without sleeves, he wore a tunic of white woollen cloth, resembling

bling our kerseymere, with short sleeves, not reaching to the elbow; two purple stripes, about half an inch broad, went all round the lower edge of this garment, which was very little different from a modern shift; no stockings or breeches, but a clumsy sort of half-boots made of black leather, and terminating about two inches above the ancles. His features were regular; those of a man nearer fifty than forty, who in his youth had been handsome; the nose nearly in a line with the forehead, and the chin almost projecting to the perpendicular from the nose; black bristly hair, with a sprinkling of grey ones: altogether unlike any one I know you are acquainted with; except, perhaps, were I compelled to make a comparison, the Italian who once taught you the guitar, and whose name has slipped my memory, only that he was considerably shorter than the latter, not exceeding, I dare say, five feet four in height.

The ring on his finger was formed by two golden serpents winding round each other, elegantly worked, and between their mouths was a beautiful onyx, representing, in deep intaglio, the infant Hercules strangling the serpents. It was a pity such a precious relic should be thrown away upon a barbarian infidel; but the Mussulman insisting on our performing the given promise, without much ceremony began to extricate the ring from the finger of its owner; observing, during the operation, that the flesh had already become considerably softer, and the temperature of his skin less cold.

The Turk had scarcely accomplished his sacrilege, when, to our inexpressible astonishment, Eupator's right arm began gradually to exhibit convulsive starts, similar to the appearance of galvanized animals. This strange and unaccountable phenemon was soon followed by an incessant tremour of the lips, like the quiverings of quick blood. In a little time

time after, his mouth opened involuntarily, upon which, the air, as in a new-born infant, rushed with a hideous rattling down his lungs, from whence it immediately returned in articulated groans!—Eupator breathes!! Eupator lives!!!

On first opening his eyes, the resuscitated Eupator surveyed for a moment with a wild stare the ruinous vault, calling out faintly as if dreaming, "Mnestheus, Mnestheus! give me some drink!" These few words he uttered in Greek; and although their pronunciation differed greatly from that which I had acquired at school, I instantly understood their import. But, while I stepped sideways to reach him some water from our pail, his eyes had closed again, and he once more appeared to be sunk in a profound sleep. We, nevertheless, contrived to pour down his throat a small dose of water, mixed with some vitriolic elixir, which the Russian surgeon happened to have by him. This restorative draught seemed to refresh and revive him; his eyes opened once more with greater brightness than before: he now seemed to perceive us for the first time, and, addressing himself to Perninoff, feebly exclaimed in Latin, "I thank thee, stranger, for this first friendly office in our unfortunate situation. Tell me, I pray, is the terrible convulsion of nature over already?" Whether, in addressing us in the latter language he thought us natives of Italy, I cannot say, but so much I will assure you, that his accent and pronunciation were as distant from the Winchester practice as they differed from the Etonian rules, and would have been utterly unintelligible to me had I not been familiar with several modern languages, especially the Italian. Perninoff had less difficulty than myself in comprehending his meaning; but the Marquis, Mr. Denzner, and Mehemed-Aga, were forced to impart the little they had to say by interpretation, until the latter, recollecting Eupator's first words in Greek, contrived to answer in the modern Greek, born and bred as he was in the Morea.

With

With these means of communication we were pretty well enabled to keep up a conversation, the interesting and singular nature of which so deeply impressed itself on my mind, that I think I shall be able to trace to you its progressive course with a tolerable degree of fidelity, occasionally substituting dialogue in the place of historical narrative.

Eupator (to *Perninoff*). I thank thee, stranger, for this first friendly office, in our unfortunate situation. Tell me, I pray, is the terrible convulsion of nature over already?

Pern. Fear nought, Eupator, the danger is past, and you are among friends, desirous of giving you every assistance in their power.

Eup. The gods be thanked for their protection! But pray, has Plotilla, my wife, has Mnestheus, my freedman, escaped the fury of the devouring elements?

Pern. Compose yourself, my friend! it will be time enough to talk of those matters when you have recovered more of your strength and spirits. Do you wish to eat something—it shall be sent for instantly?

Eup. Alas! I augur no good from thy evasive answer. Be candid, stranger, for thou art addressing a man whose life has been spent in the pursuits of philosophy; of that philosophy which teaches us to bear the most unwelcome tidings with the same equanimity as it enjoins us to hear joyful news. Speak, I beseech thee.

Pern. In complying with your earnest entreaty I shall lessen the grief which the loss of your house, your city, your friends, and your wife, must cause to you, by adding, that, had

had they survived the catastrophe, the lapse of many centuries would have consigned their existence to as great an oblivion as if they had never lived at all. You are the only, the miraculous relic of the age of Titus.

Here Eupator heaved a deep sigh, and after a short pause exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Farewell then, *(Ave!)* my good, my tender Plotilla, and thou, gentle and faithful Mnestheus! Your friend Eupator will not long survive your loss. All, all, then, is devoured by the raging element! I thank thee, friend, for thy tidings: sad as they are, it is a consolation to know the utmost limits of a misfortune. I also thank thee for what thou hast added, with an intent of comforting my mind. It is but too true, that in a few centuries hence our existence will be forgotten by posterity, unless we have rendered our name immortal by some great deed, or some writings worth the notice of after-generations. But thou art deceived if thou supposest me the only survivor of my family. Thanks to the gods, and the kindness of our good emperor, my son Lucius has likewise escaped the wreck of his paternal city. Ever since last Saturnalia he has left us for Britain, where the emperor has been gracious enough to give him a cohort in the 14th legion, and where, by his last letter, he has distinguished himself in an action against the Brigantes. May the gods grant him health, may they preserve him from the treachery of a savage set of barbarians, and conduct him safe into his disconsolate father's arms."

Unable to brook so direct an accusation against the character of Britons, I assured the haughty Roman with some warmth that treachery had ever been a stranger to them, and that whatever might have been their savage disposition in earlier times (a reproach applicable to all incipient nations), so little was there left of it at this day, that in the liberal arts, as well as in every branch of science, they

were justly held inferior to none, and superior to most countries of the globe; an assertion, of the truth of which I pledged myself to convince him, if he would accompany me on my return to England in about a fortnight's time.

Eup. Pardon me, Briton, if what I have said offended more than I intended. I applaud thy zeal in thy country's cause, well or ill founded. Patriotism is the germ of great and noble deeds, such as have raised whole nations to a proud pre-eminence over their rival neighbours. But thy invitation to accompany thee to thy cold and sterile country, my age and the re-establishment of my affairs forbid me to accept. One favour only I shall, therefore, ask from thee; I shall trouble thee with a letter for my son Lucius, whose friendship and influence with our prefect of thy island will prove beneficial both to thee and thy family; and if thy trunk should want filling up, a tunic or two, together with a sword-belt embroidered by the hand of his mother Plo....." Here a gust of tears interrupted the affectionate father's speech: with a hurried and sobbing utterance he only added, " Alas, Plotilla! thou and thy presents are no more."

Mr. Denzner, with a goodness inherent in the German character, entreated Eupator not to make himself uneasy about the re-establishment of his affairs, as there was no doubt but the court of Naples, in consideration of the singularity of his situation, would settle a handsome pension on him for life, until which he very obligingly offered him his country-house, on Posilipo, and the command of whatever money he might stand in need of.

" Citizen Eupator," exclaimed Monsieur le Marquis de Vallignac, " will stand in need of no assistance from the court of Naples, or from individual liberality. To-morrow a *proces verbal* of this strange event goes to the first consul, and

and in less than a fortnight our antique stranger will be summoned to Paris, where he will have the honour of reporting the particulars of his miraculous history to the modern Cæsar, our first consul, who will assign him a generous stipend on the national treasury, worthy of the great nation, and in all likelihood employ him about his august person. It is your good fortune, citizen Eupator, to have come to light again, at a period when the destinies of that nation, as well as of the whole world, are guided by a mind infinitely superior to your Cæsars and Augustus's; tyrants, who reared their empire on the expiring liberties of their country: whereas Bonaparte, by destroying the five-headed hydra of the Directory, has emancipated his fellow citizens from their bondage, restored the French republic to its liberty, and, chosen by the unanimous consent of the people to the temporary dignity of first consul, sacrifices his health and his comforts to make France the greatest, the happiest nation in the universe."

Poor Eupator, who was by no means familiarized with his present situation, alternately stared at the two last speakers, but more particularly at the *ci-devant* marquis; and then fixed his looks on the ground, with much the same sort of musing astonishment as we are wont to feel at a person who attempts to impose on our silent good-nature a string of Munchausian achievements. At last, with an evident effort to pass over all that was unintelligible to him, he expressed himself as follows:—

Eup. Your liberal offers of assistance, my friends, I take kindly: happily, fortune has placed me in a situation not to stand in need of them. The ruin of my house and effects at Pompeji, and perhaps the destruction of my farm at the foot of the hostile mountain, as well as of the salt-pans at Herculaneum—these, it is true, are severe losses; still, what

remains fortunately exceeds that which is gone. Besides my paternal estates in and about Methone, in the Peloponnesus, the bounty of our good emperor Titus has, as a reward for my services to him and his divine father in the late Judæan campaign, presented me with confiscated lands of rebellious Jews in the vicinity of Jerusalem, which last year yielded upwards of three hundred thousand sesterces, and which, under an improving administration, may be made to rent double that sum.

At the mention of *Methone,* Perninoff unfortunately had whispered to the Turk, "That's *Modon,* the town you come from." Mehemed-Aga, who understood no joke, instantly joined the conversation."

Mehem. As to your lands about Jerusalem, Eupator-Aga, Dgezzar-Pacha no doubt will take as good care of them as if they were his own. But with respect to your estates at Modon (or Methone, as you are pleased to call my native place) give me leave to ask you whereabouts they might be situated?

Eup. Methone thy native place? Why, to judge from thy Parthian dress, I should have supposed thy home to be nearer the Euphrates than the limpid waters of the Pamisus. But leaving that point as it is (since, to speak the truth, the habits of you all are more like the mummery of a saturnalian frolic than any real costume), I can answer thy question in a moment. My property extends from the mouth of the little river that empties itself into the Ionian Sea, near Methone, along its right bank, (which forms the boundary) to a length of about nine stadia, as far as the ancient temple of the Dioscuri, at an average breadth of $2\frac{1}{2}$ stadia, the principal aqueduct of our town crossing it in a diagonal direction.

Mehem.

Mehem. Does it indeed? very pretty to be sure! What should you say, Master Eupator, if the best part of that domain which you have described with so much precision, was the marriage portion of one of my wives. The rubbish of the temple you mention disfigures one of my finest olive-grounds; and as for the aqueduct, the last remains of it have furnished me with excellent materials to erect a neat little mosque, the resort of a thousand devout Musselmen, especially in Rhamadan time, owing to the fountain of excellent water, which serves them for their pious ablutions. On this score, therefore, you need not trouble your head any longer, for all that tract is lawful property of mine, as I can prove by the title-deeds in my possession.

Eup. (With irritation). Thy lawful property, insolent Parthian, whose trade is robbing and pillage? Thou shalt know better, ere long, I promise thee; for, although my title-deeds may have been destroyed by *yesterday's* calamity, proofs will not be wanting to assert my right. The boundaries of my estate are accurately described in the records of the decurions of Methone, and it was but last kalends of July that I paid the land-tax on it to Vibius Clemens, the collector. Depend upon it, the proconsul of Achaja, Plotilla's uncle, will find no difficulty in deciding between the just claim of a Roman citizen, and the flimsy pretensions of a barbarian swindler, a madman, a . . . . .

The abusive warmth of our philosopher had well nigh cost him dear; for the enraged Osmanly, without waiting for its conclusion, drew his *chan-giar*, and would have run him through, had not Mr. Denzner and the Frenchman, who stood behind him, by seizing his arms, prevented him from accomplishing his bloody purpose. "Est-ce ainsi, citoyen Turc," exclaimed Monsieur le *ci-devant* Marquis de Vallignac, "qu'on assomme le monde chez-vous? Voici

une

une affaire d'honneur, qu'il faut arranger en règle. Ayez la bonté, citoyen Russe," addressing himself to Perninoff, " de prêter votre épée à Eupator, âfin que tous les deux se battent selon les loix d'honneur et de gentilshommes." Unfortunately, Mehemed, in exposing his hand to attack his antagonist, had, by an unlucky discovery, given the latter fresh and more just cause of offence: Eupator, on espying his own ring, on Mehemed's finger, exclaimed, with a violence scarcely to be expected from a newly revived man, " Why, the assassin has robbed me of my ring too! Perhaps, that too, was one of thy wife's wedding gifts, of which, no doubt, thou canst produce the title-deeds. To Rome I will have the highwayman conducted, to have his brains beat out on the Gemonian steps."

I thought it high time now to put a stop to the endless *quid proquo's*, which had hitherto arisen from poor Eupator's ignorance of his uncommon, nay, unparalleled, situation. As a preliminary step, I addressed Mehemed-Aga in Italian, to entreat his forbearance; and after having received from him an assurance, under the solemn pledge of the grand signor's beard, that he would not only calm his present anger, but on no account recur to future acts of violence, I endeavoured gradually, and with all the caution Eupator's delicate situation required, to acquaint and familiarize him with the real posture of his affairs. It was no easy task to persuade him, that, since (what he called) his yesterday's slumber, a space of time exceeding seventeen centuries had intervened; that of the generation he had quitted, not a vestige was left; that of the nations, governments, and religious faiths which then existed, scarcely a trace remained; nay, that, but for the works of a few authors who wrote about his time, accidentally preserved; and some relics of the perfect plastic arts and of coins, as well as of the beautiful and solid architecture of his age, which confirmed the fidelity

fidelity of those authors, the very existence of that age, and of the nations that flourished in it, would be questionable.

Wrapt in the deep silence of extreme astonishment and grief, Eupator listened attentively to my wondrous tale. At last, as if summoning up his faculties from a temporary trance, he interrupted me as follows;

Eup. Although, my friend, thy words seem to bear the stamp and accent of truth, yet, such is my amazement at a narrative which resembles the fabulous traditions of our early history, and the genealogy of some of our divinities, that thou wilt pardon a justifiable incredulity, if, previously to my giving credit to thy assertions, I ask some proof of their truth.

Self. Your request is reasonable, and can easily be complied with: The dress, the manners, and the different languages of myself and my companions here might alone impress you with a suspicion, that we do not belong to the generation of which you alone remain. But if those are incapable of shaking your doubts, follow me! and you shall behold, not only the environs of your town in a dress in which you will at once recognize the truth of the changes I have related, but even the sea itself covered with vessels of a construction unknown to you. Come along, and I will shew you, riding at anchor in the bay, a British ship of war, capable of stowing in her hold a whole fleet of your trireme cockleshells.

Eupator actually rose from his seat, when Perninoff represented, in the strongest manner, the impropriety of his exposing himself to the action of a burning sun, after the cool birth which he had enjoyed for 1,700 years in the ice-cellar; an advice which the Roman received with thanks, and

and which induced us to postpone his egress from the vault till the cool of the evening.

" Indeed, my friends," continued Eupator, " if your tale be true, and I fear there is but little doubt of its being so, I see no reason why I should wish at all to revisit a country, to which—however my own—time has rendered me a stranger; or to mix with a race to which I do not belong. A stranger to their language, their manners, and their laws, without one friend, without property; the few years which the gods may grant me, would be lost in beginning the world afresh, in forgetting past ideas and recollections, to make room for new experience. Under such circumstances, the remainder of my life would prove a series of troubles and vexations, which, as it is in my power to avoid them, I have no mind to undergo. I beseech you, therefore, carry me back to my sarcophagus: let the chilling vapours of my tomb once more consign me to a painless death; and, after this last service of your kindness, obstruct the access from the eyes and knowledge of prying posterity.

This was a new whim of Squire Eupator's, to combat which Perninoff and I summoned up all the eloquence and arguments we could master. In these endeavours we were seconded by a repetition of the liberal pecuniary offers of Mr. Denzner, and the more liberal promises of the first consul's generous protection held out by the Gascon. Our combined efforts were more successful than I at first expected: Eupator began to wave in his resolve, and soon, whether from curiosity, or that he never had been very serious in his determination, he gave up all idea of the sarcophagus, and promised to keep alive *for our sake*.

As we had a good deal of time before us, I thought this the right moment to request of our friend an explanation of the

the mysterious situation in the sarcophagus, in which we made his first acquaintance, and which had been the cause of his preservation.

Eup. In complying with thy request, I shall, perhaps, appear in your eyes guilty of a weakness little consonant with the name of a philosopher, which in my time I was proud to bear. But, at all events, I will not forfeit my claim to it by telling you an untruth. My father, a freedman of the Emperor Cajus (Caligula), being sent by his master on an extraordinary mission to expedite the shipping of grain from Alexandria, at a time when Italy, from a defective harvest, laboured under a severe famine, married there a woman of Canopus, the niece of Thamuphis, a priest in the temple of Serapis, at the latter place. Soon after the return of my parents from Egypt, I was born, and in due time instructed in every branch of useful and liberal knowledge. While at Athens, where I had been sent to finish my education, I received the tidings of my father's death, accompanied with a request from my mother to return to Italy as soon as the course of my studies would permit, and her leave to visit our Egyptian friends in my way home. A thirst after knowledge made me embrace my mother's offer with joy. I left Athens and sailed for Canopus, where I was received with open arms by all my maternal relations, and especially by Hermonthis, the son of her uncle, who had succeeded his father in the priesthood of Serapis. The wisdom of that Egyptian, powerfully seconded by his kindness to me, created in my youthful breast a wish to be initiated in the mysteries of the great God. My docility and my conduct shortened the time of probation. Hermonthis' instruction gradually revealed to my mind eternal and sacred truths, many of which a solemn oath forbids the adept from divulging to the sensual and prejudiced profane. I renounced, joyfully, the cold and impious errors of the Epi-

 curean

curean school, but lately acquired at the expence of so much study and lost time. Among other revelations, the doctrine of immortality impressed itself deeply on my conviction; the soothing prospect of a future recompence for the adversities we experience, and of a lasting reward to piety and virtue, appeared to me a natural consequence of the justice and goodness of the Supreme Being. I witnessed with admiration the extreme care which, under this persuasion, the enlightened inhabitants of Egypt bestow on the preservation of their deceased relations; and I shall not easily forget the awful sensations I felt when Hermonthis, for the first time, conducted me into the sepulchral vaults of our family, where I beheld my maternal ancestors, for twenty generations back, ranged in order of time, their virtues and errors equitably recorded on the shells, by the hands of holy and impartial judges, in sacred characters, legible but to the elect. What an incentive to righteousness, what a determent from vice! Nor will the words of my cousin at our parting ever be obliterated from my remembrance: "Go in peace!" said he, "you will find many brethren in Italy; let your instruction and example increase their number, as the welcome rains of Æthiopia increase the waters of the beneficient Nile, and with it the happiness of this blessed land. Remember the fundamental law of the great, the good Osiris, '*Love all mankind like members of one great family emanating from the Supreme Being!*' Does the great God withhold the gift of reason, the blessing of health, of rain, or sun-shine from any? and why will the short-sighted mortal refuse *his* love to any of his race? Who dares presume so much on the superiority of his intellects as to proclaim" . . . . . But, my friends, I am wandering from my purpose; pardon the sweetness of past recollections. I left off at my separation from Hermonthis. On my arrival in Italy, I endeavoured, to the best of my power, to put his precepts into execution. The little temple which, if it have escaped

escaped the fury of the overwhelming mountain, you will have perceived above our forum, I erected at my own expence to Isis, the sister and consort of Osiris, great and good. The terror and disgust which the tenets of my cousin had created in my mind at the idea of animal corruption, together with other secret motives, which my oath forbids divulging, suggested to my thoughts the possibility of my preservation after death, by means of extreme cold, without the process of embalming, an art totally and lamentably neglected in this country. With this view I built the vault and sarcophagus from which you have extricated me, and filled it with ice purposely sent for from Mount Ætna. There I had ordered my corpse to be deposited after my decease, and a plain inscription, which perhaps you may have noticed over the low entrance, was simply to record my name and my age. Alas! I little thought, when the statuary fixed the marble in my presence, that six weeks afterwards that chamber would serve to bury me alive: but so it was. On the 9th of the kalends of September *, a company of Greek players, who had recently arrived from Syracuse, were to perform, for the first time, Sophocles' tragedy of *Œdipus*. A fit of the gout confined me to my room; Plotilla, my dear wife, went to the house of Accia Hispulla to meet some female friends to go to the play together. She had not been gone a quarter of an hour, when, as I lay reading on my couch, I heard a hollow rumbling, which I took for a peal of thunder, although in sound it was infinitely more violent, and although the serenity of the sky had not previously been obscured by one single cloud. On limping to the window, I beheld a dense column, of smoke as it appeared, rise perpendicularly from Mount Vesuvius, its top expanding on all sides of the column like the head of a mushroom, or a pine-tree. I had no

* 23d August.

time to examine this singular phenomenon, for almost immediately after its appearance another tremendous peal or crash was heard; my house, however solidly built, trembled in its foundations: a second eruption issued from the mountain, which seemed to vomit forth, as it were, a whole province of unknown matter. In an instant all was darkness; and my house, still tottering, became buried under a mass of sand or earth, the excessive heat of which, together with the confined air in the rooms, rendered respiration difficult, and a longer stay in it impossible. But, alas! on groping in the dark to effect my escape, I found every window, door, and outlet totally blocked up by hot sand and ashes. I called in vain for help: my people and slaves either were in the fields gathering the vintage, or had gone to the play; besides, my voice was scarcely audible from faintness and want of air. In this agonizing situation, I thought of my ice-cellar and of this very vault, to which a subterraneous passage had been contrived from the house. To that hidden retreat I resolved, if possible, to shape my course, and there either to end my days, or to wait until the sad catastrophe was gone by. With the utmost difficulty, and by efforts almost beyond my invalid strength, I groped through darkness and excessive heat. You all know part of the way; I shall only add, therefore, that the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere in that subterraneous vault was a delightful contrast in my parched condition. Totally exhausted, I lay down in the sarcophagus, the only resting place in that chamber.—And here, friends, my tale closes: for all I can further remember are, the terrible and continual roarings of the mountain, the incessant concussions of the ground beneath me, and an unconquerable drowsiness which soon after assailed me. I suppose I must have fallen asleep; but from that moment up to the time I saw you here around me, I have no recollection whatever. The interval *may*, as you inform me, have been a sleep for centuries: to *me* it appears no longer than one night's rest.

Such

SUCH was Eupator's interesting narrative, which seemed to have fatigued him in some degree; we, therefore, forbore demanding any further illustration on several points of his recital, thanking him kindly for the trouble he had given himself to satisfy our curiosity. Monsieur le Marquis de Vallignac, who had begun to take a drawing of our new friend, exclaimed, "C'est dormir comme un sabot:" and Mr. Denzner, pulling out his repeater, informed us of the time of the day, observing, that probably in another hour's time the heat would have sufficiently abated to enable us to introduce our new friend to the upper regions with safety. Eupator instantly fixed his eye with surprize on Mr. Denzner's watch, asked what it was, and, on being informed that it contained a complicated mechanism by which we were able to ascertain the hour of the day, he begged to be shewn the instrument. The Roman surveyed the outside, and especially the dial-plate, with the utmost attention; but his astonisment rose to the highest pitch when Mr. Denzner made it strike the hour, and still more when he opened the case and exhibited its interior works.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed Eupator, "what a useful, what a sublime invention! what ingenuity, what labour and patience its construction require! Its use on travels at night, in war, indeed in every transaction of life, all of which are more or less regulated by time, must be eminently great. How superior to our sun-dials, to our hour-glasses and clumsy clepsydras*! No doubt some keen Greek or other was the inventor of this excellent work."

DENZ. I ask your pardon, Eupator, one of my countrymen,

* Water-clocks.

men, a German, a citizen of Nurnberg, invented the first of these instruments.

Eup. What dost thou say? a German, one of those barbarians, who, in my time, lived like savage animals in forests and bogs, clad in the skins of wild beasts, feeding upon acorns and horse-flesh? Impossible! thou art joking. The figures on the dial, which are surely in Roman characters, contradict thy assertion. The Germans were even ignorant of the use of letters.

Denz. I appeal to my companions to attest my veracity. *(—We nodded assent.)*

Eup. Thou astonishest me, friend. In my time, believe me, the most precious gem of all Rome would have been deemed an inadequate remuneration for a clock like this. As it is, considering the labour required in its construction, I dare say, its price is only within the reach of princes and very wealthy individuals.

Denz. By no means, Eupator! Although luxury demands them at all prices, a watch may be bought for less money than a coat. Few tradesmen are without one. Many of our boys even wear them. And as to the figures in Roman characters, they are merely employed on account of their being more generally known than any others, and upon the whole more uniform. For you are very much mistaken, my good Eupator, if you suppose my countrymen of the present day the same as your cotemporary Tacitus has described them. According to him, we certainly then were ignorant of the use of letters; but times may be supposed to have changed in the space of 17 centuries. To convince you of the truth of what I advance, look at this book, written by a countryman of mine, Winckelmann, on the discoveries

veries made in the excavation of your town, and its neighbour, Herculaneum, which on that account I fortunately happen to have brought along with me.

Eup. The characters are unlike any I am acquainted with; neither Roman, Greek, Punic, nor Egyptian; nor do the leaves on which they are written resemble our papyrus or parchment: but the elegance and uniformity of the character proves, that thy nation possesses penmen very superior to our copyists.

Denz. The leaves are made of the rags of our cast-off linen; and the characters are *printed*, not made with the pen as you suppose.

Eup. Printed! I do not comprehend your meaning.

Denz. The art of printing consists in arranging moveable characters cast in metal, letter for letter, according to the words of an author. The characters, so placed and confined page for page within a frame, are then covered with a black liquid resembling ink, and, by a powerful mechanical apparatus, impressed on the sheets of the paper you see.

Eup. No doubt the method which thou describest is productive of greater regularity and uniformity in the appearance of the letters; but what is gained that way cannot be recompensed by the immense labour and time which such a tedious process must needs require, and the consequent high price which a book thus printed, as thou callest it, must be sold at to pay the workman for his trouble.

Denz. The first labour, it is true, is tedious, but that trouble is amply recompensed by an important advantage. The characters once arranged and fixed in their proper order,

order, may be impressed successively on many thousands of separate sheets, and thus the copies of one book be multiplied almost endlessly. In this manner one man may *print* several hundreds of copies in less time than he would be able to write one: proceeding from the same prototype, all must necessarily be equally correct, equally uniform, and alike beautiful; and, what is more, the price of a book, produced by so easy and expeditious a method of multiplying copies, cannot amount to one-tenth part of the money which would be paid for one written by a pen.

Self. Even the first labour of composing the types, our friend Eupator will probably imagine less tedious, when I inform him, by way of example, that the most voluminous debates of the British senate, protracted sometimes till late after midnight, are read in print the next morning at breakfast by many thousands of citizens, indeed by any one that can afford to gratify his patriotic curiosity at the expence of a sum not exceeding the value of one person's consumption of bread for one day. The works of Virgil, of Horace, or of Julius Cæsar, may each be bought in elegant binding for less than the price of a pair of shoes.

Eup. The invention of clocks and watches excited my astonishment; but what you just now have been relating respecting the art of printing is so full of the marvellous, that it almost baffles the implicit credit which I fain would grant to your assertions. What, the whole of the works of Cæsar for a pair of shoes? The deliberations of last night's senate in the hands of many thousand citizens the next morning? Is it possible? Yet, to own the truth, the process you have been good enough to describe appears perfectly adequate to produce the effect you mention, however marvellous. What a field you have opened to me for reflection! My limited ideas can scarcely compass the important

portant consequences which must have resulted from so divine, yet so simple an invention; an invention, which must unlock to the poorest of mankind the gates of learning and science, accessible in our age but to the wealthy, many of whom preferred the gratification of sensual appetite to the pleasure derived from the pursuit of knowledge. I can easily imagine how, under such favourable circumstances, learning, philosophy, and the liberal arts must have spread in every direction, must indeed have become universal; what immense and rapid strides towards perfection the sciences must have made, what libraries must have been collected at so cheap a rate! Oh! happy, thrice happy those, on whom the gods have bestowed so valuable a blessing! I say the gods, for the mortal who invented the art of printing must have been inspired by the breath of divine intelligence. His name deserves to be handed down with gratitude to the latest posterity. Monuments of gold, nay, temples, were surely erected to so great a benefactor of mankind?

Denz. Neither, to my knowledge, Eupator! But what need has the man of monuments of gold or marble? Every book that is printed is a memorial of the fame of Guttenberg.

Eup. A barbarian, no doubt, from the sound of the name?

Denz. A barbarian, if you please; but a German.

Eup. Again a German? How droll? that the invention of making the most important use of letters should proceed from a people at my time utterly ignorant of them. There is Brochovistus, the captain of the Emperor's German guards, he has been a twelvemonth learning to sign his name only.

If I live, friend, I shall visit thy country, which like Greece in our time, must have become the emporium of learning and wisdom.—Once more, I pray, let me cast a look on thy specimen of the art of printing.—*(Turning over the leaves,)* Excellent, delightful !—Ha ! what do I see ? a copy, by Hercules ! of a painting in my friend Titius Aristo's dining-room. This surely is not printed too ; but drawn on purpose for the illustration of every copy of the book.

Denz. I beg your pardon, Eupator, even the drawing is printed, or engraved, as we call it. You shake your head in token of your doubts. Hear me, and then judge. (Here Mr. D. explained the process of engraving, with German minuteness and perspicuity, notwithstanding the frequent interruptions on the part of the French marquis, who conceived himself entitled to speak of things which he declared to be *de son ressort, de son metier).* The expressions of surprise and admiration of our stranger at this new information equalled his former protestations : " Every moment," said he, " convinces me of the justness of my first remark. I have to become a citizen of a new world, infinitely more perfect and enlightened than that which I left behind, In my time we fondly imagined the genius of my ancestors, the Greeks, had raised the arts to the highest stage of perfectibility. But I am sure, with the facilities of instruction and communication which the invention of engraving must afford, painting, sculpture, and architecture cannot but have made immense strides towards superior excellence."

Self. The fact is the reverse, I lament to say : the works of Phidias, of Apollonius, and of other Greek masters, which time has spared us, are still considered as models of perfection beyond the reach of modern art ; the proportions and solidity of ancient architecture, such as we behold them in the Parthenon and in other Grecian temples, in your amphi-

theatres,

theatres, triumphal arches, and other ancient structures, surpass every effort of the present time.—*You* copied nature, *we* copy copies. The facility and frequency of instructive means will diffuse knowledge in a wider range, while they are but secondary agents in forming transcendant mental superiority, to which genius elevates itself by its own powers, with little exterior aid. This observation would, in some respects, apply even to science, some branches of which have received but slight comparative augmentation in the hands of the moderns.

Eup. It is, I suspect, thy modesty, friend, which inclines thee to undervalue the progress of thy age.—More of this however, when my own experience shall have enabled me to draw a comparison. But to return to the invention of engraving, which gave rise to thy observation: if it be true that no beneficial effects have resulted from it, I can account for it in no other manner than by supposing the discovery to be of too recent a date to have produced any visible consequences as yet.

Self. Truth prevents us even from taking the benefit of your liberal supposition. The invention is attributed to one Bockolt of Mentz, your *Moguntiacum*, who lived about the middle of the 15th century.

Eup. What! another German? Have these barbarians then monopolized the wit and ingenuity of the universe?

Denz. Far from it, Eupator! The spirit of research and perseverance inherent in the national character of my countrymen may have given them *some* facilities and advantages over their neighbours in bringing forth the discoveries which the accidental turn of our conversation happened to introduce to your notice foremost. But allowing the Germans

the merit of some highly useful discoveries, I should be guilty of great injustice not to declare, that every other nation of Europe has, in a greater or less degree, contributed to the advancement of science, or to the comfort and benefits of the human race. Here is our friend the Briton, for instance. His modesty has hitherto been silent on the discoveries of his enlightened countrymen. He will, therefore allow me to mention the name of Newton, whose genius and deep thought watched, as it were, Nature in her most hidden operations. To him we owe the knowledge of the attractive power inherent in matter, and of the laws of gravitation resulting from it; from him we hold the theory of light, of its refraction and reflection, and of its prismatic decomposition. His discoveries in astronomy, various and important as they are, appear more the work of divine intelligence than of the limited sphere of human understanding; and by his enriching the higher fields of mathematics with new theorems and formulas, nay, with entirely new branches of that incomparable science, he has cleared to his successors a road on which they have since rapidly proceeded from one discovery to another, in astronomy as well as in every other department of natural philosophy. But it is not in speculative science alone that the British name stands conspicuous among the moderns. Their inventions and improvements in every species of manufactures are immense. The ingenuity of their machinery has almost superseded manual labour; and to put the former in motion, they have no need of wind, water, or beasts of draught. The marvellous force of vapour alone produces the same effect, since the invention of steam-engines by a Briton of the name of Watt. In medicine too, besides the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, Britain can pride itself on the inoculation of both the small-pox and the cow-pox, by means of which many thousands of human beings are saved from the fatal effects of one of the most dangerous diseases.

(You

(You may suppose, dear T. that the introduction of the latter subject excited anew the astonishment of Eupator, who knew as little of the remedy as of the disorder itself; and that it required not a little pains to explain to him their nature. When he had seized our meaning, as well as could be expected, he exclaimed, his eyes fixed on Perninoff whose face exhibited unequivocal marks of the effects of the disease :)

Eup. Dreadful! horrible! Believe me, friends, your melancholy description of this scourge of the human race, and the dread of falling its victim myself, would deter me from mixing with a generation thus contaminated, were it not for the harmless remedy which British philanthropy has fortunately devised. The very first thing I propose to do shall be to get myself inoculated, as you call it. But pray what infernal demon, or what offended deity, can have afflicted mortals with so destructive a pestilence?

Pern. It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, Eupator, that our ignorance of its author saves him the curses which otherwise mankind would load him with. The source of the disease is not precisely ascertained, although in all probability it came to us first from *America.*

Eup. One of the furies of Tartarus, no doubt.

Pern. *(Smiling.)* Neither fury, nor woman, good Eupator; but a Continent, ten times as large as the whole extent of the Roman empire; utterly unknown to your cotemporaries, altho' but four weeks sail westward from the pillars of Hercules.

Eup. *(Shaking his head.)* Thou art amusing me with a dream of Plato's, by placing your continent where the solar disk immerses itself in the waters of the ocean, and beyond which eternal night and cold prevail.—Yet stop!—*(in deep medi-*

meditation, with his hand on his forehead)—I now recollect a hieroglyphical inscription on the small porphyry obelisk which stands without the Alexandrian gate at Canopus, and the erection of which tradition ascribes to Repoth, the great astronomer of Memphis. There, if I remember right, the existence of a country west of the Fortunate Isles is mystically alluded to, as abounding in gold, silver, and precious stones. Should your *America* perhaps be the same?

Pern. The very same! At its first discovery its copper-coloured inhabitants were found bedecked with gold, which they greedily exchanged for our iron, a metal unknown to them. Even now, one year's produce of the inexhaustible mines of America exceeds the money at your time in circulation over the whole Roman empire. Now, the discovery of that immense country, which changed the whole face and relations of the ancient world, and which, for ought we know, may at one time lead to the subjection of the latter, belongs neither to the Germans nor to Britons. It was a Ligurian mariner, Christopher Columbus, who, upwards of three hundred years ago, succeeded in realizing Plato's dream, and your friend Repoth's mystic allusion; and his merit is the greater, since the discovery was not, as most others have been, an effect of chance, but the result of mature deliberation, founded on careful observation and scientific deduction, which convinced the bold Ligurian of the certainty of his success.

Eup. Bold indeed, to venture upon so long a voyage on that treacherous element, without any guide, but his own couage and the stars of heaven!

Pern. *And* the mariner's compass, you should have added; an instrument likewise of modern invention, or use at least; which, together with the timekeeper invented by Harrison, the Briton's countryman, render a ship's course to the

the East Indies more safe and certain, than your voyage from Athens to the Heracleotic mouth of the Nile.

(Here was again abundance of work cut out for us. The inexplicable northerly tendency of the magnetic needle, the use of the timekeeper in ascertaining the longitude, the discovery of the maritime route to the East Indies by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, the rich and immense empire acquired in the Eastern hemisphere by an association of British merchants—our convict colony in the most distant recess of the globe, our discoveries in the South Seas, and other topics imperceptibly associating themselves with the discourse, formed so many vast and inexhaustible subjects of information to the eager mind of our inquisitive friend.—He seemed totally lost in silent wonder. The vast importations of gold and silver from America, and of the riches of the East, almost set the powers of his conception at defiance.)

"Your's then," exclaimed Eupator, "is truly the *golden* age of which our poets have dreamt such pleasing fictions. Happy Europeans, to whom the very name of poverty is unknown!—no domestic embarrassments, no debts, no taxes, no wars perhaps, unless, from their excess and abundance, the precious metals have lost the value in which we held them".

Self. My good Eupator! as I shall have to contradict every one of your anticipations, it may be necessary to preface my statement with the solemn assurance of the truth of what must appear incredible to a person in your situation. In the first place, you have to learn, what will appear to you a paradox, that gold and silver, although poured with accumulating profusion into the old continent for these three centuries, have by degrees become scarcer with us; and their value consequently greatly enhanced. Want, poverty, debts, taxes,

taxes, are far from being banished from the face of the earth; on the contrary, the present generation, throughout Europe, suffers more severely under their pressure. And how can it be otherwise, when on the one hand luxury deprives us Europeans of one half of our means of existence, while on the other every morsel we eat, every rag we put on our backs, nay, even the light of heaven we enjoy, is dispensed to us with a heavy per centage, called "duty," which our governments are under the necessity of levying upon their subjects, to defray the expenses of almost continual wars caused by the ambition and the jealousies of the many independent States into which your former Roman Empire has become subdivided.

Eup. Impossible! unless ye are all ruled by the iron sceptres of insatiable tyrants whose lust after power and avidity of gain have no bounds.

Self. Always wrong in your conclusions! I repeat to you, friend Eupator, that every syllable I have uttered is strictly true; and by way of staggering your logic a little more, I, for one, have to add, that as far as regards Great Britain, the monarch who has ruled over her for these forty years, in goodness of heart, mildness, justice, and piety, may boldly stand a comparison with your cotemporary Titus, and his successors, Nerva, Marcus Aurelius, and Antoninus Pius. Nay, such is the excellence of our constitution, that were our king ever so inclined to oppress his subjects, his design would be frustrated by our senate, the *elective* representatives of the nation, in whom alone the power of taxing the people is vested.

Pern. *(to me)*. It is really cruel to torture the resuscitated and as it were incipient faculties of our friend in this manner. Why not be candid, and tell him at once how the

ease

case stands? Look ye, my friend, most of the governments of the present day are what in a private person you would call insolvent, yet extremely flourishing and powerful.—Now is not that curious? There is our friend the Englishman's country, rich and great beyond any in Europe, yet obliged to borrow every year a matter of two thousand millions of sesterces and more, to be able to defray the annual expenditure of the state. These yearly loans, as you may easily suppose, have accumulated to a sum, the vastness of which is as difficult to be seized by human conception, as the distances of heavenly bodies: to give you some idea, it would perhaps not be too much to assert, that the gold required to discharge the national debt of Great Britain, would equal, in solid matter, all the stones employed in the erection of the Julian aqueduct. The yearly interest of such an immense sum alone, without other great public expenses, requires contributions on the part of the nation, far exceeding the whole revenue of the Roman Empire.

Eup. Granted, as far as the interest goes; but how is it possible ever to discharge the capital?

Pern. Oh! as to that, they do not trouble their heads about it. It is for their children in future generations to settle this matter as well as they can. Besides, to tell you the truth, nobody dreams of the principal being ever repaid.

Eup. Then I wonder mainly, the government can find any body dispos'd to lend money on such prospects.

Pern. All, the creditor looks to, is the interest of his capital; so that this is paid punctually, his sole object is answered. All governments, it is true, are not able to

raise money on such easy terms; but for *their* embarrassments the perfection of the divine science of finance has likewise devised a ready remedy.

Eup. And what can that be?

Pern. Paper-money.

Eup. Thou dost not mean money made of paper?

Pern. Exactly so! *(Taking out his pocket-book).* Look here, friend Eupator, this scrap is the symbol of about 2000 sesterces, which I received last year for one month's pay, at Odessa on the Euxine Sea. It is true, here in Naples it won't purchase as much as a pinch of snuff; but when I get back to Russia I shall have no difficulty in buying with it, a fine horse, or three or four cows, wearing apparel, nay, even gold or silver plate, just as well as with ready money.—Now don't you think this is a most excellent invention, superior to all the gold mines of the ancient and new world? With it a government can never be poor: in fact, it may be as rich as it pleases; for with the same facility as this scrap was printed to be worth 2000 sesterces, it might have been dubbed into the value of two millions. With these scraps of paper we build bridges, harbours, and ships, or carry on the most expensive wars.

Eup. Excellent! I think it beats all the discoveries of the moderns you have made me acquainted with. It is more than human, it is a truly divine suggestion; it makes me ashamed of the ignorance and stupidity of my own age, which considered rags as an ignominious mark of poverty, not suspecting that they constituted the germ of public riches. I shall, nevertheless, make bold by and bye to ask

ask one or two questions, to remove some doubts which my ignorance has suggested on this important subject; but before I forget, I would fain ask the meaning of an expression thou has just made use of, which is quite unintelligible to me.—A pinch of.... what was the name thou didst give it?

PERN. Snuff, you mean, I dare say! Another discovery of the moderns; an herb brought from America, which being dried and crushed to a fine powder, and inhaled by the nose, removes any temporary obstruction in the nasal economy, and by acting upon the pituitary membrane, excites a pleasing irritation, clears the sight, stimulates our thinking faculties from languor to fresh vigour, and enlivens our imagination. Something like your hellebore, but more innocent and agreeable.

EUP. The very thing, it seems, I stand in need of at this moment. I want something to clear my head and elevate my spirits after the long state of lethargy they were in; and if it act on the eyesight, so much the better, for mine has been but indifferent since my stay in Egypt, and from what cause I know not, appears now so weak, that I am unable to distinguish objects at ten paces distance. One of thy friends could perhaps accommodate me with a small dose of this incomparable herb.

MONS. LE MARQUIS DE VALLIGNAC. En voilà du frais, Citoyen Eupator, du vrai rapé de Strasbourg; tel que s'en sert le premier consul; et, qui plus est, je vous l'offre dans une tabatiere que je tiens de sa reconnoissance pour le tableau que j'ai fait de lui, et laquelle je ne donnerois pas pour tout l'or du monde, vû qu'il s'en est servi pendant toute sa campagne en Egypte. Regardez un peu cette bosse. Eh bien, elle vient d'une balle qui a man-

qué de tuer le plus grand homme de ce siècle ; c'est donc ma tabatiere qui a, pour ainsi dire, sauvé la France entiere. Bonaparte m'en a raconté lui-même l'histoire de ce fait important. Lors de la battaille de Chébreisse contre les Mameloucs, me dit il un soir. . . .

(Here the marquis was unfortunately and suddenly interrupted in the very outset of his story. Eupator, who had helped himself to a pretty large dose of the narcotic powder, began to feel its effects in so much greater a degree as he was absolutely a stranger to it, and as his nerves were still in a weak condition. He was seized with so violent a a fit of sneezing, that Perninoff and I became seriously alarmed for his life, while the marquis exclaimed exultingly, "Ce n'est point du tabac ordinaire je vous en reponds ;" and when Perninoff bade him hold his tongue, he shrugged up his shoulders, stepping back one pace, "Eh quoi donc ? Est-ce ma faute, s'il en a pris une poignée ? By degrees, however, the sternutatory paroxysms became less violent and frequent, and in two or three minutes more, our friend, to our unspeakable joy, recovered his lost speech.)

Eup. A pleasing irritation, you call this ? a medicine to clear the head ?—Mine, I believe, it has pretty well cleared of all its contents, the brains not excepted. Treacherous Gaul, may the gods send thee perdition ! If thy catgut nerves are callous to its violence, keep it to thyself, but don't impose on others thy American poison, which instead of invigorating my eyesight, has pretty nearly blinded me. I scarcely see where I am ; I shall never recover this shock.

Pern. I have to ask your pardon, my friend, for having innocently been the cause of all this, by my ill-timed eulogium on the virtues of snuff, not suspecting that you would make so excessive a trial. However the misfortune is not so alarming

alarming as you fancy. You seem to be pretty well recovered from its effects.

Eup. Recovered? I tell thee I am all but blind. I shall never regain my sight.

(The marquis, whether by way of a joke, or by an impulse of frivolity, requested Mr. Denzner to lend Eupator his spectacles; which were forthwith handed to our irritated friend, with directions how to use them.)

Eup. Hah! magic! incantation! This talisman seems to attract you towards me. I never enjoyed so clear a view of surrounding objects since my adult years. What is it you have given me?

Self. Nothing supernatural, good Eupator. Two round glasses, as you see, which, from being higher in the middle than at the edge, acquire the power of magnifying every thing seen through them. Hence they are called spectacles.

Eup. Spectacles indeed, for they afford a sublime spectacle to my weakened eyes! Old Vespasian would have given a province for this admirable instrument.

Self. They are worn by many old persons, and in my country even by young ones whose sight is impaired. When we shall become better acquainted, it will be easy to demonstrate to an intelligent and inquisitive mind like your's, the principle upon which their effect is produced. We shall then be able to shew you other optical instruments of superior use and construction, called telescopes, by means of which, objects at some miles distance will appear as if they were within your touch. From your window at Naples you will be able to count the goats browsing on the rocks at Capri.

Eup.

Eup. Gently, Gently, my good friend ! I take it unkind of thee to play off thy jokes upon an old stranger, who has hitherto listened with attention to thy instructive information. Telescopes may assist the sight in a reasonable degree, but to see the goats walking at Capreæ savours a little of the marvellous.

Self. It may so to you ; but I assure you I have stated nothing but what is true. Nay I will go further, you shall count the mountains in the moon.

Eup. *(Laughing immoderately.)* The mountains in the moon !.....The mountains in the moon ! Excellent ! charming ! The vallies too of course, and the rivers, lakes, cities, houses, and inhabitants. Look ye, Briton ! to the Gaul there I would have forgiven such a lie ; but from the little we know of thy nation's character, I could not have supposed thee capable of such an imposition.—The mountains in the moon ! That's a good one !

Pern. When you have done laughing, facetious Eupator, I would beg leave to ask, whether it be the philosophy of Epicurus you imbibed at Athens, or the instruction of your Canopian cousin Hermonthis, that taught you to reject, as absurd, every thing that was above *your* comprehension ?

Eup. Neither, thou second Anacharsis ; but common sense tells us to entertain a doubt of things which appear beyond the range of our own experience, or which from analogical inference we cannot even think probable.....

Pern. Until you have ascertained their truth by personal observation, or by the concurrent testimony of credible witnesses, you ought to have added. But you expressed something more than a doubt—a self-conceited, ironical merriment

ment at my friend's simple statement of facts. He has by no means exaggerated the matter. Our optical instruments indicate as surely the elevations and their shadows in the moon, and the spots in the solar disk, as they exhibit with precision the stomach and intestines of a mite, which the bare eye is scarcely capable of discovering in a piece of cheese. They have enabled our philosophers to enrich the divine science of astronomy with numberless discoveries, of which your age, however enlightened, never dreamt, and which, of course, would appear to you equally problematical at present. You had better, therefore, suspend your doubts and sarcasms until we prove to you, that they were as precipitate as illiberal.

Eup. Hermonthis! Hermonthis! thy mummy would turn in its hieroglyphicked shell, wert thou to know, that thy pupil has to be taught ethics by a Scythian or Sarmatian savage! But a truce to all warmth. I have deserved thy rebuke, and therefore take it without offence, at least till I shall by my own eyes be taught what I am to think of your hyperbolical promises. If you make them good, then indeed will I willingly resign the palm of superiority to the philosophers of your age.

The Marquis. Citoyen Eupator, you have in the course of the last discussion made use of some expressions against myself and the character of my nation (the greatest in the universe), for which my honour, as a Frenchman and a soldier, would require the satisfaction of a gentleman from any but a person in your situation: but considering that, and the provocation which I innocently gave you a little while before, by that unfortunate pinch of snuff, I shall stifle every personal resentment, and only say a word or two in defence of my country, of which you seem to entertain so contemptible a notion. And no wonder, when this hour and more these

these gentlemen have been entertaining you with all sorts of modern inventions, ascribed by report to their nations, the English and Germans, or to any other but the French, of whom their selfishness and envy have induced them to maintain a studied silence, as if the French, who in wit and ingenuity excel every other nation on the globe, had done nothing in any branch of science which deserved to be commemorated. Ah, citoyen Eupator! can a man of your understanding suppose such a thing for a moment? The French have been indefatigable in their efforts to enrich the sciences, and to increase the comforts of mankind. I am ill qualified to stand up their advocate; nevertheless I will do my best to defeat the insidious views of these gentlemen.—Pray, citizens, who is the inventor of choreography, or the art of exhibiting in geometrical diagrams the figures of dances, such as cotillons and country dances? Who else, but the celebrated Arbeau, my countryman?—And you, citoyen Denzner, who have palavered so much about your German discoveries, do you know the nation to whom you owe the comfort of hiding your bald pate by a false head of hair, which I dare say our Eupator to this moment took for a natural one? It is the French who have the strongest claim to the disputed title of the invention of wigs, of which, if I recollect right, the first were introduced at Paris as early as 1620.

Eup. Thou art right! I certainly took the German's hair to be his own; but I must tell thee, that the invention is by no means new, for our Roman beaux were very well acquainted with the use of false hair; only when they stood in need of any, they knew better than to use grey ones. To be old was not the rage in my time.

The Marquis. *Pauvre innocent,* to fancy these grey! The colour, *mon cher* Eupator, is artificial; and here we have

have another invention of my countrymen, the hair-powder, which imparts to the human hair, be it ever so black, the fine greyish neutral tint you have observed; a tint which never fails by its power of contrast to bring to light the least vermillion in the countenance, which renders the face lively and gay, not to mention the advantage that results from a general use of hair-powder, the equalizing, *pour ainsi dire*, all ages, and preserving and nourishing the hair.

Eup. I must confess . . . . .

The Marquis. Permettez! allow me to proceed—Ah ça, look at this hat! Can there be a more proper, a more becoming covering for the head? light as a feather, strong as brass, impenetrable to rain, sun, or wind. Every one of these citizens, all Europe, wears them. Eh bien! they are of French origin I assure you; let them deny it if they can. But enough of this. Of our immense improvements in the culinary science I will forbear to speak from modesty; our superiority in that respect is universally acknowledged: no German will compare his sour-crout, no Italian his maccaroni, no Russian his caviar, no Englishman his rosse-biffe, with our *petits pois à la maitre d'hotel*, our *pieds de veau à la gamargot*, our *pigeons à la crapaudine*, our *tourtes à la franchipanne*, and a thousand other delicacies of French invention. From the same source proceed the playing-cards, and the several games of l'ombre, piquet, and quadrille; games very superior to your dice and different sorts of bones; since they employ the understanding while they relax the mind from fatigue and *ennui*. In short I could mention a hundred more proofs of the ingenuity of the French; but as I hope to enjoy the pleasure of your acquaintance for many more days, I shall rest satisfied for the present with the few instances I have had the honour to mention just now.

Eup. All these things, my good Gaul, may be very well, and in some degree useful or agreeable; but thou wilt allow that they are trifles, when com . . . .

The Marquis. Trifles? Oh, I perceive you want something grand, something of *éclât*. I am your man on that tack too. What do you say to a voyage through the aërial regions?

Eup. Such a thing would be nothing uncommon. Dædalus, the Cretan, if early tradition is to be credited, flew through the air with wings of his own invention.

The Marquis. I know that fable as well as yourself: I have his picture, and that of Icarus too, now hanging in the National Museum. *Mais il ne s'agit pas de cela.* There is no question about wings for a little trip, such as from Pompeji to Herculaneum. I am talking of a voyage of a hundred and more miles through the clouds, without any wings, in a boat or basket of wicker-work.

Eup. The possibility of such a feat appears to me very problematical.

The Marquis. I thought it would; but not so to these citizens, who have seen or heard of my countrymen, Blanchard and Garnerin. But I will not keep you in suspense. You must know then, that a Frenchman of the name of Montgolfier was the first who invented what is called an air-balloon.

(Here Monsieur de Vallignac gave to Eupator, with great self-complacency, a lively and pretty correct description of the aërostatical discoveries and adventures of his countrymen; and, after enlarging on the present and future advantages of this important invention, asked him, "*Que pensez*

sez-vous de cela, mon cher ami?" A question to which he did not allow him to say one word in reply; for the torrent of Vallignac's eloquence was now in its climax.)

The Marquis. You are stupified, I perceive; you will be more so by what I am going to say. Would you believe, that if we had happened to extricate you from your icy tomb at Marseilles, at Mentz, or at the most distant frontier of the French empire, instead of Pompeji; would you believe, I say, that, *en ce cas là,* the First Consul would, in an hour's time, have had the news of such an event in his palace at Paris?

Eup. The swiftest hemerodromes*, the fleetest Bætican steeds, would be incapable of such extraordinary dispatch; but I can fancy, that with your balloons a public messenger may be conveyed with the velocity you mention.

The Marquis. No messenger at all, *mon cher ami!* Not a soul stirs from his post, and, *malgré cela,* the news travels with the rapidity of lightning. *Cela paroit dróle.* I will explain. These gentlemen here, I make no doubt, will have guessed already that I allude to the invention of citizen Chaptal, the telegraphs.

(It is needless to repeat the ex-marquis' description of this very modern invention. He omitted nothing to give our friend a correct idea of the principle and management of telegraphic correspondence; and took very good care to introduce, by way of illustration, all the important victories of the revolutionary arms, every one of which, to use his own expression, "a few hours after the event, was thundered into the ears of the metropolitan inhabitants by the roar of a hundred pieces of cannon".)

* Running messengers.

Eup. The idea of occasionally conveying intelligence by means of signals is not new. Thou wilt find instances in Polybius and other, even earlier authors. Nevertheless, the merit of perfecting the invention, and of giving it system and permanency, will not be denied to thy countrymen. Its use to all governments, in war as well as peace, must be very great; and I thank thee, friend, for the clear and concise description of it. There is but one part of thy account which I am under some difficulty of comprehending, I mean that part of the telegraphic machinery by which, as thou expressedst thyself, the intelligence was thundered into the ears of the inhabitants by means of a hundred pieces of ..... of .....

The Marquis. Of cannon, I said. But you are mistaken to suppose them a part of the telegraphic apparatus. They are unconnected with it, and only made use of to announce by their loud report the joyful news as quickly as possible. However, I am glad I mentioned the thing, since cannon, fire-arms, and gunpowder are one of the most important inventions of the moderns. Gunpowder is made .....

Pern. You had better, Monsieur le Marquis, let Mr. Denzner speak upon this subject, as it is his nation that has blessed the human race with this important discovery.

Denz. I understand you, perfectly, sir, and I shall be ready to admit that the invention of gunpowder has been the curse of mankind, as soon as you shall have proved that wars have been more destructive since its adoption, that battles fought at the distance of musket-shot are more bloody than conflicts in which armies rush into manual contact and butcher each other with the sword and spear. But however, let us defer the discussion of this question, to another time,

time, as it cannot interest our friend, who seems to be waiting for explanation from one of us. As you have challenged me personally, I will undertake the task. It was by mere accident, friend Eupator, that about 400 years ago, a German philosopher, of the name of Schwartz, was compounding in a mortar a mixture of sulphur, nitre, and charcoal, which, by mere chance likewise, took fire, exploded with a loud crash, and carried the pestle with great violence up to the ceiling of the laboratory. Here you have, along with the invention, the ingredients and the astonishing effects of what is called gunpowder; and you will easily conceive that such a mixture confined and compressed in an iron or metal tube, when set fire to, will, by the violence of its explosion, drive a ball just fitting that tube, in the direction of it, to a great distance, and with such power as to penetrate the human body, or even substances much more solid, such as wood, nay, stone walls. These tubes, of all sizes, some carrying little balls not larger than my thumb-nail, others globes as large as my head, constitute at present almost the sole offensive weapons of modern warfare.

Mehem. As big as your head? You would have said as big as a dozen of your heads, if you had been at the castles of the Dardanelles. There we have guns which would hold the German with all his corporation. Here, Eupator-Aga *(drawing a pistol from his girdle)*, here is one of the smallest of these tubes; but it is quite large enough to take down your man at sixty or eighty paces distance. We shall give you a trial when we get out of this vault.

Eup. With thy leave .....

Mehem. Take care, it is charged with ball.

Eup. I only wish to look at it. A most curious, and, I own,

own, to me incomprehensible piece of mechanism, the effects of which I am anxious to see. Why not make the trial now in this place? Suppose thou directest thy tube against one of my wine-jars in yon corner. Alas! they once contained the choicest Falernian!

Mehem. With all my heart, though the distance be but small. Mind, not to be frightened at the report!

The Turk fired, Eupator dropped from his seat, and

* * * * *

I awoke from a DREAM, which has furnished the *subject* of this long letter. Mehemed's pistol still vibrated in my ears when I opened my eyes: but in vain did I look for Eupator and the companions of the delightful vision. In the stillness of a heavenly morning I saw nought but a few lagging beetles driven, like evil spirits, to their abodes of darkness by the approach of day. Aurora's saffron rays just beamed on the walls of my chamber. The magic glimmer elevated my imagination, still warm and full of the cherished fiction. Half-dressed, I took the pen to seize the force of virgin impressions. Alas! I soon found the odds were terribly against the goose-quill, in its race with an impatient rapidity of ideas. Mechanically and prosaically did it grope on, skimming with labour the surface of the dictates of an exuberant fancy. Perseverance, however, assisted me in overcoming all obstacles and difficulties. The occasional defects of my memory were readily supplied from the same source whence the dream arose; and where the tenor of the latter appeared in the garb of extravagance and unconnected crudity, common to the somnular wanderings of the mind, sober reason was applied, to soften the narrative down to probability, to curtail, add, or amplify as seemed most proper to represent a favourite subject to the greatest advantage. Your candour, my dear T. will not be displeased with

with so sincere an avowal. All you have read is either sleeping or waking fiction, and all I wish for is, that it may prove in its perusal as entertaining to you, as it has been in its composition to

Your's,

* * * *

LETTER XVI.

NAPLES, ——, 1802.

My dear T.

TWO days ago I was fortunate enough to *find* your letter of the 16th of February. That the term is appropriate you will allow, ere long.

The Pompejan Dream, described in my last, was too *heavy* a performance to be sent by the post; I therefore determined to entrust it to an officer I knew, on board the——— frigate, which, in a few days, will sail for Malta, whence it will reach you without expence. As I had an invitation to dine on board, I proposed to Don Michele to accompany me; adding, that he would now have an excellent opportunity of examining the interior of a British ship of war. But the remembrance of the *faux pas* he made in getting up a ship's sides, on our trip to Capri, was still too fresh to induce a ready compliance with my request. After much argumentation, however, on my part, and an observation, that at *that* time the sea had been agitated, whereas now the weather was fine and the water perfectly smooth, he consented to be of the party, provided the weather were no worse than it was at the moment.

This

This being fortunately the case the next day, Don Michele made his appearance at twelve o'clock, precisely in the same costume in which he accompanied me to Pozzuoli.

On our way to the port we passed the post-office, surrounded by an immense crowd of eager spectators, whom Don Michele proposed to join, in spite of my protestations that we should be too late for dinner. After waiting for him about ten minutes at the corner of the court, he returned triumphantly with a letter, which, to my great and most pleasing surprise, proved to be your's. Eager to know its contents, I hastily thanked my friend, broke the seal, and began to read on the road, but was soon checked by my companion, who observed, that it was not the custom at Naples to read in the streets, whatever it might be in London; and that, if I had a few minutes patience, I might find full leisure to peruse it in the boat, if I thought the letter better company than himself.—"It is from a most intimate friend, Don Michele!"—"And *will* be so on our return this evening, without the loss of a single sentence."

With a person of Don Michele's disposition there was no arguing. I submitted to his whim, put your letter into my pocket-book, but signified to him that the communications of a *distant* friend had, in my opinion, always a paramount claim of interest; and that, when once returned to England, a letter from *him*, if ever I were favoured with any, would certainly not remain *one* minute unread, in whatever company I might chance to be. This trifling occurrence explains the whole of Don Michele's character. I had no sooner concluded my observation, than the honest Neapolitan grasped my hand, and said, with a tremulous voice, "Why talk of leaving us, dear Don Luigi? Are you not getting better every day? Only stay another month or six weeks: surely you will not go before the court returns from Palermo?

Palermo? I wish I had never seen you; your stay with us will be like a dream when you are gone."

I felt so much affected with this proof of my friend's sensibility, that I was scarcely able to utter an answer, expressive of my warmest thanks for his kindness, and that of his family; which alone, I observed, would induce me to prolong my stay to the latest possible period.

D. M. Perhaps this letter contains an extension of your leave of absense; do look, I pray.

Self. What! *in the street?* But no, D. Michele, it is of a very old date; I have a more recent one from the same friend.

D. M. Old, no doubt, for it has lain this fortnight, or more, at the post-office, and might have remained there for ever, had I followed your advice.

To understand D. Michele's meaning, you ought to know, that the post-office at Naples is so wisely organized that it never delivers any letters, but keeps them till they are called for by the parties. This barbarous arrangement my friend now took upon himself to defend and justify, by the observation, that whoever writes a letter expects an answer, the arrival of which he must know how to compute by the distance of the place he has written to.—"What is easier, therefore," said he, "than to go to the post-office at the proper time, and see whether the answer is arrived."—"So, then," replied I, "any body, that has a mind, may receive a letter addressed to me on paying its postage?"—"That has a *mind* to pay, certainly! but does it stand to reason, that a stranger will give two or three carlins for a scrap of paper that does not concern him? Besides, would you have the post-office employ some hundreds of messengers

to run about the city with every body's letters?—That might do in a small country town, but in a city like Naples the thing is out of all question"

This argument was not carried to its proper close, because we had just now arrived at the water-side, where one of the frigate's boats, under the superintendance of a midshipman, had been waiting for us. This young spark no sooner beheld the gay costume of Don Michele, contrasted with his grave and, just then, surly countenance, than he made free to indulge in a titter, which, however stifled in its birth, in all probability did not escape the keen looks of its object; for immediately after he had seated himself, and carefully disposed the skirts of his silken frock, D. Michele expressed his surprise at my friend's entrusting the safety of his guest and of the boat's crew to the conduct of such a child as this; not omitting a severe reflection on the barbarity of English parents in sending their offspring adrift at so tender an age, before they could have received proper instruction of any kind, and before their religious principles could at all have acquired a fixed bent.

To an Englishman, dear T. I need not repeat the weighty arguments I opposed to my wrangling boat-mate; all, it is true, to little purpose: even the name of Lord Nelson, his great idol, was not admitted in favour of my position, since, as my friend had been *credibly* informed, that great admiral, instead of serving in the navy from his youth, had been brought up for the church, and been in orders, before ever he thought of going to sea—a fact he was the more ready to believe, from the perusal of his lordship's official dispatch, relating to the victory of the Nile, which began with the words, "Almighty God——" There's for you!

We had now neared the ship, heard the boatswain's whistle

tle, and saw the red side-ropes descend for our reception. Perceiving the muscles of my friend's face assume the contraction of fear, I whispered to him, "Now, Don Michele, show to my countrymen the courage of a true Calabrese!" —This exhortation had a miraculous effect; my friend seized the ropes with uncommon alacrity, and began his ascent for a few steps. But as he kept the ropes fast at the place where he had first grasped them, while his feet mounted as far as they could, the poor fellow arrived presently in that *ne plus ultra* position of a rectangular triangle, in which the ropes formed the hypothenuse, the ship's ladder the perpendicular, and the projecting body of Don Michele the base, with an appendix of the whole of his silken coat dangling vertically in the air.* It was in vain for me to beg of him to come down again; he remained fixed, and in all probability would have given up the idea of getting on board, had not the very midshipman who a few minutes before had been the object of his censure, exclaimed to me, "Tell the Signor to hold the ropes tight;" and then called up to the men, "Hoist him in, ropes and all."—On which the side-ropes were drawn up with much simultaneous exactness, an operation that enabled Don Michele to ascend another few steps, form a second triangle!—ropes drawn in again!!—Don Michele safe on board!!!

After a short excuse to the first lieutenant for bringing an unbidden guest, and introducing at the same time Don Michele, as a particular friend of mine, he was received with every mark of politeness by all the officers on deck, with none of whom he could converse, except by a profusion of fine bows of the old school, accompanied with as many formal "*umilissimo's.*"† As there was still time before dinner, I stated

* See plate 12.

† Most humble servant.

stated Don Michele's wish to inspect the ship, offering to be the interpreter ; to which the first lieutenant very obligingly replied, that there was no need of an interpreter, since the doctor understood and liked *Italiano* as well as any man, and would be happy to show my friend every thing on board ; he therefore would introduce us to him directly. Accordingly we proceeded down to the gun-room, in the way to which D. Michele, although repeatedly cautioned, knocked his pericranium more than once against the beams, and took abundance of snuff to counteract the bilgy effluvia that assailed his delicate nostrils. The surgeon, to whom we now were presented, appeared to be a North Briton by his accent, possessed (as we soon found) of all the urbanity of manners, information, and modesty peculiar to his countrymen. I thought proper to tip him a hint respecting my landlord's extraordinary character, a precaution I deemed necessary, to obviate unpleasant misunderstandings. The surgeon seemed delighted with an opportunity of speaking his favorite language. He surveyed my friend's costume with evident marks of surprise, shook him by the hand, and offered of his own accord to lead us round the ship. His own cabin probably was, in the doctor's opinion, the most interesting object on board ; for into that we were ushered, by the light of a candle, daylight being a desideratum. A chest of surgical instruments for amputating legs, drawing teeth, trepanning, &c., was displayed, to the no great gratification of the Neapolitan visitor, who observed, he had seen the like, and better, a thousand times before. The next thing was a portfolio of drawings, which the doctor stated to be his own performance, and which, indeed, were no contemptible specimens of his talents as an artist ; by no means in want of the apology, that they were all done by candle-light in that very cabin.

Among others, there happened to be a view of a portion of the city of Pompeji, beautifully executed. The ruinous buildings

buildings formed a pleasing contrast with some picturesque clusters of palm and other trees interspersed between them, groups of cattle were grazing in the quadrangular court-yard of the barracks, and in the foreground some stones with inscriptions, Corinthian capitals, and broken friezes were negligently scattered about; the whole forming a very picturesque *tout-ensemble.* Don Michele, on being told the subject of the drawing, asked *when* the view was taken?—"Last week."—"*Cosa miraculosa assai* !*" replied he very drily; "for Signor Don Luigi and I were there six or seven weeks ago, and not a palm-tree could we see far or near.—And as to these goats and sheep," continued the severe critic, "if they have had to live upon what grass *we* saw on this very spot, I make no doubt but by this time the poor beasts resemble the skeletons which my classic friend here *(pointing to me)* would fain have made me believe were discovered among the ruins."—These very unseasonable remarks of D. Michele, however true they might be, gave me a world of pain, especially when I saw the doctor's countenance labour under unequivocal symptoms of embarrassment. But while I was studying on some turn or other to qualify my friend's observation, the North Briton, with much candour, confessed, that he too had seen neither palm-trees nor cattle on the spot here represented by him; but that the cheerless aspect of the bare ruins, and the arid nature of the ground, had induced him to resort to his imagination, to enliven the scene, and to give to the whole the romantic *coup d'œil,* which I had been pleased to admire in his insignificant performance; and (to make the confession complete) that the same motives had induced him to disperse over his opaque fore-ground these few broken capitals, inscribed stones, &c.—that in doing so he had only availed himself of the licence usual with artists as well as with poets.

My

* Wonderful indeed!

My perverse companion had now exactly what he had been spelling for, and what indeed he had known beforehand : " That poets," he observed, " claim the privilege of telling lies by bushels, no one will wonder at, nor care about ; since, if you take that from them, and restrict them to truth, you rob them of their trade and their bread. Nor would I reprehend the labour of an artist, who, in composing a landscape or any other drawing by the sole help of his imagination, introduced any object which his fancy might suggest to him as likely to heighten the effect of his fictitious performance. But in taking a view from nature, nature alone is to be copied, and faithfully copied ; and for that simple reason, that others who inspect it may be enabled to form a correct idea of the place they have not seen. Now, Signor Dottore, allow me but this question—When you get back to your friends in England, and shew them this romantic view of Pompeji, what sort of a notion will they form of the place, unless you stand by, with your finger, and inform them : ' These trees you must not mind, they are merely put in to add to the *effect ;* nor are these pretty he-goats and lambkins of any consequence, they being likewise introduced for *effect's* sake ; and as for these fragments and inscriptions, don't believe a word of them either, they owe their place to my idea of *effect* and symmetry.' The *effect* of all these fanciful *effects* will probably be, that your friends will give credit to your imagination at the expence of your veracity, and be at a loss to know what part of the picture to take for real."

The poor surgeon was looking at me with perfect amazement, whispering in English, " what a queer fish, this friend of your's !" To which I briefly remarked, that to find fault was the ruling and *only* foible in D. Michele's character, and entreated for indulgence towards him.

The Calabrese critic, scarcely interrupted by these few words, con-

continued :—" I say they will be at a loss what part of the picture to take for real and what for imaginary : poor souls ! as to the reality of any part of these ruins, I could tell 'em another story, which would render it of little consequence, whether a few trees or sheep were added to what is altogether fictitious.."—Here my sapient landlord began broaching that monstrous notion of his, already quoted in my former letters, according to which all the ruins of Pompeji were artificial, and had been erected at a great expence by the government, in order, among other reasons, to eclipse the antiquities and collections to be met with at Rome, and to attract credulous foreigners to Naples in preference. This favorite topic was now followed up in the doctor's birth by a variety of sagacious arguments on the part of Don Michele, who, enamoured with the fluency of his own rhetoric, had seemingly quite forgotten, that our primary object had been to see the construction and interior of the frigate. Fortunately, when in the midst of his dissertation, he was interrupted by the arrival of a boy (not a Ganymede in beauty or cleanliness,) who, to my inexpressible satisfaction, announced dinner on the table.—That we followed him instantly, you will readily suppose ; for the doctor seemed equally glad to be relieved of any further Michelian lectures, muttering, as he went, " He's as mad as a March hare !"

We had boiled fowls, green peas, an excellent joint of roast beef, (which elicited cherishing recollections of Old England, my friends and you foremost), pies, pudding, &c. Of the fowls, Don Michele refused any part, declaring that in Naples neither fowls or pigs were ever boiled. I trembled for fear of some fresh rudeness (to which you will allow there was already an ample text provided), but was agreeably disappointed by his requesting a slice of *rosso biffo*, which, for a wonder, so pleased his palate, that he declared the Neapolitans to be no better than *ciucci* * for not introducing so

* Jackasses.

excel-

excellent a dish on their tables. That he declined partaking of the peas, I forgave him willingly; since the first season for that vegetable, although not begun in England, was past at Naples: they therefore remained in undisturbed repose, to exhibit the semblance of a tesselated pavement, variegated by stones of green, black, brown and yellow hues. The latter colour prevailed in this vegetable mosaic, the nature of which it was proper to describe for the better understanding of what follows.

While we were busy with the pies, our waiting attendants, the Anti-Ganimede and another Tar-Adonis of about fourteen, were stilling their animal cravings with the remains of our table in the sternmost recess of the gun-room, by the light of two small port-holes, sufficient for their purpose, but not capable of exhibiting to us the exact progress of their operations. Whether the *green* peas left to their manducation were a welcome feast to *them,* I cannot say; but so much is certain, that, while occupied in picking out the most tender, the martial spirit implanted in British youth, especially of the navy, suggested to these young heroes, the practability of employing the most hardened particles of the mosaic in the manner of missile weapons, of bullets in miniature; and of thus practising in their obscure recess an interesting sort of sham-fight. As in real combat, single shots only were at first exchanged, till, when the growing ardour of the parties had rendered the contest more and more spirited, broadside answered broadside. One of these, unskilfully levelled, missed its aim, flew forward, and raked up the powder of my friend's head dress, as a cannon ball that strikes the breach, throws up volumes of dust, sand, and mortar. Don Michele's gravity and temper were not discomposed by this unexpected and unprovoked act of hostility; on the contrary, he exclaimed with a witty coldness, "*Abbiamo, per Dio, nemici in dietro da noi* !*" But the first lieutenant,

* By heavens, we have foes in our rear!

who

who understood no joke, particularly when in Italian, exclaimed with a thundering voice, "Halloo, who is that skylarking abaft there?" Upon which Ganymede declared it was the fire of Adonis, and the latter retorted the charge upon his antagonist. Each party protested that the other had fired the first shot, assertion against assertion. This argument, however, was soon brought to a close by the lieutenant, who was excessively incensed at the disrespect of his myrmidons: "You rascals," he exclaimed, "you have pleased yourselves by acting a sham-fight; by G—d, you shall please the company by performing a real one."—So saying, he ordered the steward to bring two ropes-ends, one of which was handed to each of the juvenile combatants, with the threatening injunction, that if they did not lay on each other with all their might, they should be lashed across a gun, and have an *argumentum a posteriori* applied to their center of gravity with a cat-o'nine-tails.

It was not the preceding menace alone which rendered this novel mode of punishment very effectual; for as neither party felt the strength of the blows he inflicted upon the other, each very soon imagined he received an oppressive overplus, and accordingly exerted additional wrathful strength towards equalizing the portions. Both, however, began soon to roar so piteously, that Don Michele, whose soul at bottom was most susceptible of compassion, strenuously interceded for a cessation of arms, which was forthwith granted, very much against the opinion of the Master, who declared, that such a *starting* as this, twice or three times a week, would do them no harm, and be what they richly deserved; convinced as he felt, that both the rascals were as great thieves as any on board of a Woolwich hulk, and that it was one of them to a certainty that had stolen the pair of compasses he left on the table the other day.

Tranquillity, however, being restored, and the cloth removed, the bottle was put in circulation with a health to "General Breezo;" and, to entertain my friend in a suitable manner, the doctor, who, as caterer, presided at table, sent for M'Murdoch the bagpiper. The Eolus of harmony appeared forthwith, and, having duly prepared himself by the donative of a glass of strong grog, began his performance with "The flowers of Edinburgh," in which the treble pipes went with rapid execution over a number of notes, while the uninterrupted monotonous snorting of one or two larger tubes formed a sostenuto bass-accompaniment of peculiar elegance. Here I had an opportunity of observing how vague and various taste is, and how little it is to be reduced to *one* standard. The doctor's eyes glistened with joy at the sound of his national air delivered by a countryman of his on his national instrument; while the Neapolitan's frequent yawnings and contortions proclaimed to *me* at least, the little entertainment he derived from this Highland music. Indeed, on being proudly asked how he liked the tune, he by no means minced his opinion, but broadly declared, that he was glad to see the company so well amused by it, and, *on that account,* could not but approve of what afforded pleasure to his friends, even at the expence of his own taste; to follow the dictates of which, he was bound to say, that he would as soon hear the squallings of half a dozen of famished brats, as the grating sounds of so barbarous an instrument. Upon this unexpected remark, our hosts were civil enough to put an end to the first act of the concert by dismissing Mr. M'Murdoch with his bagpipes. "Aye," said the first lieutenant, on hearing my friend's opinion, "these Neapolitan Signors are all for the vocal, so let's be on t'other tack. We'll give him a song every bit as good, and better mayhap, as any he has heard from the best of his what d'ye call 'ems. Start ahead, Jem!"

This

This Jem was one of the juvenile gladiators who, a quarter of an hour ago, had fought and suffered in single combat for the entertainment of the company. The potent effects of nautic discipline, nevertheless, brought him instantly forward, in spite of his sobs, the remains of the recent castigation. The lieutenant, however, fully aware that the lad's present disposition would be a terrible drawback on his vocal powers, and on the opinion thereof with which he intended to impress Don Michele for the honour of the ship, was not at a loss to prescribe an alternative, and accordingly *ordered* the youth to laugh for a glass of grog (by way of prelude I suppose). Poor James protested, in the strongest manner, that if it were for a hundred guineas, he was incapable of making a risible effort just at present. "You shall laugh for much less I promise you," rejoined the incensed officer, who considered the refusal as a contempt of orders. "Another good hiding, I suspect, will do the business." Here the doctor observed on the possibility of a contrary effect being produced by additional blows; adding, that since the lad had had a *quantum sufficit* of that prescription, he would in preference recommend a dose of jalap, which he would forthwith mix up for him, if he did not do what he was bid; and this with the greater readiness, as he knew the boy's constitution was in want of a strong cathartic.

Chance, that fickle goddess, which enthrones and deposes monarchs, gains and loses battles, which gave rise to the most important inventions, and by a sponge angrily thrown produced the dog's foam after all the art of Protogenes had in vain attempted to imitate it—Chance, I say, now came in aid of poor Jem's distressing situation. For Don Michele, desirous of beholding the boy's countenance, turned his head sharply, when two or three peas which had settled in his hair, were shaken out of their lodgment, and by a rattling sound (which betrayed their age) announced their arrival on

the floor, along which they ran in diverging tracks. Against the effects of this phenomenon all the lad's sorrow was as little proof, as most of the company's gravity. An involuntary half-stifled titter saved him from the cathartic mixture, and served to tune his vocal organs into a fitness for action. Taking hold, therefore, of the tiller-rope above him with one hand, in order to have one left to accompany the voice on the button-holes of his jacket, and shutting fast both eyes, he began, "'Twas post meredíem half past four," which he gave at full length, to the great satisfaction of all present, perhaps even of Don Michele, who declared the lad's voice to be a very good one, and that it was a pity he was not put into one of the *conservatorios* at Naples, where, by a scientific instruction, and a proper direction and modification of his rude natural powers, he might in time become as great a singer as Braham and others were, that had had luck and sense enough to seek perfection at the fountain head. The lieutenant, on the interpretation of this observation, assured my friend, that Jem would do very well as he was, without being put into any of his reser*voys*, or undergoing any other *scientific operation*.

After a few more songs, such as "Ye gentlemen of England," "The cherub that sits up aloft," &c. a walk upon deck was proposed till tea-time; and as the captain was on shore, his cabin was shewn to Don Michele, who, for once, admired its elegance, and the fanciful manner in which groups of muskets, pistols, and swords were arranged along its sides. As it was growing late, we soon after tea took leave of the officers, especially the first lieutenant and doctor, who promised their company at a dance I am about giving in my quarters on the Infrescata, principally to please the family I lodge with, and from whom I receive such incessant marks of kindness. Of this, as well as of any other matter that may occur in the interval, you shall have a faithful relation in the next letter you will receive from

Your's, * * * * *.

LETTER XVII.

Dear T——,

IF chance or inclination should ever lead you to Naples, and your social disposition be at a loss for acquaintances among its inhabitants, my recent experience enables me to point out a method infinitely more efficient than a pocket-book full of letters of introduction. All you have to do, my good friend, is to give a dance in your apartments, as soon as ever you are comfortably housed. "But," say you, "a dance requires dancers"—agreed—"Dancers must be sought among one's friends and acquaintances; these, therefore"....Gently, gently, friend Tom! your hyperborean logic you had better leave in its paternal latitude of fifty odd, before you enter into the heaven of earth, the *Campagna felice*, unless you be prepared to have its frigid texture softened, dissolved, yea, evaporated under the genial rays of a Parthenopian sun. Joking aside, I tell you once more, your acquaintances are to be selected *from* the dancers, not the dancers sought for among the former; and if you will have a little patience, and not interrupt me again with your logical doubts, or rather your doubtful logic, I mean to prove my assertion by my own example. What do you say to sixteen or seventeen new Neapolitan acquaintances since last Wednesday?—But to the point.

I have already mentioned to you, that my object in giving this ball, was solely a desire, by a little treat to the people of the house, to make some return for the attention and kindness which every member of this numerous family vies with

with the others in shewing to me. The thing had long been promised, and expected; no wonder, then, that one evening, when I was sitting in the midst of them, highly entertained by the mirthful and spirited conversation of this careless (I mean *care-free)* and happy race, Donna Luisa, unfortunately for her, began bantering me about the long talked of dance, and asked when it was to be. For this she was most severely rebuked by her father, not only, as he declared, because it was an unwarrantable freedom in her to ask such a question, but also as it appeared no better than a broad hint, that they were tired of me altogether; "for," added he, "did not Don Luigi declare the dance should be previous to his departure, as much as to say, that after the dance his stay with us would not be long; why then hasten this forerunner of his loss?" I strongly pleaded for the poor girl, by assuring her father, that at whatever time the little festival took place, my subsequent departure would not be hastened on that account. And in this declaration, I apprehend I spoke even more than the truth; for it is not unlikely the new acquaintances I have formed through my ball, will delay my departure instead of accelerating it. Last Wednesday, then, was fixed for the great day, and to put Mr. Michel into good humour again, I requested it as a particular favour (thus making a merit of necessity), that he would not only officiate as master of the ceremonies on the occasion, but charge himself with all the preparatory arrangements. I had no sooner spoken, than he assumed an air of important complacency, rose from his seat, and begged I would adjourn with him to my room up stairs, as it was impossible to talk the matter over properly "before all these women;" at which observation, *all these women* looked extremely black. His son-in-law alone was admitted to our conclave; for what reason, however, I know not, as he could not offer any proposal without being silenced by the father, with a surly admonition to hold his tongue and let his betters speak.

As

As the result of our negotiations will appear in the sequel, I shall at present only observe that I gave to my major domo *carte blanche*, to do as he pleased, and to ask as many of his friends as the room would hold; reserving to myself the power of inviting two or three of my English friends from the city, which he was kind enough to grant; and expressing a wish to see the fair Donna Giuliana, and her uncle, Don Giacomo, from Pozzuoli. I meant to have made some additions to our programme, when I rose the next morning, but found Don Michele had already sallied forth to the city, to execute the needful, leaving a message with his daughter, that he probably might not be back at dinner-time, in which case, if his company was not disagreeable, he would do himself the honour of eating his maccaroni with me, and of reporting the success of his commissions.

Now here there ought, by rights, to come in a little episode of a page or two. For you must know, that suspecting, from a certain indifference I observed in my whimsical friend when I mentioned Donna Giuliana and her uncle, that he did not much care whether they were of the party, and perhaps might omit acquainting them with my desire, I determined to set out that very morning for Pozzuoli myself, deliver my message in person, take the Solfatara in my return, which I had not yet seen (although so long in Naples), and endeavour to be home to dinner at the usual hour. This trip, I say, ought to be noticed in this place, were I to follow the order of events. But as I am not writing a journal or log-book, and, moreover, as I know my foible of spinning out every thing to an unconscionable length, and am aware of the quantity of matter more immediately appertaining to my subject, I have the prudence not to begin a digression, the end of which I cannot foresee. For when I once enter on a subject, I am like Protogenes, the famous Rhodian painter of whom Apelles said, that he never knew when

when to take off his hands from a picture. You shall not lose the account altogether; only remit me the narrative for the present: imagine me, without having succeeded in my errand, returned from Pozzuoli in the heat of the day, arrived at my quarters before Don Michele, the dinner half spoiled by his not coming, and your humble servant faint with hunger or heat I don't know which. At last I spied him turning the corner of the vico,* his hat in one hand, wiping with the other the drops off his forehead.—His official report was as follows:

"The execution of your orders, sir, is the cause of your waiting; for when D. Michele undertakes a thing, he likes to go through with it at once. First, as to the company, there will be ten couple, besides our family and some odd ones, if they all come, of which there is little doubt, although two or three were not at home when I called; and what is more, *gente di garbo,*† such as you might suppose my friends to be. Three or four will come in their own carriages; and some of the lasses will shew you what is called dancing at Naples. Care too has been taken, that they should not want for good music: you will have, Signor Don Luigi, the first oboe of St. Carlo, two excellent violins, a flute, tenor, and violoncel—my son will play the tambourreen."

"Six musicians, Don Michele, for this little dance! why that's out of all reason. Half the number".....

"Are *hired,* and the others gentlemen high in the profession, who for *my* sake have promised to assist as friends at your party. Money, of course, is out of the question. You see, good sir, Don Michele can command a thing or two. As many more would have come if I had asked them;

* Lane. † Quality.

but

but these will be sufficient to begin the evening with a little concert: my friend will give you a concerto on the oboe; one of the ladies will sing a scena from an opera, to which we may add a duet or two; and at ten o'clock the dance shall begin.—As to the refreshments, I have almost run my legs off to get you the rum" (the ladies were to be treated with ice punch, as a rarity), "at last I found it at an apothecary's; he will send three bottles this afternoon. Seventy ices are ordered, cakes and sweetmeats as you desired, and a friend of mine will lend us a dozen of wall-chandeliers.—So, you see, Signor Don Luigi, that I have not been idle all this while; and the pains I have taken will be to some purpose, I warrant you. Your dance will be spoken of long after you shall have forgotten us poor Neapolitans."

That I did not suffer such an insinuation to pass unrebutted, you will suppose: I thanked my friend for the expedition and trouble he had bestowed upon the execution of my wishes, and assured him that I should depend in every thing relating to the further arrangements, upon his superior taste and judgment; to which he gravely replied "*Lascia far a me**." The important day arrived at last, to my great joy; for, during the last forty-eight hours, I had no longer been the master of my apartment. Not only dusting and scrubbing (occupations so unusual at Naples) had been the order of the day, but the merciless hammering of Don Michele and his son-in-law, mounted on a pair of steps, annoyed my head to such a degree, that I was the best part of the time on horseback. When I returned from the last of these forced rides, I confess I was struck with the elegant appearance of my abode: the chandeliers were connected by festoons of artificial flowers; some unsightly parts of the wall of my bed-room (the bed of which had been removed, God knows where to) were concealed by damask hangings; and a num-

* Let me alone for that.

a number of flower-pots, tastefully placed in the windows and on the sideboards, exhaled their fragrant perfume over the whole suit of rooms. The operation, however, in which I found my master of the ceremonies, when I entered the apartments, was a mystery to me. He was busily occupied in locking every drawer of my two *commodes*, the closet, my trunk, &c.; and having done so, handed me the several keys, observing, "Here, Sir, are all your keys, every thing is safe now." I replied, that I presumed it would have been equally so without his taking this trouble, for the few friends at least, *I* had asked; and that as to those *he* had invited, I should have deemed the most distant suspicion of their honesty, an insult upon him. "It may be so," answered he, with his usual surly tone, "and I dare-say it will be so; but, at all events, the removing of temptation is the part of a good Christian, and can do no harm." The precautions of Master Michael, as I found afterwards, were by no means superfluous; indeed, they were even incomplete, as you shall learn by and bye.

I am not going to plague you with a minute journal of the proceedings of the evening; but a few incidents, I imagine, will entertain you. The musicians arrived in good time, and the company dropped in fast after eight o'clock. The carriages began to rattle in my humble lane, and attracted its curious inhabitants to every window. To receive such a number of strange faces appropriately, was a most irksome task; but it was alleviated by the sight of many a good-looking young lass, and two or three real beauties; one especially, Donna Carlina, reminded me of Miss ——, as being a handsome and animated likeness of that young lady. My English friends from the city, and the lieutenant and doctor from the —— frigate, likewise made their appearance in due time; and healthy as their countenances shone forth, and well dressed as they were, they greatly

greatly eclipsed my Neapolitan bucks, and found much grace among the ladies. I could not help remarking the contrast of manners between two Christian countries. In a more northern latitude, persons coming to the party of a perfect stranger, would have conducted themselves with that cautious, anti-social reserve which some people call good manners; some of the ladies would have sat down on their chairs as prim and as stiff as so many hop-poles, cast down their modest looks until spoken to by charity, and then rebuffed a second attempt by a monosyllabic reply, a "Yes, sir," an "Indeed, sir," a "You are very good, sir," &c. Now I will just tell you how matters went on in the Infrescata: monstrous bows and introductory compliments, and a rapid promotion in the rank of your humble servant—I was Signor Colonello as long as the party lasted. The introduction once over, all these people seemed as though they had been twenty times in my company. Nor did I once hear "A charming evening, sir," or "The weather is excessively hot," expressions we have so very pat, although so insignificant; for what, in the name of Heaven, need I be told what weather it is, as if I did not know that just as well as the person who tells it me? What all were most inquisitive about, was the state of my health, for the recovery of which they had learnt that I had come to Naples. On this score, I had a thousand compliments, which pleased me, although I was sure they were dictated by flattery. An invalid, my dear T. is as vain in being told he looks well, as a young coquette in the praise of her beauty. "Ah," said Donna Carlina, who, to my great surprise, appeared a near neighbour, "believe me, sir, as often as I see your man turn the corner of the lane, with a handful of phials, I heave a deep sigh: our doctors are great rogues, and if they were ever so honest, you don't want them; why you now look better and stronger than any of my countrymen in the room." For this extraordinary compliment, I returned her very sin-

cere thanks, observing, that if there was a momentary change for the better in my looks, I felt warranted in ascribing it to her presence. She was going to repartee something, when we were interrupted by the arrival of more new faces, whom Don Michele presented to me with great formality, adding, that as there were but few visitors wanting, the musicians might begin the concert, which I approved. He likewise whispered in my ear, that one of the ladies, and several Neapolitan gentlemen of the company, were good singers; that they had brought abundance of opera-music with them, and that, therefore, it would be best to have as little instrumental music as possible, perhaps the oboe-concerto alone would be sufficient under existing circumstances; to all which I likewise nodded assent.

After the oboe-concerto, therefore, which really was delightfully played, the operatic budget was opened: a young lady, with her brother, sung a duet from "*Il Fanatico per la Musica,*" with great and deserved applause. It was now suggested, whether, as there were several more singers in the room, we might not be able to muster sufficient strength for the finale in the first act of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Volunteers were called for, and on counting the parts, nothing but a bass voice was found to be wanting. Every thing seemed at a stand for a few minutes, till seeing that there was no chance to supply the defect otherwise, I offered to undertake the part, if the company would indulge any blunder I might commit. The truth was, that from seeing this very opera perhaps half-a-dozen times, I knew it almost by heart, and the finale, in particular, was very familiar to me. Don Michele, who had no idea of my singing by notes, seemed amazed at my boldness, and observed, with a significant sneer, "Take care, Signor Don Luigi, not to stick fast in the middle, this is not ship's music" (alluding to the songs he had so severely censured when on board the frigate),—I begged

begged him to mind his own business, and the performance began. When I found that all my fellow-singers executed their parts in character, that is to say, with all the comic gesticulations and the emphasis that would be required on the stage, I was not backward in throwing a *quantum sufficit* of mimicry into *my* task, and you know I can play the fool upon occasion. Once or twice I had nearly been put out by my friend Michele, who had planted himself directly opposite to me, and whose pleasing astonishment was every now and then interrupted by a "Bravo, carissimo." When we had finished, the clapping of hands was universal, and the old fool, in his ecstasy of delight, flew towards me, embraced me, and imprinted half-a-dozen savoury kisses on my cheeks, exclaiming, "Signor Don Luigi, you have delighted my very soul—who could have guessed you were such a singer, nay, such an actor—a second Casaciello, *per Dio !* Why, if you were to stay with us another twelvemonth, we should discover new talents and new perfections of your's every week; gentlemen, as you see him here, he is a soldier, a scholar, a musician, a painter, a .....

"A painter !" exclaimed Donna Carlina, "oh, that's rare, indeed ! May I, may I ask a favour ?"—"Twenty, if you please, Donna Carlina, and you will find me as obedient in granting the last as the first." "Don't mind what the girl says," interrupted her mother, "she is an impudent mad cap : fye, Carlina, to make so free with the Signor Colonello ! I'll tell you, Sir, what she is spelling for. She had her picture done by a painter in the city, to send to my son Antonio, an officer in the emperor's service, and a good likeness it is. You shall judge to-morrow, if you will honour us with your company, but somehow or other it pleases not her vanity, she says it is as ugly as sin, and won't send it."

"It cannot be a likeness, if Donna Carlina's opinion is correct." "There,

" There, Mamma, do you hear ? And here, look at this frame, which is the colonel's doing. Now, although it is as ugly a face as God Almighty has ever created, I warrant every one will know it to be the shade of our friend Don Michele."

These observations created a general laugh, in which Don Michele had the good sense to join, observing, however, that he could never submit to the verdict of *one* judge, alone, in an affair so important to his domestic peace, were it only on his wife's account ; and therefore appealed to the justice of the whole company, for the truth of Miss Caroline's assertion. Upon this, a wit proposed collecting the votes of every one, went round whispering, and finally declared the opinion of the majority to be, that Don Michele was a good-looking man when pleased, but the most ugly bear when disputing, or out of humour ; a sentence which was confirmed by his wife in its full extent.

To return to Donna Carlina ; I promised to draw her shade, provided she would allow me to keep a copy for my own use ; to which she replied, " As many as you please, to assist your recollection."

As this might be taken in two very different ways, and as there was plenty of work cut out for the rest of the evening, I answered with a bow, gave orders to prepare for the dance, and to hand refreshments in the interval. My punch found much favour with all present, the ladies not excepted, who emptied their glasses as rapidly as if it had been lemonade. I did not join in the country dance, resting my apology on the state of my health, and my physician's recent and peremptory orders not to indulge in any exercise which might heat or excite the nervous system, as he called it. But, although not dancing, I was fully employed in another way,

as

DON L[illegible]ILL

as you shall hear :—With all our windows open, the strains of my numerous orchestra propagated their sound over the whole neighbourhood ; some of whose inhabitants, impelled by the attraction of sweet sounds, could not resist favouring me with their company. The circumstance of their not being invited to the feast, appeared to them a mere trifle not worthy of their attention, and an extraordinary celerity in decorating their exterior (which is all the essential part of a Neapolitan's full-dress), would soon enable them to appear in company with Neapolitan decency. To my great surprise, therefore, Don Michele and I had to receive, from time to time, an influx of these unbidden guests, who, in most submissive language, begged a thousand pardons for their freedom and intrusion.* As Don Michele, my master of the ceremonies, seemed to know them all, and, moreover, as I could neither help their coming, nor, when once arrived, turn them out, I thought it best to put a good face on the matter, and receive every one, especially the ladies, with a hearty welcome, assigning them places in the adjoining room, where I contrived to form another set of dancers : for the number of these parasitical guests soon grew nearly equal to that of my standard company.

Now, my dear T. you will comprehend the mystery at the outset of this letter, and allow the facility with which a set of acquaintances may be formed in this populous city ; I can, moreover, assure you, that some of these unasked strangers were really people of respectability, whose society I have already since found so agreeable and interesting, that I regretted I had not known them at my arrival here ; and I congratulated myself on the courteousness of my cosmopolitan disposition, which had prompted me not to give them a cool reception at their first self-introduction.

But to return to my company, now capering away in two of

* See plate 13.

of my apartments, I blush to confess that my resolution to keep my toes in a state of sober quiescence was shaken at last. I could have withstood the pressing solicitations of half-a-dozen of these exhilarated damsels, but for the irresistible temptation of their animated example and of the excellent music. Fancy, for once, dear T. the loving smiles, the glistening eyes, the seducing attitudes of these pretty Neapolitan bacchantes, and then ask your conscience how long any Christian, were he even a Quaker or Moravian, could have stood proof against such attraction? The worst of the thing was, that having once broken my vow by dancing with Miss Carlina, a kind of rivalship ensued among the other ladies, most of whom now laid a successive claim to be led down a country dance by "*il Signor Colonello*"— With the assistance of my grave Mentor, Don Michele, I satisfied them all! for he peremptorily declared, that he would not suffer any excess of fatigue which might lay me up afterwards; and therefore suggested, in order to please all parties, that I might be allowed to change my partner during any one dance, whenever I thought proper. This wise proposal of my friend's being agreed to, I contrived to dispatch two or three fair candidates in a matter of a quarter of an hour, allotting to each a space of time proportional to the estimation I formed of her claims to my favour.

In the course of these pedestrian evolutions, I thought I observed in several of my fair partners, cheerful as they had been before, an unusual and extraordinary access of spirits and gaiety; which, with every allowance for the southern latitude, and the ice-punch (now administered to them the more frugally by reason of the unlooked for increase in my numbers) I was at a loss to account for, till I saw my man Benedetto whisper something into Don Michele's ear, which the latter forthwith telegraphed into mine.

But before I let you into this secret, it is proper that, like a skil-

a skilful general, I should in my report of the action, give a correct description of the localities of the field of battle. The kitchen belonging to my apartments is on the same floor with them; and in this particular, the Neapolitan system of domestic architecture is not different from what you may have observed in a set of chambers, or in many old-fashioned mansions in England. But in another point of view, the former has that rare advantage of skilful contrivance over our mode of building, that in general a proximity between the ultimate depôt of the aliments, and the place of their preparation, is considered as an essential recommendation in the construction of a Neapolitan kitchen —debtor and creditor being often in as close a contiguity as on the pages of a merchant's ledger. This order of things being scrupulously adhered to in the architecture of my quarters, it follows that the access to my kitchen could not conveniently be interdicted to my guests, or else I make no doubt my major-domo would have taken care to lock it; although, in a bachelor's culinary apparatus, you may suppose there is not much to be laid hold of. Poor Don Michele, however, could not be aware of every thing. Right opposite to the perforated tripod of the debtor side of this kitchen of mine, there is an elevated shelf, on which stand (I had better say *stood)* my three wine-bottles, of immense calibre; the first (having been emptied since my stay in the Infrescata) then, and now, containing from six to eight gallons of excellent atmospheric air (such as you breathe at this altitude); the second, of similar dimensions, about half full of delicious old Pozzuoli wine; and the third, not less in size, brimful of the like grape-juice, with its fluid oil-bung floating at top. These unfortunate bottles being at an elevation of about 40 deg. visual angle from the horizon of the tripod, ought, in the nature of things, to have escaped the prying, yet *pro tempore* downcast looks of my fair visitors; although, it is true, they had not to look up quite as

high as mother Eve did after that unfortunate pippin, codlin, or *pomme d'amour,* the digestion of which is so rigidly entailed upon us poor mortals, that I even feel warranted in ascribing to that primary *faux-pas* the illicit longings of my Neapolitan fair guests after my frugal stock of Pozzuoli wine. No sooner did one of the damsels espy the forbidden shelf, than, inasmuch as, on such occasions in particular, the sex is all over the world gregarious, the assault thereon was a settled matter: *veni, vidi, bibi,* was the word; and my delicious Pozzuoli wine fell an easy prey to their sacrilegious hands and palate.* *Implentur veteris Bacchi,* or, in plain English, mesdames tippled till they had their fill: and what they left was very nearly finished by four or five half-starved footmen, and other hall-rabble, in attendance on their worthy masters; for, when Don Michele went into the kitchen, he found but a small remnant in one of the bottles, which he secured in his own room.

Inspired with the juice, and further exalted by the agitation of dancing, most of my fair guests became still more exhilarated, some grew ecstatically merry, and a few scarcely manageable. Surrounded by these voluptuous "bacchæ," I feared the fate of Orpheus. Their frolics, however, I must say to their credit, were chiefly levelled at Don Michele, probably because he had spoiled the continuation of their sport. This poor man had now to suffer all sorts of mischief for refusing to join in their revels, till at last, for the sake of peace, he consented to dance *one* minuet and no more. All was hush in an instant, when he placed himself with his fortunate partner in the middle of the room, as stiff as buckram and as serious as if he were occupied with the solution of an algebraic problem. But no sooner had he performed the first step or two, than, in turning his body with grave elegance

* See plate 14.

A BACCHANALIAN SCENE AT DON LUIGI'S BALL.

gance on the pivot of his toe, a pair of white silk garters (long and faithful servants to all appearance) were seen gracefully dangling down his back, and describing, at every turn of his automaton body, a variety of flowing irregular curves in the circumambient air. The merriment which this unusual sight occasioned, was in vain attempted to be stifled in a muttered titter; it soon burst out with increased violence, his wife not excepted, who heartily joined the general laugh, but informed her better half of the cause of the satisfaction he gave to the company. For a wonder Master Michael took the joke in good part, and availing himself of the appendage to his back, seized the ribbons with each hand at the end, and continued his performance, with the addition of a variety of figures he devised with his bandeaux, in the manner of the shawl dance. This trait of his good sense had the desired effect of warding off the previous ridicule he had been under. But when he had gone through his pedestrian diagrams of parallels and diagonals, and had conducted with much formality his partner to her seat, he solemnly declared, that he would not part with his prize unless he could restore it precisely from whence it had come. What might have been the result of this declaration, it is impossible to guess; for, no sooner had his wife heard it, than she asked to see the garters, in order to ascertain the owner; but when she had them, she put them in her pocket, saying, that she had wanted a pair this long while, and these would do quite as well as new ones, being, at all events, better than her own.

When I learned the extent of the spoliation committed upon my bin, I did not so much regret the actual loss I thereby sustained, as apprehend some unpleasant scenes of interruption to our festivity and mirth, from the excessive indulgence in the forbidden juice. However, whether it was owing to the excellence of the vintage, or to strength of constitution in the fair partakers, only one casualty occurred;

and as we had fortunately our Caledonian Æsculapius at hand, he was forthwith sent down stairs to administer professional relief, which in this instance consisted of the simple recipe of a dish of tea, and was attended with the desired beneficial effect, so as to enable the patient to return home without any other assistance than the arm of her brother.

The dawn of morn was the signal for the gradual separation of the company; from all of whom, whether of the establishment or extra guests, I had received, in the course of the evening, the most pressing requests to make their house my own: and, to their credit I must say, that, as far as I have yet had time or inclination to try the sincerity of these invitations, I have had no cause to regret my compliance. When all were gone, poor Don Michele had to sustain a severe rebuke from his wife, for his carelessness in not securing my wine-bottles: "But so it is," said the notable good lady, "he will know every thing better than other people; had he done as I wished, and left us to mind these and other matters, Signor Don Luigi would not have had his wine drunk, and some of these would-be ladies would have gone home sober, instead of making ..... of themselves." To this accusation the husband made a retort courteous, by blaming the female part of the family for not accompanying the fair guests into the kitchen, and minding the things there: and thus, in spite of my representation of the insignificancy of the object, a neat and lively argument was maintained between both parties for some time, and only put an end to by the entrance of the confectioner with the report, that, on counting the leaden ice-moulds he had brought, five were missing, as also eight *pewter* tea-spoons, which he hoped I would allow to be charged, as Don Michele had already made so hard a bargain with him, that if he were to stand the loss of these (valuable) articles, he must be out of pocket by me. My friend was now going to put himself

himself into another passion, protesting that there were none but *gente di garbo* in the evening's party, people that would disdain purloining such trifles; and that not a tornesi * should be made good for the man's own negligence. But when I learned that the object in dispute amounted to the enormous sum of three or four shillings, I pacified the dealer in snow by admitting it as a debit to my account of profit and loss.

After this little anecdote of the ice-moulds, you will scarcely suppose, my dear T. that any of the good things, such as cakes, sweetmeats, &c. were suffered to remain on the sideboard at the departure of my guests. Whether this practice, not to "leave a wreck behind," is as general here as I have observed it to be at Malta, I am unable to decide. At the latter place, let the provision be ever so abundant, what the stomach cannot compass, the pockets are sure to hold; and in stuffing those, no great nicety is observed: so the article is portable at all, it finds its way into one or the other of the pedestrian saddle-bags, as by instinct. I have been assured by one of our officers, that, at a great fête which General Fox recently gave at Malta, one of the inhabitants (of sufficient rank to be of the party) very dexterously, and, as he fancied, unobserved, slipped a small pullet, wrapt in his pocket-handkerchief, into one of his side receptacles. Unfortunately, an officer near him seeing the slight-of-hand transaction, poured a dose of parsley and butter after it, saying very coolly, "Allow me, sir, to help you to a little sauce at the same time."

But to return from Malta to the Infrescata, in order to bring this long epistle to a decorous conclusion, I have only to add, that the good humour of Don Michele was completely

* Small Neapolitan copper coin.

pletely restored by the well-deserved compliment I paid him on the efficiency and snugness of his arrangements, and by the satisfaction I expressed at his conduct of the evening's entertainment. The family insisted on instantly putting up my bed again in its old place, to afford me some rest; an offer which I declined, as it was not only broad daylight, but a heavenly morning, such as my indolence had not yet allowed me to enjoy since my stay in Naples, held out an irresistible invitation to breathe the pure morning air of the lofty and salubrious region I inhabit. I therefore saddled my horse myself, and sallied forth across the Uomero towards the Pianura, a favourite ride of mine. What a contrast burst upon my feelings! An hour ago plunged into the midst of bacchanalian revels, I now quaffed rich draughts of the purest vital air; fluttering gusts of gentle morning breezes waved the clustering foliage of the classic pine, just bronzed by the glowing tints of the rising sun; thousands of feathered songsters hailed the new-born day with their wild notes, in answer, as it were, to the distant matin-bells of the Neapolitan convents; thin and partial mists arose from the luxuriant fields, leaving every herb and blade bespangled with glistening drops of dew. Every now and then a panoramic view of Naples and the surrounding country burst through the thickets of stately trees which girt the elevated road; and this enchanting picture was closed by the venerable Volcano, emitting from its crater a thin and fleeting cloud of harmless vapour.* Vivid recollections of my earlier healthy years obtruded themselves involuntarily, my heart expanded with the purest emotions, and after the revel scenes I had but just shared in, I felt inwardly proud in being still susceptible of the impressions of innocent delight which Nature alone is capable of exciting. Refreshed in body and mind, I returned home to breakfast; and, after a hearty

* See plate 15.

A VIEW *near* NAPLES.

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hearty meal, took up my pen, in order to note down, for this report, the principal features of the evening's transactions. By thus retracing to you my Neapolitan adventures, I enjoy in a manner over again the gratification which they afforded me at the time of their occurrence; while, at the same time, I anticipate the pleasure I am convinced you derive from their recital; not on account of their intrinsic interest, but because they relate exclusively to an individual united to you by the sacred ties of the most indissoluble friendship.

Your's,

* * * *

LETTER XVIII.

Dear T.

NOT to interrupt in my last letter to you the relation of my grand Parthenopian ball and festival, an event to be remembered, as Don Michele declares, by succeeding generations in the Infrescata, I deferred, as you will recollect, giving you the particulars of my trip to Pozzuoli; undertaken principally with a view to invite the fair Donna Giuliana and her uncle Don Giacomo to be of my party; and, indeed *en passant* to inspect some of the natural curiosities in the vicinity of that town, which, although so very near Naples, had, from what cause I know not, remained yet unvisited by me.

While tarrying on classic ground, it is excusable to be classically superstitious. A most disgusting sight, which presented itself to my view as I passed the square *Del Spirito Santo,* seemed to give me notice that the present day was none of my *dies fausti.* It was the funeral of a young woman, who, to my utter astonishment, was carried on a bier, her

her face and hands exposed, and her hair full dressed and powdered. In fact, you might have taken her for a person asleep, had not the waxen and livid hue of death proclaimed her slumber to be that of eternity. As I am not now writing a book of travels, I will spare you a side or two of moralizing reflections, which might be made on this singular national custom. That Don Michele, with whom I since had some conversation on the subject, stood up its strenuous champion, you will easily believe; and, indeed, to some of his arguments I had little else to oppose than my personal repugnance to the indelicacy of the spectacle.

Leaving the funeral procession and their chaunts, bells, tapers, &c. I proceeded, musing upon what I had seen, down Strada Toledo and Chiaja to the Grotta di Posilipo. Black and dismal as my thoughts, the cavern resounded with the hollow rumblings of a number of carts, and the bawlings of their clownish drivers. To avoid a collision with the wheels in this darkness visible, I inclined my horse to the left. He had carried me twenty times safely through; but as my (foretold) ill-luck would have it, the noise of the vehicles and of their brutish masters frightened the poor animal out of his wits; in his restive capers and endeavours to get out of the way; he drove my thigh so close against the rock at the side, that, on regaining day-light out of this cave of horrors, I found a piece of my pantaloons fairly ground off, and a beginning made to extend the grinding operation to the substratum of my own skin.

To have to appear before Donna Giuliana in this novel state of *undress*, (although I had not long ago met with a like misfortune on a similar errand) was a matter of extreme uneasiness, and the silk handkerchief tied round the affected part seemed but a sorry palliative. Trotting on, however, I found myself soon at the gates of Pozzuoli, where, among four

four or five of the same profession, the *cicerone* who had attended me the former time, with the officious claim of an old acquaintance tendered his services. I accepted his offer, and told him to follow me to Don Giacomo. I suppose you know, sir," replied my guide, "of Donna Giuliana's being married?"

There was galvanic power in the last word he uttered; so forcibly did the shock of the sudden and unexpected intelligence affect me. To any one but you, my dear T. I would be ashamed to own thus unreservedly what I felt at that moment, and what surely I had not the most distant right or pretext to feel. Here's a young woman, beautiful certainly beyond description, but unconnected with my views by any engagements whatever, implied or real; in fact, but for two or three interviews, an absolute stranger to me; and I, with all the selfishness and spite of human nature, would fain have her forego the opportunity of a permanent settlement in life, for no solid reason, or rather for no reason at all. What inconsistent, what ridiculous egotism!

I had just time, in my way to Don Giacomo, to bring up a reserve of a few of the preceding sober reflections to restore the balance between reason and passion, and to enable me to enter his presence with decorous composure. The cicerone's information was soon confirmed by the fair Giuliana's uncle, with the addition of a few particulars not at all calculated to lessen my astonishment or ill humour. The fortunate bridegroom, a clod-hopper at Ischia—past forty—unknown to the model of ideal Grecian beauty till within a fortnight of the wedding—the match brought about by the *kind* interference of Father Anselmo, mentioned in one of my former letters, and a variety of minor details which would not interest you. My visit was short, and any invitation to my fête now out of the question; so bidding Don

Giacomo a hasty adieu, with an appendix to his niece when he should see her, I joined my guide at the gate, and ordered him to conduct me to the Solfatara.

In our way up the hill, behind Pozzuoli, a conversation arose which shewed that the enquiries and pursuits of my cicerone were not solely confined to antiquarian objects: "Well, signor," exclaimed his Tullyship, "was I right or not, in what I told you about Donna Giuliana?"—"Quite right, I am sorry to say."—"Why sorry, sir? Surely it is a good thing she has found a husband; and he, on his part, may boast of the choice he has made, in regard to beauty at least." On my observing that a person of Donna Giuliana's charms and mental perfections need at no time have been at a loss for a husband, my antiquarian looked at me with a knowing eye, premised my being a *galant-uomo*, who would scorn to do him any harm by revealing what he was about to tell me, and lowering his voice into a confidential whisper (although not a soul was to be seen within half a mile around), communicated to me a mass of intelligence so much bordering on the nature of a *chronique scandaleuse*, that I found it necessary to stop his current of abuse by a peremptory order, adding my firm belief that Donna Giuliana's extraordinary beauty had roused the evil tongues of her envious enemies. "She is pretty, signor," replied the cicerone; but we have her betters in beauty in this town of ours, I can assure you, sir; and, if you will give me leave, I shall be p oud to introduce you to one or two that shall soon make you forget Donna Giuliana."

Vexed with the fellow's slander, I cried out, "Mind your business, Mr. Jack of all trades, and introduce me to the cavern of Brimstone."—"Of Brimstone, sir?"—"The Solfatara, booby."—"Why here it is, sir," pointing to a wooden gate before us, placed across a hollow way between two ravines. It

It will not be difficult, I think, to give you a pretty correct idea of the singular appearance of this remarkable natural curiosity. A cavern it certainly is not, as I had imagined; on the contrary, represent to yourself a circular hill, with its summit cut off horizontally, or, more mathematically speaking, a truncated cone, whose upper area might be two hundred yards in diameter. This circular area is what is called the Solfatara. It is, however, not at the top of the hill, but sunk in considerably, and entirely surrounded by an uninterrupted ridge of pretty equal altitude, covered with trees and underwood. From what has been said, you will perhaps of your own accord compare the place to an amphitheatre, the surrounding ridge to the seats, and the Solfatara, to the arena, or, as it is called at Astley's, the ride; with this modification, that the arena of the Solfatara is considerably above the level of the outward base of the mountain, and forms a flat, composed of a soil of a greyish white appearance.

On entering this dismal place, you are struck by the hollow sound of your footsteps; a stone dropped by your guide still more confirms your belief, that you are walking over an immense cavern, concealed merely by the sheet of whitish soil under your feet; and, on looking around, you have ocular demonstration that this cavern, far from being a vacuum, is—a gulph of subterraneous fire. A pretty comfortable promenade, you will say, to ambulate over a burning volcano, with the heat of the ground striking through one's shoe soles, and volumes of smoke, as hot as fire itself, forcing their way through the fissures of the parched earth. This very smoke is brimstone in a gaseous form; for every thing it touches becomes incrustated with native sulphur. You may suppose the air you respire in the Solfatara to be impregnated with any thing but pleasant smells. I think the place must be very unhealthy, and the countenances of the

few human beings I found at work here confirm this opinion. Their employment is to extract, by boiling, the sulphur, alum, sal-ammoniac, vitriol, and other similar mineral productions with which the earth and the rain water which settles in the cavities and ponds, are here richly impregnated. No fuel is required for this process, for the subterraneous heat is quite sufficient to boil the water in the pans. In fact, all the above-mentioned mineral substances may here be obtained in a variety of ways. Provided you have a vehicle to collect or imbibe the subterraneous exhalations, you are sure of an ample and easy harvest. Tiles and flat stones placed over any of the apertures will, as I have already said, forthwith be incrustated, and the earth itself is employed to imbibe the impregnated exhalations, being for that purpose diligently dug up, turned repeatedly with iron tools, and afterwards submitted to extraction and purification.

From the preceding description, you will naturally and justly conclude, that the Solfatara is nothing else but the crater of a former volcano, not extinguished certainly, but reduced to a state of comparative tranquility; a continual burning, instead of occasional violent eruptions. The time when this mountain ceased to be an active volcano, is beyond the reach of history. That in the Emperor Nero's reign it appeared much in the same state as we now find it, may be concluded from the following interesting description which the poet Petronius Arbiter has left us of it:

Est locus, exciso penitus demersus hiatu,
Parthenopen inter magnæque Dicharchidos arva.
Cocyta perfusus aqua; nam spiritus extra
Qui ferit effusus, funesto spargitur æstu.
Non hæc autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Cespite lætus ager: non verno persona cantu
Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur:
Sed Chaos, et nigro squalentia pumice saxa
Gaudent ferali circum tumulata cupressu:
Has inter sedes diris pater extulit ora
Bustorum flammis, et cana sparsa favilla.

Somewhat

Somewhat more than a mile north of the Solfatara, are the *Astruni*, likewise the remains of an early volcano. But this mountain, unlike the Solfatara, is completely burnt out. Its open crater, a circular plain perhaps three or four miles in circumference, is covered with a beautiful wood of large and small trees, and contains two or three lakes, or rather ponds. Surrounded on all sides by a continued ridge, you can scarcely imagine a more romantic spot. I have only surveyed it from the heigths above; for, as it is a royal chase, well stocked with deer and other game, the place is inclosed and locked by a gate.

I took my leave of the Solfatara and the cicerone at the same time. But before I sent the latter back to his home, I obtained from him an exact direction, as I thought, of the way I had to take to arrive at the Lake Agnano, which I intended to take in my road. Ere I had, however, travelled half a mile, I found myself completely *désorienté* and bewildered; and to render my situation ludicrously worse, I had turned my horse into a footpath, between two rocks, the perpendicular sides of which gradually approached each other, till there was actually not room enough either to proceed onward, or even to turn the horse. It was with some difficulty I dismounted, in order to explore on foot whither the path ultimately led. To leave the horse to himself, there was no danger; for, as he could not turn, he was obliged either to stand still, or to move on after me in the narrow defile. Going forward, I discovered, in various places, native sulphur making its way through the rocks, and tingeing the stone with a variety of hues, some like cinnabar, others blueish, and others yellow; and after penetrating for about forty yards, I found the path terminate in a spring, the water of which was strongly impregnated with sulphur. In and about Naples, where there are hundreds of mineral springs of every description, this is no great curiosity. I

was,

was, nevertheless, pleased with the discovery, particularly with the novel sight of seeing brimstone *grow*, if I may be allowed the expression. Another novelty, for *me*, was the sight of vast quantities of wild asparagus, which I met with in this excursion, and which is gathered and sold by poor people at Naples. It is not to be compared to our fine English asparagus, and I have seen no other than this wild sort since my stay in Naples.

The greatest difficulty remaining, was to get the horse out of this defile. As I could not drag him out by the tail, I got on and tried to back him; but he did not understand this manœuvre, and reared briskly. Dismounting, therefore, once more, I took hold of the bit, and by gentle treatment gradually pushed him backwards, till there was room enough to tack him about.

When all was right again, I resorted to a remedy for finding the true road, which, whenever my way was homewards, I had, ere now, more than once successfully put in practice. The horse now became cicerone: left to proceed according to his own instinct, he in less than a quarter of an hour brought me into a lane, from whence I saw Lake Agnano right before me; here I espied, and soon met a party of foreigners and Italians on horseback, just coming from the lake. In England we should have passed each other *sans mot dire;* here one of the cavalcade, without ceremony, addressed me, "If you come to see the Grotta del Cane *, sir, you are just in time; the man that shewed it to us is but a little way behind." I thanked the communicative stranger, paced on, and soon found the keeper of that infernal cavern, attended by three dogs, the wretched victims of criminal curiosity.—I'll describe at once.

This Grotto del Cane is here reckoned a very unaccountable

* Dog's Cave.

able sort of a thing, and seems to have been held in wonder already in Pliny's time. In the 95th chapter of his second book, where he treats of exhalations from the earth, he says —"Spiritus letales alibi, aut scrobibus emissi, aut ipso loci situ mortiferi; alibi volucribus tantum, ut Soracte vicino urbi tractu: alibi præter hominem, ceteris animantibus: nonnunquam et homini, ut in Sinuessano agro, *et Puteolano: spiracula vocant, alii Charoneas scrobes, mortiferum spiritum exhalantes**."

I don't know how it is with you, but to me one of the greatest treats is, to see a natural or artificial curiosity, described already by a Roman or Grecian writer, and little or nothing altered during the interval of so many centuries. Every thing in this sublunary world is so perishable, or subject to change, that it does one good now and then to see an instance, where nature, and much more where the little reptile, MAN, has succeeded in setting the all-destroying grasp of TIME at defiance: besides, the thought of this or that great man's having beheld the object before me, just in the same state in which I now find it, converts that object, as it were, into a point of communication, a conductor between me and the person that lived so many ages before.

But speculations aside, and to our grotto; the description of which you perhaps think I have as great a reluctance to enter upon, as the dogs seemed to feel in approaching the cave itself. As soon as the poor devils saw me talk to their barbarous master, they instantly began, almost imperceptibly,

* Deadly vapours in some places issue from apertures in the earth, while in others they are the effect of peculiar local causes. Some of these prove fatal to birds only, as Soracte in the vicinity of Rome; others are destructive to every living creature except man; and some, indeed, even to human beings, as is the case in the districts of *Sinuessa and Pozzuoli. The apertures emitting this pestilential gas are by some called the ventilators of the Infernal Regions.*

ceptibly, to sneak off against the sides of the rock, with their tails hid between their legs ; and when the fellow, with pitiless voice, called them to him, they crept, or rather crawled towards us in a reluctant curve (*caninoid* perhaps.) Had I not already been predetermined to forego the gratification of an idle curiosity, I must not have had a heart to be *your* friend, my dear T. to have remained unmoved by the instinctive anguish of these miserable animals. Giving therefore, the master to understand that the dogs would not be wanted, we proceeded to the grotto without them.

To this little cave, about ten feet long, and six feet in breadth and heigth, you are admitted by a door which is kept locked. You see nothing that could interest your curiosity ; but a mephitic and pestiferous gas, extending more or less to the height of about a foot, spreads itself along the whole floor. Above that altitude the air is harmless, and you respire freely ; but below it, any living being breathing the foul air but for the short time of a few minutes, is sure to die under convulsions. The experiment is usually made with dogs ; but one of the Spanish viceroys of Naples, the famous Don Pedro di Toledo, a man to whom the city is indebted for many of its improvements, had the inhuman curiosity to make a trial with two galley-slaves, who both died very soon after being plunged into the deadly atmosphere. If the time of immersion is but short, such as one minute, and the animal is instantly taken to, and thrown into, the water of the lake (which is but four or five yards off), it will recover from the fit ; but its health is nevertheless much impaired by the frequency of similar experiments ; and I have been told a dog is seldom able to go through more than twenty repetitions at most. What I am telling you here is all from the reports of others. I was quite satisfied with seeing a lighted candle immersed in the gas ; it became suddenly extinguished, and, what struck me most, the smoke, instead of

rising.

rising, travelled in a horizontal direction, to the entrance of the grotto, where, only, it mingled with, and dispersed into, the atmospheric air. This observation, and the circumstance of the gas being confined to the bottom of the cave, proves its being much heavier than common air ; and its deadly nature, like that of fixed air (which produces precisely the same effects), in all probability proceeds from the mineral substances below the surface of the ground, which are, as it were, worked, fermented, and forced upwards by the subterraneous fires.

As talking of a fly puts some people in mind of an elephant, so the view of this little cave brought to my thoughts the Oracle of Delphos, which had ceased to give answers as early as the time of the first Roman emperors. The cause of this failure, Plutarch, in his Treatise upon Oracles, ascribes to the gradual wasting of the subterraneous spirit emitted from the cave below the temple : I am, therefore, much inclined to believe that there is *some* truth in this alledged reason, and that the *whole* of the oracular mystery was not altogether a pious fraud of the Grecian clergy. It is not at all unlikely that the cave into which the Pythian priestess descended, was, like the Grotta del Cane, filled with an air exhaled from under-ground, a vapour of course not so pernicious, but still capable of inebriating the fanatic woman, and of throwing her into a fit of religious frenzy, during which she might, like the magnetized females of recent memory, abstract herself from things present, and, unconsciously, give replies relating to futurity, which, directed by the art and foresight of the keen priests, and delivered as they were under proverbial ambiguity, could not fail being frequently confirmed by subsequent events. Instances of.....

But here, you will say, I am bewildering myself and you in the Pythian Grotto, before I have led you out of the Grot-

ta del Cane ; thus bringing you into new troubles before the old ones are got rid of. You are right, my dear T. and the more so, as the little I have to add will certainly not justify beginning a fresh sheet. Once more, my good fellow, you *must* excuse these sallies now and then ; in a friendly letter it does one good to write down at random what comes uppermost : as Pliny the Younger says, *aliud est epistolam, aliud historiam ; aliud amico, aliud omnibus scribere.*—Come! three Latin quotations in one letter, that is pretty fair I think.

As soon as the experiment with the light was performed, my guide and I bade adieu to the grotto ; and here I was witness of another *trait,* strongly indicative of brute understanding and gratitude. As soon as the three miserable curs saw their master lock the door of the cave, they possessed canine logic enough to conclude that nothing more was to be feared with regard to *their* bearing a part in the exhibition.—They capered about joyfully, rolled their still wet carcases in the grass, jumped up their cruel tyrant's legs, and licked and fondled him in the most expressive manner. Even I, though a perfect stranger to them, shared in the manifestation of their thankful joy. Sterne would have made a famous chapter of this ; but your humble servant, quite satisfied with the enjoyment of the scene, untied his horse from the tree, and, without any further noticeable incident, arrived at his quarters in the Infrescata, as reported in his last.

Ever your's, &c.

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LETTER XIX.

LETTER XIX.

Dear T——,

THE return of the court from Palermo, so long and so anxiously wished for, and so often falsely reported, is no longer a matter of speculation. It has been officially announced, and the preparations for a suitable reception of the royal fugitives, are already in great forwardness: but I sadly fear I shall not be a witness of all the fine sights and shows which will be exhibited on the occasion. Naples is already intolerably hot, and growing worse every day, while I am not getting much better in my health, however good my spirits may be. I have therefore resolved to depart northward (homewards, my boy!), as soon as I can find a companion among the frequent arrivals of officers from Malta, on their way to England. Alone, I cannot venture to traverse Italy and France in my present debilitated state; but to meet with a sensible and feeling fellow traveller, good natured enough to put up with the society of one whom he may, perhaps, have to nurse, is not an easy matter. One refusal I have already encountered, on mentioning candidly my condition; and another I have given to a poor fellow more shattered than myself, whom probably I should not have brought beyond the Pontine marshes: not surely from any uncharitable motives; but what attention could an invalid like me pay to an aguish and ophthalmic chaise companion, blind of one eye, and of doubtful vision with the other?

The universal joy which the news of the king's expected arrival has spread over this city, could not be greater for a

Titus, an Antoninus, a *Henry quatre,* or a George. The people here are literally mad. This ecstacy my cynic landlord, who sees every object through the medium of his discoloured and splenetic fancy, malignantly deduces rather from the eagerness of the vulgar for the expected festivities and exhibitions, and their hope for the return of prosperity with that of the court and its numerous attendants, than from any effervescence of loyalty ; a virtue which he prides himself to possess in a pre-eminent degree, and for which, indeed, according to his relation, he has suffered severe persecution during the revolutionary epoch of the recent Neapolitan history. When he speaks of his king, it is invariably by these fond terms, *"il nostro amatissimo sovrano."** This, really sincere, devotion to his king, a few days ago, procured him a singular office.

In order to give to this city, beautiful enough in itself, a kind of temporary holiday dress, it is at this moment in the act of being decorated with a number of superb gingerbread structures, wherever there is room for cramming them, all of classic model, you may suppose.—Ampitheatres, temples, triumphal-arches, and colonnades, are springing up like mushrooms. The marble and granite solidity of their ancestors of the Augustan age—lack a day !—is aped in canvas and deal boards !—The superintendance of the erection of one of these doll's houses is said to be a good thing ; and I am assured by Don Michele, that, if every competitor had obtained a slice of the job of canvas-architecture, a very decent city might have been run up ; and that, as government could not possibly satisfy all, many of the disappointed canvas-candidates had gone over to the opposition, (if I may be allowed to profane this hallowed term by transplanting it to Neapolitan soil) and might, for aught he knows, attempt to make a patriotic bonfire of these combustible monuments of modern

* Our most beloved Sovereign,

modern grandeur, even before they were completed.—"These are your Neapolitan patriots," exclaimed the indignant Don Michele, " whose country is in their purse, instead of being in their hearts. You smile, Signor Don Luigi! Ah! you, that come from the bosom of a free and great people, are unacquainted with the sordid, the base motives which guide the actions of a majority of our Neapolitans, from the highest to the lowest. Protection, patronage,"—(the word *interest* is not current in Naples) " is here the surest road to preferment," &c.

I'll save you the rest of his eloquent philippic, which, to know the rights of it, equally had its source in disappointment. Poor Don Michele had made great interest for the amphitheatre, which in the full confidence of his loyalty he made sure to obtain, but which fell to the share of a more powerful competitor: thus, not getting the amphitheatre, he was obliged to content himself with a triumphal arch. This humbler employ he would disdainfully have refused, had not his better-half (one of those good-natured creatures who know how to accommodate things to circumstances), by the admixture of two or three apposite proverbial sayings, proved, to demonstration, the expediency of being contented with the lesser boon, if the greater be out of our reach. Although, however, Don Michele, in appearance at least, had so far yielded to his consort's reasonable representations, as to accept of the honour of the triumphal arch, and to put an active hand to the great work, his mind has been any thing but at ease ever since. He is determined to welcome his "amatissimo sovrano" with a *supplica**, setting forth the vile arts practised against one of his majesty's liege subjects; and for this week past there has been more sparring between this opposite couple, than during my whole previous

* Petition.

previous stay in the house: only a day or two ago, when I asked Donna Luisa, what the noise below was about, she replied with a sigh, "Cos' altro se non quel maledetto *Fit*catro *!"

Yesterday had been agreed upon to accompany Don Michele down to the city to inspect the fruits of his architectural genius, together with the other *machiné,* (as he calls these wooden monuments) in different parts of the town.—While dressing, I plainly heard under my feet, his stentorial lower notes, in counterpoint with the additional keys of madame, performing sundry variations, on the eternal Theme of these unfortunate *machiné ;* to put an end to which concert, I used greater speed in my toilette.—Just as I entered the room, Donna Maria thought proper to put forth a submissive argument or two, in her way, at a time when the kind office of mending a fallen loop in a faithful pair of silk hose of her grim lord *(stante pede),* gave her a just hope of obtaining a reciprocally kind ear to her well-meant representation; and when the aspect of the negative pole of his dread person had lulled her usual fears. Don Michele *could not help* listening with unwonted composure to his wife's rhetoric ; for, with his shin in the lap of Delila (a facsimile of the monopodic attitude of a crane), his great instinctive efforts to regulate the continual fluctuations of his center of gravity, engrossed all his attention †. He seemed fully sensible of the risk of having, by the slightest vibration, his cuticle incorporated with the hosiery weft. His posture might, at that moment, have been fitly compared to an attitude of Parisot's, had it been accompanied by any thing like her winning smile. But his bitten lips seemed to tell what, under circumstances of less restraint, he would, and could have said to Donna Maria's arguments. Unfortunately for her

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* What else but that confounded Amphitheatre. † See plate 16.

DON MICHELE PREPARING FOR HIS TRIUMPHAL EXPEDITION.

her, (however generic to the sex) the thread of her argument was infinitely longer than that of her silk. She had been prudent, had she cut both simultaneously; but, in releasing *caro sposo* from durance vile, she continued, with much fluency, to doubt whether, after all, there was any great difference betwixt an *Arco tromfale* (as she pleased to term it) and a *Fiteatro*.—"As much difference," replied Don Michele, while turning his terrific visage again for the first time towards her, "as there is betwixt your stupid head and mine—excuse her ignorance, Signor Don Luigi!—Why, woman! you might just as well compare your tinder-box with the communion-plate in the *Duomo* *."—Now, for as much as the music of a fair tongue is most seldom *senza replica*, Donna Maria very properly rejoined, "Be it so, my dear; but then, if you can't have the communion-plate, why not make yourself happy with the tinderbox?"

It was impossible to help smiling at this curious comparison; even Don Michele's lips assumed, involuntarily you may suppose, a satyr-like twist; but, recovering instantly the grave proportions of his amiable countenance, he begged of me, in miserable French, to check my mirth, otherwise his wife might think she had said a good thing; and having, by a gentle rub or two, renovated his *fazzoletto* † (which, by a short exposure to the rays of the sun, over the sticks of a few fragrant carnation-pots, had been subjected to a previous evaporation of its aqueous particles); having thus renovated, I say, his *fazzoletto* into a fitness for the ulterior services of the day, he reported himself ready for the start; and taking his respectful place on my left, we sallied forth on our way to see this famous triumphal arch. In this our triumphal procession, we passed by the Largo del Spirito Santo, a pretty square, decorated on one side by a handsome

* Cathedral. † Handkerchief.

some stone colonnade, which, on the present great occasion, was probably deemed an insufficient ornament. Some dozens of busy carpenters, &c. gave a pledge, that whatever was in the power of deal, canvas, ochre, white-lead, and size to achieve, would be done, to create a superb colonnade to last for a day or two.

Upon my word, dear T. these temporary structures appeared to me as so many ominous presages of the brevity of the joy of . . . .

Proceeding down *Mont-Oliveto,* we reached the *Sedile,* or *Seggio del Porto,* the site of Don Michele's *triumphal* career. I ought to inform you, by the way, that this *Sedile del Porto* is one of the four or five singular edifices in Naples, the purport of which I had some trouble to find out. The Neapolitan nobility, it appears, is divided into several associations, enjoying particular privileges, and having particular public functions assigned to them. These *sedili,* or *seggi,* I am told, are the halls or head-quarters of each association, where, formerly more than now, they had their meetings to deliberate upon matters of their common interest. They are lofty, fanciful structures, open on all sides, and inwardly decorated with innumerable coats of arms of the families belonging to the respective associations.

Although Don Michele gave himself very great airs of importance with the workmen, I soon found reason to suspect, that he was but a secondary person in this great national undertaking; for an architect was present to direct the operation. My friend probably superintends the financial branch; at least I saw him pay the workmen. These are mere surmises, for when I asked him what the architect had to do with the concern, he replied, in a surly tone, "What else but to execute *my* design? And what do you think

of

of the design, Signor Don Luigi, eh?—Have you any thing of the kind in England?"—"Not of the same materials, I must own."—"I understand; but you will allow, if we can do the thing with these materials, we must equally be able to do it in granite or porphyry. The difference lies only in the time and expence. The Neapolitans, trust me, sir, know something about the arts, although they do not make patent snuffers and corkscrews.

From the triumphal arch, which, even in its unfinished state, exhibited a taste and chastity of conception far above what I knew my friend to possess (and I flatter myself to have pretty well fathomed his mental power and circumstance), our course went to the royal palace, to see the amphitheatre that was building on the square before it. We found it in great forwardness, and I confess I was struck with pleasing surprise at the unexpected sight. Fancy to yourself an exact fac-simile of one of the finest Roman amphitheatres, full size, that is, house-high and more, with its numerous arches, rows of seats, vomitories, in short, with every characteristic feature of these extraordinary structures, faithfully and minutely copied and imitated; and you may form an idea of this wooden amphitheatre. Where it was finished and coloured, it required a very near approach to discover its materials, so skilfully was the canvas painted in imitation of stone. The deception really could not be greater. We have no idea of a thing of this kind in our northern matter-of-fact latitudes: the Italians are at home in these matters; they are adepts in the art of perspective, in the just distribution of light and shade, in the knowledge of grandeur of effect, &c. Their pure sky and the sublime monuments around them, afford them facilities in this respect, which are denied to us. I left this sham-theatre with inward approbation, and willingly gave a few carlins to a parcel of workmen, who po-

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litely obstructed our departure, with a request for something *per bere alla salute del Rè**.

You may suppose, dear T. that the concentration of the solar rays, within the elliptical walls of this wooden amphitheatre, was productive of a degree of heat by no means congenial to my delicate frame, already sufficiently fevered and fatigued by no common exertions of climbing over half-finished rafters and planks. The feelings of my companion were equally visible on his glistening countenance, checkered, as it appeared, by numerous lactean rivulets of dissolved powder and pomatum; his sufferings had silenced his speech, his sullen lips closed motionless, except to give vent at periodical intervals to puffing breaths of internal vapour, sent forth in exchange for equal draughts of the exterior less heated atmospheric air. Whenever Don Michele is silent for any considerable time, an approaching storm may be looked for with certainty; to avert the bursting of which, in the present case, I proposed an adjournment to an ice-cellar, which was accepted by a dry "*come vuolete*†." His speech returning with every sip of the frozen raspberry juice, he commenced his conversation according to the Socratic method of question and answer:—"You seemed to be much delighted, Signor Don Luigi, with this said amphitheatre of our's?"—"As far as I am able to judge, it appears to me a correct and beautiful fac-simile of a real one."—"How old do you conceive it to be?"—"Its age cannot be many days surely, for it is not above a fortnight since I walked across the square on which it stands, when there appeared no signs of it."—"And how old, pray, did you say the theatre at Pompeji was, which we visited some weeks back?"—"Between 17 and 1800 years in round numbers," was my answer, although I now began to see the drift of my friend's catechisation.

In

* To drink the King's health. † As you please.

In one of my early letters I have made you acquainted with the preposterous opinion Don Michele entertains of the origin of the city of Pompeji, which, in his belief, is nothing else but a forgery of modern date, contrived by the government to attract strangers from all quarters of Europe to the Neapolitan dominions. His arguments in favour of that wild hypothesis I have likewise been at the trouble of putting down for you, as a monument of the extent to which a perverted mode of reasoning may carry intellectual extravagance. Suffice it, therefore, now to say, that the present erection of the temporary amphitheatre, and of the other wooden structures in different parts of the city, was triumphantly held up as a most convincing proof of the fabrication of the city of Pompeji in a similar manner. With people of Don Michele's stamp it is as impossible to argue a point, as it would be with a downright madman ; so that when I found him utterly callous to common reason, I put an end to the discourse by declaring, that I should once more repair to Pompeji, to examine more minutely into every thing that could throw light on the subject in dispute between us ; till which time I begged my friend to leave the question in its present state of doubtful suspense. To this he reluctantly consented ; and having, by three or four glasses of different ices, cooled his spirit of contradiction, and become pleasant, he of his own accord proposed a walk to the mole, which I agreed to, provided on our return he would be my guest at Madame Gasse's, the French inn, where, in my town visits, I frequently join at the *table d'hôte*.

On our way thither we had some difficulty in passing through a crowd of people, who, with great eagerness and with Neapolitan clamour, had assembled round a man, sitting with pen and ink before a frail table, busily employed in committing to paper the crude thoughts of a country clown in the attitude of dictating to him ; for the noise was too loud

to hear what was going forward. A board above the head of the engrosser proclaimed his calling.—" *Qui si fanno memoriali, lettere, ed altre scritture, nel' ottimo stilo moderno.*" *(Here are drawn up memorials, letters, and other writings, in the best modern style).*—Ever eager to seize any opportunity of observing the manners and national character of a people whom I have every reason to think better of than some of our superficial magpie tourists, I pressed forward to obtain a nearer view of the transactions of this universal secretary; when Don Michele, pulling me back by the skirt of my coat, begged I would not demean myself, by thus mixing with the vulgar; adding, that if I had a mind to see one of these public writers, he would conduct me to a friend of his at no great distance, under whose very windows the same kind of literary traffic was carried on daily, and from whose balcony I might watch at my ease the operations of the man and his untutored customers. " You already know, Don Matteo," he added, " for he played the violoncel the other day at your concert and ball, out of friendship to me."

This was a welcome offer: thither we shaped our course. On entering the apartment of the first floor, Don Matteo left his score, scraped a number of bows in quick time, with bustling hurry turned a child, two fowls, and a barking dog into the adjoining room (whither his wife followed as soon as she had packed off a litter of old clothes, broken toys, pea-shells, &c. which disfigured the symmetry of the composer's abode), and thanked my *fidus Achates* in the most hearty manner for procuring him this unmerited honour of the *Colonel's* visit. " He is not come to see *you*," replied the uncourteous cynic; " all he wants is to look out at your window, to observe the man below writing his letters."—" If so," rejoined the son of Apollo, " I shall for once have reason to rejoice at the neighbourhood of the fellow, whose customers, together with himself, I have often wished

in

in the crater of Vesuvius: their bawling, till I became used to it, spoiled many a happy idea before I could bring it to paper. But never mind, we must all live. Come, Signor Colonello, make yourself quite at home. Here," opening the balcony window, "make your observations *senza soggezzione**, while Don Michele and I have a little chat together."

The composer of letters below was just receiving, from an elderly woman, the sum of six grani (about threepence) for an epistle he had indited to her son at *Bari;* after which a farmer, next in rotation, was admitted into presence. His business appeared to be on secret service; for the corresponding oracle politely requested some of the more curious auditors to step a little aside. At first, indeed, the farmer's instructions were conveyed in a whisper; but as a Neapolitan loves dearly to talk as loud as his lungs will let him, and to accompany his sermocinations with the most expressive gestures, it soon became less difficult to discover, that the subject under present consideration was a horse which had been sold to a cavalry-officer, and for which a balance was still owing, the prompt payment whereof was to be peremptorily insisted on by a respectful dun. As soon as a period was happily brought to paper, it was read over to the listening clodhopper, who, in a manner, beat time to the emphatic and rhythmical reading of the professor, by periodical nods of the head; and at the end of the sentence expressed his astonishment at the sagacity with which his obscure ideas had been caught up and clarified. This literary production, owing probably to the importance of the subject, was disposed of for the valuable consideration of eight grani (four-pence) paper included; and

* Without ceremony.

and its possessor, with inward satisfaction, left the oracular tripod, in order to make room for a Turkish captain of a polacca, whose literary necessities consisted in a memorial, claiming the restitution of some goods illegally seized. In this instance the means of exchanging ideas were not so easy as heretofore; partly from the Turk's not knowing well the language, but in a great measure also for want of the usual appropriate and impressive gesticulations, which, in this country, go half-way towards being understood, and which are foreign to the decorous gravity of a Mussulman. However, by means of the *Lingua Franca*, both parties contrived to enter into mental communication with tolerable success. This *Lingua Franca* may justly be called a non-descript language, at home no where, yet understood all over the Mediterranean. It is a barbarous Italian, in which every inflexion of the verb is expressed in the infinitive, and where the noun invariably appears in the nominative case, not unlike the English spoken by the Negro-slaves in our West-Indian colonies, such as *Me not go yesterday*, &c. In the Levant, where it probably originated during the prosperous period of Venetian and Genoese commerce and dominion, this *patois* is indispensibly necessary, and universally familiar, to all engaged in commercial pursuits. When the document was ready for signature, *Ibrahim Reis*, who could neither read nor write, was desired to make his *cross* at foot, which he refused with religious abhorrence; but dipping his little finger into the inkstand, imprinted on the paper a correct fac-simile of the tortuous furrows of his cuticle, by way of signet. To my great surprize, this state paper was valued at no more than one carlin (5d.) although engrossed on a folio page, and decorated with some fancifully flourished initials.

The Turk had no sooner discharged his literary debt than

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THE LETTER WRITER.

than a well-dressed young lass gained his place *. The despatch, however, which was to be written for her, must have been on secret and confidential service; for the instructions she gave to the engrosser, were communicated in so low a whisper, that from my observatory the scene appeared one of purely pantomimical action: and even *that* I was prevented from enjoying by the interruption of Don Michele and his friend, who began to be impatient of my secession from their company.

When I tell you, dear T. that the time employed by this universal author, in the production of the Farmer's Dun and the Turk's Memorial, did not exceed half an hour, and that the contents, although somewhat fustian, were very much to the purpose, you will agree with me, that Signor Bucatelli possessed talents far above his humble station. Indeed, Don Matteo assured me, that he was as good a poet as an epistolary writer; and that his sonnets on any particular occasion, such as for a wedding, a birth-day, &c. may be obtained on the shortest notice, and at equally reasonable rates; in short, that he could wield his pen on any subject whatsoever, and had recently written for him a cantata in celebration of the approaching return of the king from Sicily, which he had nearly finished setting to music, and a specimen of which he should by-and-by beg the honour of submitting to my superior taste and judgment.

To a publisher in England, a man like Signor Bucatelli would be an invaluable treasure, a host within himself, by the versatality of his genius and the dispatch in his literary labours: his charges of *authorship*, as you have seen, are consonant with the modesty of true genius. His elevated way of writing (truly *nel' ottimo stilo moderno*) would soon

* See plate 17.

soon render him a most popular author with us; for his periods, by being skilfully propped with harmonious, unmeaning, yet harmless expletives, possess that elegant melliffluent roundness of the present day, which charms the musical ear of good taste, without injuring the thinking faculties; and which, like a *sauce picquante* to unsavory viands, makes ample amends for the dearth or insipidity of the ideas thus dished up with a relishing seasoning. The thought came into my head of treating you with a specimen of his abilities, and I was just going to step down to give him the substance of a poetical epistle I meant to send you, when a little girl brought him a small dish of stewed Windsor beans, a large raw cucumber and a crust of bread. This frugal fare, and a glass of iced water from the neighbouring stall, well calculated to preserve his intellectual powers unclogged, Don Matteo informed me, was the whole of his dinner; which, together with a segar by way of dessert, interrupted his official duties for about half an hour; after which, if matters of pressing service remained to be dispatched, he would resume the quill, and suspend his *siesta*, or afternoon's nap, to a late hour of the day.

I now observed a whispering consultation between Don Matteo and Don Michele, which terminated by the latter communicating to me, in a low voice, an invitation to take pot-luck with the former. Don Matteo could not have chosen a less trustworthy negociator; for my friend, who is a little of the *bon-vivant*, after delivering faithfully his message, added, in wretched French, that I had better decline the honour, for he was sure I should not be able to drink the composer's wine; and the peas, to judge from the shells he had observed on the floor, were much fitter to be preserved as seed-corn against next season, than to be brought upon the table. I relieved his uneasiness instantly, by requesting him to tell Don Matteo, that we were both expected at the

the hotel of Madame Gasse, on Mont-Oliveto, where, if he would complete the triumvirate, I should feel myself highly honoured by his company.—" But my cantata, Sig. Colonello?"—" We shall come back, and have it in the afternoon, if we do not break in upon your rest." Delighted with this promise, Don Matteo begged a quarter of an hour's indulgence, to adjust his dress, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

The interval of his absence was filled up by a conversation with Don Michele on the subject of the letter-writer below. He felt surprised at the notice I took of the man's calling, asked whether we had no such people in the streets of London; and, on my replying in the negative, observed, that, in that case, every body probably wrote his own letters. This I confirmed, under the exception of the very few that might be found ignorant of reading or writing, assuring him, that even in the class of servant-maids, nine out of ten knew enough to write a *billet-doux* to their sweet-hearts. " The case is very different with us," rejoined Don Michele, " for I am very sure, out of the 350,000 inhabitants this city contains, 100,000 cannot read, and perhaps as many again, not even sign their name. The greatest part of our women, for instance, and among those many thousands *of good education,* cannot write: it would be of no use indeed; of more harm than good to them, if they could: unless you are prepared to maintain, that the writing and receiving those *billets-doux,* as you call them, is an essential part of female accomplishment." I begged he would not think, that *billets-doux* were the only objects which engaged the pens of the British fair; on the contrary, that we possessed very many women of superior intellectual endowments, to whom we owed, not only a host of novels and romances, but even works on astronomy, natural philosophy, botany, grammar, in short, on every branch of science; and that I was confident, London

 alone

alone could muster many thousands of volumes written by the other sex.—" *Gesu Maria !*" exclaimed the confounded Neapolitan, with a sigh.—" Many thousands you say?—To be sure, if they do write at all, there can be little doubt but they will write as fast as they talk, and faster too, for there is nobody to contradict them; and considering, that by this means, perhaps, they talk the less, the men, for aught I know, may be the gainers in the end, unless out of complaisance, they are obliged to read what the women scribble. Upon my word, Signor Don Luigi, I do not envy your country this universality of scholarship: let every one be taught according to the wants of his station in life; let there be a distinction in mental attainments corresponding to the distinction of ranks in society: otherwise, ambition and fear of hard labour will prompt the dregs of population to become gentlemen, and *we* shall have to hoe our own fields, sweep our own rooms, and brush our own boots.—Tell me, pray, what is the good of all this rage for making a nation of scholars?"—" The good, Don Michele? a general diffusion of useful knowledge, moral amelioration, liberty of thought, rapid improvement in arts and sciences, nay, in the most common occupations of life. You could scarcely name a thing on which we do not possess publications in England. We have works on cutting out cloth, on making soup, on boiling potatoes, on shaving one's beard....."—Here Don Michele fell into so violent a horse laugh, that Don Matteo burst from the next room in his shirt-sleeves, accompanied by his lady in a change of dress, to see what was the matter. " Have you ever read a work on shaving one's beard?" asked Don Michele, with affected seriousness.—" Is there such an one?"—" Not in our stupid Naples, you may be sure, but in the country of learning and philosophy, in my friend's country" (pointing at me). Don Matteo took Don Michele's irony very seriously, and exclaimed, " *Oh che paëse maraviglioso ! siamo*

Siamo veramente sciocchi, noi altri Napolitani.*" Don Crab was just beginning to enlarge upon the theme, and to enter into an argument in refutation of the advantages ascribed by me to the general diffusion of knowledge, when a church clock, close by, struck the dinner hour of Madame Gasse's ordinary. This was a melodious sound to his epicurean, and, at this time, exhausted stomach: he himself assisted in putting on the composer's best coat; who, after giving madame sundry brief instructions in a whisper, left her and the *creatura* † to enjoy themselves on the vegetable small-shot, and accompanied us to the better fare of French culinary perfection.

My paper, dear T. begins to narrow, it is therefore, with considerable regret, I feel obliged to deprive you of an interesting table-talk, which took place during dinner; otherwise I should not find room for the concert, with which I mean to take leave of you this time. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that Mr. Michael rendered himself conspicuous by his voracious appetite, and ridiculous by his unceasing contradictions of strangers less used to his ways than I am. A French gentleman next to him, before whom he had the presumptuous vanity to make a parade of his miserable French, very politely told him, that, although he himself was very little conversant in the Italian, he should much better understand what he meant, if he would have the goodness to address him in that language; so that the dialogue was alternately carried on in the two idioms. This was fortunate for Don Michele; for a subsequent imprudent and ill-natured remark of his on the levity of manners in French women, brought forth a challenge from his neighbour; to which, pretending to have misunderstood the latter's French,

* "O what a wonderful country! we are downright fools, we Neapolitans."

† A common appellation for children at Naples.

he, with a bow, replied, "*Troppo onore*" (too much honour), *Signor mio.*" Perhaps, too, he meant to imply, that a challenge was too great a dose of honour for him. Be that as it may, the Frenchman was so little satisfied with the reply, that he requested me to tell my friend, he expected an explanation in another place. Through my mediation, however, an apology was obtained, and good-humour restored, to the great satisfaction of Don Matteo, who, next to the other Don, enjoyed his dinner more than any one present; and who, by way of making the greatest possible reparation for his friend's indiscretion, invited the French gentleman, who professed to be a great amateur, to spend the afternoon with us at his house. To give the composer spirits to go through the impending display of his musical talents, I called for a bottle of *Lagrima Christi.* This produced a smile of satisfaction in the countenance of Don Michele, accompanied by a bad pun on the name of the wine compared with the subject of the expected Cantata, the welcome to his Sovereign, which, as he was pleased to observe, must be any thing but *lagrimevole.* We did not exceed the second bottle, Don Matteo protesting, when I proposed a third, that another might put him *hors de combat* for the rest of the day, too much rosin being quite as bad as too little.

Thus well refreshed, I reconducted my guests, together with Monsieur B. to Don Matteo's quarters, where we found *tutta la famiglia,* i.e. mother, child, and the fowls, just roused from the arms of Morpheus by the barking salute of the dog. That the composer would not take the field before he had tuned his old rattling piano-forte, you will imagine of course; the poor *creatura* (who certainly interrupted the solemn silence, necessary upon an occasion of such nicety, much less than Monsieur B.'s unceasing attentions to madame) partook of the tuning operation, by means of a paternal application, which forthwith produced a *flebile* in chromatic ascent

cent, followed by a sentence of banishment to the next room. When the instrument was adjusted, Don Matteo proposed treating us with some other composition of his, before he entered upon the execution of the cantata, which, as his *chef d'œuvre*, he wished to reserve for the last. He therefore produced an opera of his composition, entitled *Guglielmo Tell*, which he stated had unfortunately been made just before the breaking out of the French revolution; and, as it contained many allusions to liberty (a word become odious by that political event), could never be brought upon the stage, although he hoped, now that matters had become a little more settled by a general peace, to bring it out soon, with all the improvements which twelve years delay had imparted to it. Finding I paid attention to the overture, Don Matteo, as he went on, accompanied every particular passage with critical observations and eulogiums: not unlike the hens, his inmates (as Don Michele sneeringly observed the next day), which first lay their eggs, and then cackle away in praise of their own labour.—"*What do you say to this motivo, eh?*"—"*A little original, don't you think?*"—"*Now mind! I am going into FA!*"—"*You don't hear such a transition every day.*"—"*Now the subject inverted!*"—"*Observe the movement of the bassoons, always in the spirit of the subject.*"—"*A few bars conversation among the wind instruments.*"—"*Mark the flutes*" (these he whistled).—"*Now I am preparing for the return of the original key*" (*for God's sake, my dear, send that little rascal to the cheesemonger's below.*)"—"*We are arrived.*"—"*Tutti! fortissimo!!*"—*Now for the winding up:—tromboni—kettle-drums—mind the general effect—follow the score, sir—the curtain draws up at this cadence, to begin an Alpine thunder-storm.*"—"*The piccoli have the lightning—nature is in uproar—attacca subito l'introduzione---chorus of Swiss peasants---take a part, Signor Don Luigi.---Bravo, you seize the spirit.....*"

I make

I make no doubt the inspired and enthusiastic composer would thus have continued to the end of his huge volume, had not Don Michele, whose gaping jaws, like portals, seemed to court the entrance of the poppied divinity, represented the absolute necessity he was under of resorting to his *triumphal arch,* before the men left off work; and, for that reason, preferred a request that Don Matteo would just give us the cream of the whole ... "The whole is cream," replied the ruffled bard, "none of your modern curds and wheys; turn up any one leaf, Signor Don Luigi, quite at random, and you shall decide. I abide by your judgment!..." "Ah! you have hit upon a bravura of Gertrude's, the viceroy's daughter who is in love with Tell. My wife shall sing it; you will make an allowance, she knew nothing of music when I married her."

Donna Mariana furnished an example of the possibility of becoming harmonious by wedlock. She sung with taste and expression: conscious of the extent of her power, she had the rare judgment of not attempting what lay beyond it, and even to simplify passages which exceeded the compass of her voice or abilities. Thus she executed several airs so much to the delight of her lord, that he repeatedly expressed his approbation by a nodding smile, "a *brava,*" and a tap on the shoulder, of a much more encouraging kind than the one he had dispensed to his only begotten heir.---But to do him justice, I must add, that the music was really sweet and interesting.

The Italians, as by instinct, possess an intuitive perception of the Beautiful in the fine arts; hence their superiority in painting, and in sculpture; and, as to music, in melody unquestionably; because melody does not depend upon laborious study, upon calculation, or artful contrivance; it is, if I may be allowed to say so, the gift of Heaven. You will meet

meet with hundreds of profound contrapuntists able to set a scientific fugue, or an elaborate canon, but incapable of putting together eight bars of melody, that will make their way to the heart. In this particular Handel, Gluck, Haydn, and perhaps even Mozart, those luminaries of sublime harmony, must yield the palm to their inferiors, Cimarosa and Päesiello.

Some of Don Matteo's melodies approached very nearly to the style of the last-mentioned composer; they exhibited the same unlaboured, natural expression, the same beautiful simplicity which we admire in Päesiello's works. I was not sparing in my praise, sincere as it came; and the delighted author, encouraged by our approbation, proceeded *con amore* in the rehearsal, till he came to the *finale* of the first act. "This," said he, "is the pride of the whole: but you will hear it to great disadvantage, Signor Don Luigi; it requires six voices in the full parts, and, including yourself, we can muster but three."—"I take the fourth," exclaimed Don Michele.---"*Et moi, je me fais fort du reste,*" added Mons. B. who had for this half hour, by a humming accompaniment, striven to impress us with an idea of his knowledge of music.---"Do you sing by notes?"---"*Comment, Monsieur? j'ai chanté cent fois au Concert spirituel à Paris; en amateur, cela s'entend.*"---Overjoyed with the discovery of such a combination of talents, Don Matteo assigned the parts, and began. At first the performance proceeded very respectably; but when Don Michele and Monsieur B.'s turns came to join the ranks, the *Sestetto* was completely at "sixes and sevens." Not exactly that the *spiritual* performer was *wanting* in time; on the contrary, he gave it too liberally: the slow progress of the andante probably proved too tedious to his national vivacity; he went on *au pas de charge*, yet withal finding sufficient room to interlard his falsetto strains with innumerable decorative graces

graces and flourishes *dans le bon genre*.---Don Michele, likewise, had a time of his own; so there was abundance of time between them of one sort or other. For the tortured features of Don Matteo's countenance during this severe trial, *vide* Hogarth's "Enraged Musician." Hitherto, however, his good breeding had prevented any severe token of his just displeasure: but when Monsieur B., ere *we* had come to the bottom of the left page, had already run his race through the right, and, with a *volti subito*, turned the leaf, Don Matteo's cup of patience overflowed at once; he jumped from his chair, and ran, like a madman, up and down the room.---"Have we made any mistake?" asked the astounded Monsieur B. with a smiling countenance.---"Oh! no, sir, not at all! It is I that have made the mistake, to trust my music into such murderous hands."---But for the Frenchman's imperfect knowledge of the Italian, this observation would have produced another quarrel. Don Michele, too, fond of a little mischief, was going to act the gratuitous interpreter, when his more immediate attention was engrossed by the arrival of wine, cakes, and ices. Suspicious probably of his friend's wine, he applied himself exclusively to the frozen dainties, in the dispatch of which his selfish speed soon rendered all competition impossible.

After a glass or two of *anti*-muscatel, the composer brought forth his *opus magnum*, the loyal cantata, the aspect of which entitled it to the rank of a musical curiosity. However original its intrinsic contents might be, its external appearance was a complete patchwork. Dozens of bits of staves were pasted upon every page: and Don Michele, holding a leaf against the window, observed, that there ought to be abundance of variety in a composition which so nearly resembled a harlequin's jacket.

Having requested *me* to join in the intervening chorus-parts,

parts, and Don Michele, as well as Monsieur B. to *abstain* from joining therein, he began the introduction, which, according to a running comment of his, was to express the undulating motion of the sea, and the gales of a gentle zephyr wafting the royal fleet from Palermo towards the Bay of Naples. Madame now commenced a very good recitativo, which was interrupted by the signals of the Castle of St. Elmo, in answer to those from the Island of Capri, whence the fleet is supposed to be first espied. All this, and, unfortunately, much more, was attempted by picturesque musical translation.—"*A signal-gun from the castle.*"—"*The bustle of the loyal inhabitants crowding to the port.*"—"*Chorus of Lazzaroni (fall in, Signor Don Luigi).*"—"*Aria again.*"——"*The fleet passes the Channel of Capri,*"—"*Ringing of all the church bells in Naples.*"—"*Procession of the religious orders.*"—"*Aria and chorus.*"—"*Royal Salute from the fleet and castle, on the king's .....*" Here, as ill-luck would have it, the musical guns were overcharged ; Don Matteo, not satisfied with the mere employ of his fingers on so loyal an occasion, fired off the four and twenty pounders in the bass *with his elbow.* Crash went five or six wires at once, to the great mortification of the performer and all present, except Don Michele, who jocularly exclaimed, "Ah! carissimo, your *metal* is not heavy enough for so powerful a salute." The effect, no doubt, was grand ; but, as in other matters, an effort above our strength, although successful *pro tempore,* incapacitates us for ulterior exertion ; so was there an end in this instance, to all further performance. The composer would fain have put up new strings, but yielded to Don Michele's representation:—"Leave off, here," said he, "you could not have finished better ; his majesty *is* on shore, never mind the guns being burst." "Be it so," replied the good-natured professor, "and let us drink the safe arrival of our beloved Ferdinand."—"*Evviva!*" rejoined Don Michele, whose loyalty overcame his peculiar aversion to his friend's

wine ; and the rest of the company having joined in the toast, we took our leave of Don Matteo and his spouse. He saw us down stairs, and seizing a favourable opportunity, whispered to me a promise to treat me with his opera and the cantata in a day or two, when he meant to procure the attendance of a set of professional men, on purpose to give me a more correct idea of the composition, than what could be formed from the barbarous attempt of my two companions. ******

Your's, under every zone,

* * * *

Naples, June —, 1802.

LETTER XX.

Rome, June —, 1802.

Dear T.

ALTHOUGH on my way towards you, I cannot refrain from sending you one more letter. It comes, as you see, from the city of the Cæsars, to close my correspondence in grand style. I arrived here two days ago, but such is the tantalizing uncertainty of my movements, that at this moment I don't know whether I may not have to decamp even to-morrow. To my great surprize and disappointment there were no letters for me at Mr. Sloane's. Perhaps to-morrow's post may decide whether my stay in this city will have been merely nominal, or whether it will be my good fortune, as it is my anxious wish, to devote the moderate space of a fortnight to examine superficially only the numberless objects of interest which hitherto have only bewildered my imagination. To make sure of one thing, you will smile when I tell you I have kissed the Pope's toe, and ..... But more of this by and bye ; I must not tell my story backwards. Let's begin at the right end, and relate how I got to Rome, how I got out of Naples, the dear, dear Naples !

The

The fascinating charms of that terrestrial paradise, coupled with several unsuccessful trials to enlist a fellow-traveller, had made me more than once put off the evil day of parting; in spite of the encreasing heat of the weather, which alone, without the call of duty, would have rendered my departure a matter of urgent necessity. In this situation, the arrival from Malta of another bird of passage bound to England was announced in the person of Captain N. who, besides, was represented to me as possessing every qualification requisite to make an agreeable fellow traveller, the manners of a gentleman, the instruction of a scholar, and a mind eager for observation and knowledge. This report I found by no means exaggerated on our first meeting, purposely contrived at Mr. W——'s, but I learnt at the same time, to my great regret, that the Captain had just all but agreed to accompany two French government messengers, who were on the point of returning to Paris.

Thus again baulked in my expectations I now at once made up my mind to start alone in a day or two, and to trust to the chapter of accidents for finding my way to England as well as I could. The suddenness of this resolve caused great consternation in the family of my excellent host; Don Michele called up all the powers of his argumentative eloquence, to dissuade me from so "imprudent" a step. Heat, *Mal-aria*. Robbers and assassins were alternately pourtrayed in colours the most hideous to deter me from venturing upon the projected pilgrimage, and these dangers again were skilfully contrasted with the approaching festivities at the arrival of the court, an unaccomplished intention to visit once more Pompeji, and with every allurement by which the good-natured mortal thought it likely to fetter me for some time longer to the charms of the Campagna felice. All in vain! I thanked the kind Don Michele for these sincere tokens of his affection, and urging the *absolute* necessity of my im-

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mediate departure, requested as the last favour at his hands, that he would put me in the way of finding a conveyance to Rome.—" What," exclaimed he, " *I* provide the means of rendering us miserable? Nay, Signor Don Luigi, this is too much to ask, though I might, had you no other friends in town, be perhaps prevailed upon to do even thus much, rather than see you fall nto rascally hands. No, no, go to your English acquaintances, ask your *fuori-grotta* jockies *, they will not be at a loss to pack you off from us." —With these words, uttered in the tremulous accent of deep emotion, Don Michele left the room.

Strongly moved as I myself felt by this scene, and nearly wavering in my determination, I took the advice of the honest Calabrese in good earnest, and, at the recommendation of a friend in the city, engaged with the master of a single horse chaise to take me to Rome in three easy day's-journies, for which, inclusive of the keep of the horse and driver, I agreed *in writing* to pay twenty-five ducats †.

The bargain was scarcely struck, when captain N. made his appearance at my quarters to inform me that he had altered his mind, and that, if it could still be done, he would gladly accompany me as far as London. As the cause of this change in his resolution he stated, that on going to his inn the day before, he found his intended fellow-travellers, the two French messengers, tooth-and-nail engaged in a quarrel about some woman, and finally challenging each other to fight. Although the captain's arrival and interference caused a suspension of hostilites, and an apparent reconciliation, he nevertheless wisely considered the probability of similar scenes occurring in the course of their journey, between

* English friends of the author's, who occasionally amused themselves in horse-races on the Sea-beach, outside of the *Grotta* of Posilipo.

† Not quite five pounds.

between sparks of such high mettle ; and as he felt no inclination again *tantas componere lites,* he plainly announced his intention of seceding from the travelling triumvirate.— This required a new negociation with my knight of the whip, who, on the plea of the absolute necessity of a second horse, to carry the additional weight of such a man as the captain, demanded an augmentation of fifteen ducats, but finally agreed to take ten. What that second horse turned out to be, you shall hear presently. To lighten the load as much as possible, I reduced my luggage to the size of a very small trunk, and left the remainder to go back to Malta, and from thence by sea to England.

It was no trifling task to take leave of the numerous friends and acquaintances, English and Italian, from whom I had more or less received civilites and marks of kindness, which will never be obliterated from my memory. But the parting from Don Michele, from his daughter the unassuming the excellent Donna Luisa, from her married sister, and from every branch of this amiable family, produced a scene I never wish to witness again, and led to a discovery I had been dull enough not to have made before. Hysterics . . . but let us drop the subject. I left them with deep regret, but certainly without reproach.

On Tuesday last, in the afternoon, we set out on our journey, intending to pass the night at Capua. We had arranged it so that the chaise should call for us at a friends in the city, where we took an early dinner. After much waiting, the vehicle arrived at last, but one horse only came with it. This apparent breach of the agreement however, was explained on the part of the master ; who, having introduced his man Paolo, as our intended driver, assured us that the other horse was at a stable in the suburbs which we had to pass, and would there be added to our itinerary establishment.

ment. After we had passed the *Largo delle Pigne* *, Paolo stopped before a miserable hovel, to fulfil, as he said, his master's engagement. But, to our surprize, he brought out a colt, not full grown, which by way of appendix or rider, he tied to the shafts by a fragment of rope, in so bungling a way, that had even the animal been effective, it could have added but little to the power of draught. Exasperated at being thus barefacedly duped, we at first refused to submit to the imposition, but the persuasive powers of Paolo, and his offers to relinquish all claim on the balance of account to be paid at Rome, if he did not safely and comfortably bring us to that city within the time stipulated, induced us to relent.

We had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards, tolerably ruffled in temper as you may suppose, when a voice from behind called out to stop. It was Don Michele in full speed. On asking him whether I had forgotten any thing, he replied, almost out of breath: "*You* have not, Signor Don Luigi, but *I* very nearly had.—Here" reaching me a phial with a greenish powder, "here is what will carry you harmless through the pestilential air of the Pontine marshes. I was too much agitated to think of it when we parted; thank God I have caught you in time. As soon as you have passed Fondi, begin holding it to your nose, and keep smelling it till you have got to Veletri; the danger is over then. Once more adieu, Heaven send you safe and sound to your friends in England, and" .... Here the voice of this honest Neapolitan began to falter, he shook my hand, (that shake spoke the rest) and hurried back. I myself was so completely overpowered, that at this moment I do not recollect whether I was able to thank him; and even my fellow-traveller, however a stranger to our mutual acquaintance, felt

* Square of pines.

felt deeply affected by this unexpected scene.---And these, my dear T. are the *vile* Neapolitans of our travel-writers !

After thus leaving Naples, for good at last, we traversed the most luxuriant and fertile country on earth as far as Capua. The road was through one continued garden of vineyards, orchards, and well-cultivated fields. Dusk was beginning when we reached the latter city, where Paolo was directed to drive to the best inn in the place. If ours *was* the best, I can only say that things have woefully changed at Capua since Hannibal's time. It scarcely could have been broth made of stale salt-fish, maccaroni swimming in hot lamp-oil, and soft cheese under a filthy indurated crust, that unnerved and effeminated the conquerors of the Thrasymene and Cannæ. Or if these dainties had the effect recorded in history, what shall we think of the luxury of Punic cookery ? they must have lived upon little better than roots and acorns at Carthage itself; and, in that case, their situation may be supposed to have been precisely that of our Paolo, who, being by favour admitted as a parlour-boarder, devoured with the greatest relish, what *our* sophisticated palates could not stomach.

A much more severe trial, however, awaited us in our beds. No sooner had we laid down, than two hostile armies, not of Romans and Carthaginians, but of sharps and flats, contested for the possession of our bodies as wrathfully as those rival nations fought for the dominion of the world. Driven to meditation by the impossibility of sleep, it struck me forcibly, whether, instead of luxury and voluptuousness having operated the enervation of Hannibals soldiers, that result might not rather have been produced by those more humble and *homely* causes, which had precisely the like effect upon the captain and myself. A few such nights, at least, as the one we passed at Capua, would undoubtedly put the most gallant army completely *hors de Combat.*

Day-

Daylight, in our situation, was doubly welcome; we roused our knight of the whip from his rest, helped him to put the horse and its *appendix* to the chaise, and started in a heavenly morning. The preceding epithet was literally applicable to our friend Paul; for altho' he consigned to us the reins of the shaft-horse (the other being a sort of ad libitum accompaniment), he reserved to himself the whip, which, like all Neapolitan drivers, he used sparingly and with the utmost tenderness, except when defied by the junior branch of the family under his care. The youthful animal, for the first time probably in harness or rather in ropes, every now and then attempted little side trips and aberrations in various diverging directions, and thus caused more trouble than good. We passed the ruins of Minturnæ, where we thought of the Jacobin, Marius; ferried over the Garigliano, the ancient Liris; and stopped to dine at Molo di Gaëta, the Formiæ of classic and Ciceronian memory. The situation of this place is delightful: in front the sea with a beautiful track of beach; behind, an amphitheatre of hills studded with gardens almost hidden by the luxuriant foliage of numerous groves of trees; and to the right, at about two miles distance, the romantic marine rock of Gaëta, with its ramparts and bastions, a second Gibraltar in miniature. While dinner was preparing, we hired a boat to see the ruins of Cicero's villa, and actually beheld from our bark—several massy arches, some strong walls below and above the water, and a vast deal of classic rubbish. Parched and scorched by a meridian midsummer's sun, we returned from this interesting antiquarian excursion and found dinner waiting for us. Every thing at our inn was so good, clean, and comfortable, that we made ample amends for our Capuan fare: even the wine was palatable, which is saying a great deal in favour of an Italian inn.

From Molo di Gaëta we proceeded to Itri, and next to Fondi. This is the last place before you enter the Papal Dominions, and here the country began to wear a dreary aspect.

aspect. I did not forget Don Michele's smelling bottle, and gave my companion the full benefit of its antiseptic virtues: even to Paolo, who during the whole journey stood behind upon his legs wielding the whip, I offered a scent, but he politely declined it, assuring us that there was no necessity for any such precaution till we came beyond Terracina.

We arrived by sun-set at Terracina. This is the ancient city of Anxur, famed for its temple of Jupiter Anxurus, its fountain, &c.: the town itself stands on an adjoining rock, but we stopped at an inn close to the sea-beach and the little harbour. It is only beyond Terracina that the Pontine marshes commence; and as there is danger in passing a night within their extent, travellers usually sleep here, and set out very early the next day, before the heat of the sun augments the noxious exhalations of the marshes. To this observance we likewise conformed, and before sun-rise we began the dreaded journey. Through the persevering efforts, however, of the late pope, Pius VI. this journey has become much less dangerous than it formerly was. He spent immense sums in cutting canals to carry off the waters; in building inns *externally* magnificent, like the Caravanserais in Turkey, for the accommodation of travellers; and in restoring the ancient Appian way, which crosses the marshes. This road affords another instance of the solidity of the public works of the Romans. It has stood the test of upwards of 2000 years. You roll over the self-same stones, which its patriotic founder laid down; in many places the ancient pavement of great irregular blocks is still entire and uninjured through a considerable extent, and where it had suffered, the beneficent exertions of Pius VI. have lastingly repaired the deficiencies. Resembling a dyke of masonry through an inundated country overgrown with high grass and rushes, it stretches for many miles in one continued straight line.

As far as smell went, I cannot say that I should in the least have suspected any thing unhealthy in the atmosphere; and, although in the midst of waters, I saw none that appeared stagnant or unsightly; on the contrary, grass and rushes of the liveliest green grew luxuriantly out of the aquatic soil, and we passed abundance of running streams vigorously rushing along or under the road. Whether owing to the peculiarity of the air, or to the increasing power of the sun, I felt excessively drowsy and actually began to nod, when master Paolo, from behind, without ceremony checked my somnolency by a stout shake of the shoulder, for which he apologized by observing that sleeping, amidst the marshes, was the worst thing I could do, and sure to bring on a fever.

We stopped at one of the inns abovementioned, to rest and feed our horses; but for ourselves no refreshment of any kind was to be procured; not even our thirst durst we quench with the execrable wine or the brackish water. The countenances of the people of the place sufficiently bespoke the insalubrity of their abode. Wan, languid and emaciated, they looked more like spectres than human beings. No time, therefore, was lost in quitting so unhallowed a spot, and the sight of Veletri, (the ancient Veltræ,) where we arrived early in the afternoon, and on whose hill a pure atmosphere is again inhaled, cheered all our spirits. Here we had not to complain of our entertainment, judging by the standard of Italian accommodation. The host was attentive and communicative: he amused us at dinner with a variety of stories apparently very interesting to him; and, among those, gave a full and particular account of a robbery and murder which to our comfort he assured us had recently been committed between this and Gensano, upon a traveller, who but the day before had slept in the room to be assigned to one of us this night. Paolo, who always was admitted to our table

table, and whose good breeding alone suggested to him the propriety of rendering himself admissible to that honour by copious ablutions, listened with anxious silence to the tale of horror, for as much as he could understand the language. A native of Apulia, and used to the Neapolitan dialect, he found himself in a terra incognita, the nearer we approached to Rome.—In the evening we took a stroll about the town, saw some antique ruins, the modern palace of a Roman prince, deserted and almost in ruins too, and from the elevated church-yard of the place, enjoyed a most exquisite prospect of the country, bordered by the distant sea.

At day-break on the next day, we started for the capital of Christendom. The Neapolitan *patois* of master Paul became now nearly unintelligible to the people on the road, to whom he had to address any questions; and it was not a little amusing to hear him swear at them, and reproach them with not knowing the Italian. The captain, to humour the joke, expressed his surprize at their stupidity. "Aye," replied Paolo, "and what is worse, these Roman blockheads think themselves great wiseacres, and us Neapolitans mere boobies."—The country about Gensano, Castel Gandolfo, as far as Albano, surpassed in amenity and grandeur the idea I had formed of it from the descriptions I had read and the drawings I had seen. Nature is here exhibited in her utmost splendour and luxuriance, and the variegated scenery of this district has proved an inexhaustible mine to the Roman artists, from Claude and Poussin's time to the present day.

From the hill of Albano, where we passed the rude sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii, we first beheld proud Rome and the whole Campagna di Roma. St. Peter's reared its magnificent dome above the hazy atmosphere, and numerous aqueducts, of endless ranges of arches, converged in all directions towards the former seat of the empire of the world. This famous Campagna di Roma, from Albano to Rome, presents the most sterile and dreary aspect I ever beheld. Scarcely enlivened by vegetation, it lies before you like a desert,

and the gloom it impresses on the traveller's mind is not lessened by the numerous ancient tombs he meets along the road.

It was near noon when we entered the gate of St. John and passed the church of that name, the Lateran, and the Egyptian obelisk before it. The French inn of Monsieur Damon near the Piazza di Spagna had been recommended to us, but we had to enquire for it ourselves; for Paolo's jargon now had become a dead language. With a transient glimpse of the Colosseum, the column of Trajan, the Capitol, &c. we at last reached our intended quarters, and were received as inmates. Monsieur Damon's house deserves to be recommended to all sober and humble travellers, like ourselves. It is impossible to pay more attention to guests than he does; his manners are obliging, he does not, like many of his colleagues, keep in the back ground and leave his lodgers to the mercy of the waiters: he is constantly about, and ever ready to assist the stranger in any of his wants. His charges too, you will allow to be extremely reasonable, when I inform you, that for a good bed-room and two good daily meals at the *Table d' hôte*, including as much common table wine as I chuse to drink, I pay a Roman scudo a day*.—Breakfast, as is customary almost all over Italy, you have to find yourself in, from the coffee-house. Monsieur Damon immediately procured us a *Laquais de place*, who, after exhibiting an archive of written testimonials from various *Cavalieri* and *Milordi Inglesi*, entered our temporary service at half a scudo per diem. This man is an adept in his calling. He knows full as much of ancient Roman History as you and I do, can tell when a column is out of proportion, when the *chiaroscuro* is mismanaged, in short he might fitly deserve the appellation of a walking pocket-companion, given him by the captain, were it not for his corpulency, which renders pedestrian exercise a toil to him, especially in the heat of the day, when the Italians are not in the habit of going out of their houses, and when, as he jocularly observed to us yesterday, none but dogs and English are seen in the streets. Owing

* About 4s. 6d.

Owing to the number of artists and travellers that crowd hither from all parts of Europe, and to the inhabitants depending on them, in a great measure, for their livelihood, strangers enjoy at Rome the greatest possible liberty. The study of every painter and sculptor is open to them, and the artists not only produce their own works with the greatest readiness, but will even take you to their friends to see theirs. This we experienced yesterday ourselves. After paying a visit to Angelica Kauffman we called on a Mr. K. to see some acquarell drawings of exquisite beauty. When he perceived that we enjoyed and discerned the talent and skill displayed in his works, he spontaneously offered to accompany us to Mr. D's, another painter in the same line; and immediately went with us through several streets, in his morning dress and slippers; a costume which in London would have attracted dozens of idle boys, &c. after us, but which was not noticed here, altho' most of the inhabitants of the streets we passed, were following their callings before their houses in the open air.

From our Consul we receive more than common attention. He has been so obliging as to procure us an audience of the Pope, of which, as I just come from it, I will give you the particulars. Last night we received the intimation that his holiness would see us this morning at nine o'clock, and before going to bed I went to my trunk, to get ready every part of my dress for this important occasion. Unfortunate as I am in most things, ill-luck would have it, that my dress small-clothes were missing. In vain did I tumble over and over twice or thrice every individual article of my compendious baggage. The inexpressibles had become inexplorable; and whether Benedetto, my Neapolitan man, had packed them up for Malta, or packed them off for his own use, remained the only doubtful surmise to be entertained in this vexatious situation. The time was too short to order a new pair: I must not only forego the anxiously longed-for gratification of my curiosity, but disappoint the Holy Father, who expected two visitors, and be wanting to the consul who had announced two. In

this

embarrasing predicament, the captain, who felt for my distress, observed, that if it were not for the disparity of our size, he could perhaps have remedied the evil by a pair of black small clothes, which he happened to have in his portmanteau, and which he had laid by on account of their being too wide. How a pair of hose, too wide for an athletic man near six foot high, would suit your humble servant, you may guess pretty correctly when I add, that I am, from illness, about as thin again as when you saw me last. Nevertheless, as there was hardly an alternative, I made a trial, and found that by bracing them up to the third rib, I might the more venture in them, as we were to go and come back in a carriage under the guidance of a Mr. L. whom the consul's kindness had prevailed upon to conduct us.

Mr. L. appeared at the proper time this morning, and we drove to the Pope's palace on Mount Quirinal, big with classic recollections and famed for the statues of Castor and Pollux and their horses, the immortal works of Phidias and Praxiteles. We were ushered into an anti-room full of people, in which a guard of young Roman nobles, splendidly dressed and armed, bespoke rather the presence of a warlike monarch, than the abode of the peaceable vicar of heaven. Cardinals and courtiers with papers passed to and fro in great bustle of office during the hour and half that our patience was put to a trial. At last a chamberlain came out to ask Mr. L. whether we were of the catholic persuasion. The object of this question no doubt was to ascertain whether we were to receive the papal benediction and the donative of a rosary, with which his holiness usually presents the orthodox in faith. Our answer, of course, was in the negative, but as I should have liked the present above all things, I added, that if the wish were not inconsistent, we should feel highly gratified by such a tangible token of the honour to which his holiness was graciously pleased to admit us, and hold the same in everlasting veneration. This observation was answered with a bow, but was soon found to have been of no avail.

Shortly

Shortly afterwards we were ushered into the holy father's presence. Conformably to the ceremonial we had previously enquired into, we stooped down with one knee, as if to kiss the holy slipper; but the pope seizing my hand with his, raised it so quickly that I received a pretty sharp knock on the forehead.—He was plainly dressed in the habit of a white-friar, with a little black skull-cap on his head, had the appearance of a man of about fifty-four, below the middle size, black hair, pale countenance, but an eye full of expression, and features which indicated benevolence and good-nature. He kept standing close to us during the quarter of an hour that the audience may have lasted, and was ease and affability itself in his conversation. He asked how long we had been at Rome, where we came from, paid a handsome compliment to the valour of the English recently displayed in Egypt, and expressed his regret, that owing to the circumstances of the times, Rome had not yet recovered sufficiently, to prove as attractive to the English as it had formerly been; adding, "It has suffered grievously, but, like the ants, we must, with the assistance of God, try to repair and restore as much as is in our power. On the conversation turning upon English literature, his holiness was pleased to signify his admiration of the genius of Milton, whose "Paradise Lost" he considered as the first epic poem of the moderns, if not of the ancients too, although he regretted he could only enjoy its beauties through the means of a translation. Being on the chapter of English sacred poetry, I thought I might mention Young and his "Night Thoughts."—"I have read these in part," replied the holy father, "but they are too sombre, too serious for me."—These were his words, I can assure you; for they struck me particularly at the time.—Mr. L. our guide, whom we found to be of the profession of the law, now adroitly availed himself of a moment's pause, to produce some papers containing the case of a widow cruelly situated, as he stated, in consequence

quence of the delays in a law-suit which she had to sustain for some years against the relatives of her husband, and to which, bantered as she was from court to court, no termination was to be foreseen. "Your Holiness," continued he, "is not unacquainted with her suit, she is at the brink of ruin, and a word from the holy father would render her justice. Justice is all she claims, she hopes to obtain it at the fountain." "What," replied the pope, "is this matter not terminated yet? I recollect the case perfectly well, and thought it had long been decided upon. I shall settle the business at once," So saying, he took the paper from Mr. L, stepped to a large table, full of papers; took a pen, wrote two or three words and returned the document to our friend, whose eyes beamed with joy at the good success of his errand. The holy father now bowed to us, and we withdrew, under a ceremonial, similar and similarly treated as at our entrance. When in the carriage we thanked Mr. L. for his kindness, to which he politely observed, that he had much more reason to be beholden to us for the opportunity we had afforded him of accomplishing an act not only meritorious in itself, but very advantageous to him in his professional career.

With this account of my papal audience, dear T. I shall probably take my epistolary leave of you: so much at least you may calculate upon, that if in a week or ten days after the receipt of this letter, you have not another from me, I shall be on my journey homewards, and once more shake hands with you towards the latter end of July. All present omissions shall then be amply supplied by

Your's, &c.

* * *

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